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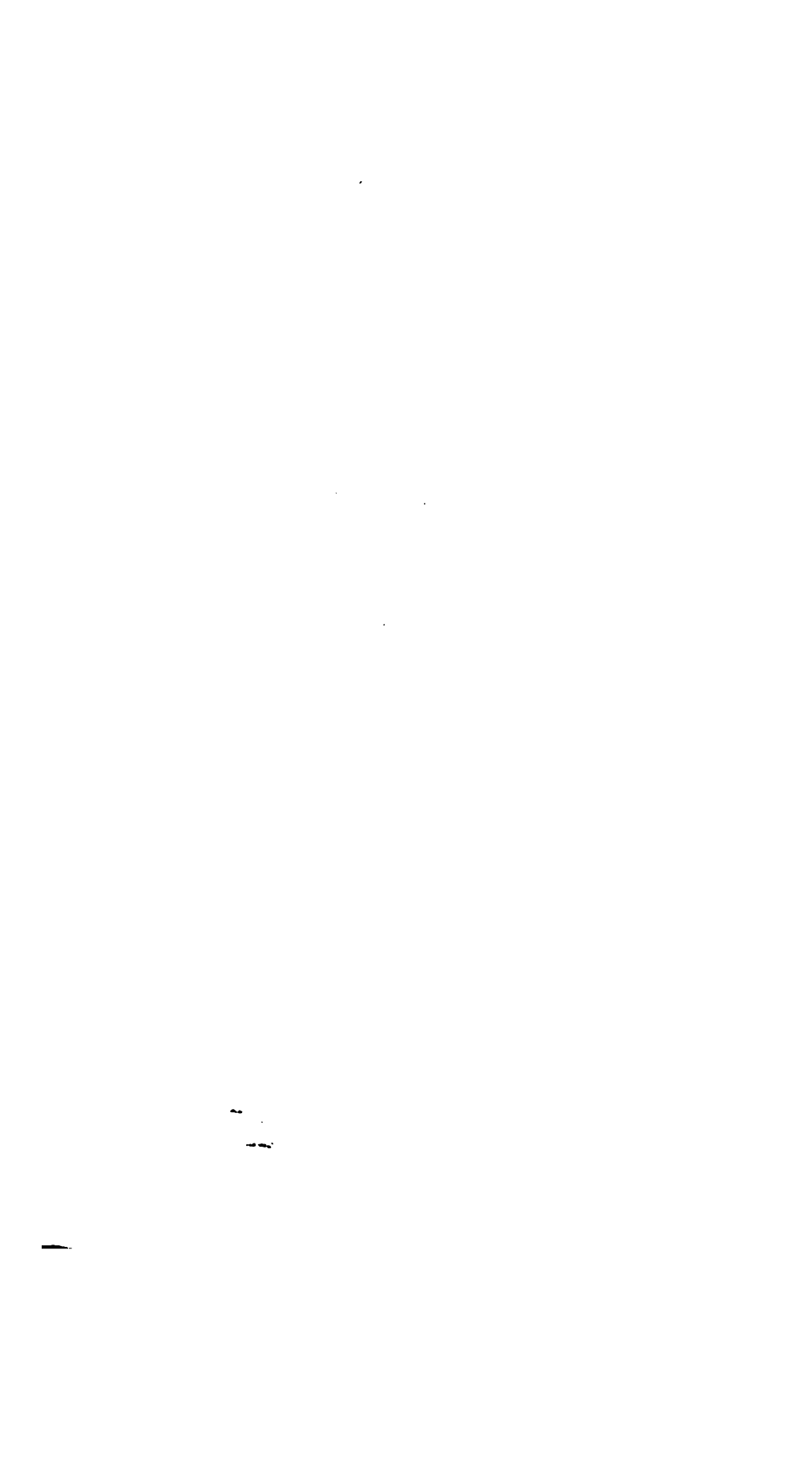
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SHORTER ELIZABETHAN POEMS



SHORTER ELIZABETHAN POEMS

AN ENGLISH GARNER

SHORTER
ELIZABETHAN POEMS

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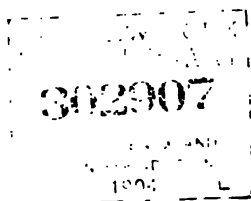
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE texts contained in the present volume are re-printed with very slight alterations from the *English Garner* issued in eight volumes (1877-1890, London, 8vo) by Professor Arber, whose name is sufficient guarantee for the accurate collation of the texts with the rare originals, the old spelling being in most cases carefully modernised. The contents of the original *Garner* have been rearranged and now for the first time classified, under the general editorial supervision of Mr. Thomas Seecombe. Certain lacunae have been filled by the interpolation of fresh matter. The Introductions are wholly new and have been written specially for this issue.

BY W. W. ARBER
J. B. ARBER
J. B. ARBER

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INTRODUCTION

WHEN Elizabeth, of pious memory, entered on her glorious reign the prospects of English poetry were gloomy indeed. In 1557, the year before her accession, *Tottel's Miscellany* had been published; but Wyatt and Surrey, the chief contributors to that anthology, had long been dead. In Scotland there was one writer, Alexander Scott, who showed himself a not unworthy successor to Wyatt, but in the south the Muses were badly served. William Blake, deploring the evil state into which poetry had fallen in the second half of the eighteenth century, observed mournfully—

‘The languid strings do scarcely move :
The sound is forced, the notes are few.’

But Blake lived to see the return of the golden age; and the blank songless days of Elizabeth's early reign were to be succeeded by a joyous season of unexampled fecundity.

The first tentative efforts of the Elizabethans are interesting to inquisitive students, but by ordinary readers have been relegated to that dim and derided limbo of literature where poetasters flutter and twitter (as bats in a cave) like the ghosts of Penelope's suitors in Homer. ‘Flourishing’ George Gascoigne, whose ‘plentiful vein’ was commended by Puttenham; Tom Churchyard, ‘that sang so long until quite hoarse he grew’; George Turberville and Barnabe Googe, writers of ‘eglogs,’ epitaphs, sonnets,

etc.;—these and many more must, in the words of Sir Thomas Browne, ‘be content to be as though they had not been.’

A booke of very pleasaunte sonettes and storyes in myter, arranged by Clement Robinson, was licensed for publication in 1566, but no copy has been preserved. Its loss is to be regretted, for it would be interesting to know how many of the poems included in *A Handefull of pleasant delites*, the anthology issued by Robinson in 1584, are to be found in the earlier collection. If ‘Lady Greensleaves’ and the wooing-song, ‘Maid, will ye love me, yea or no?’ were written as early as 1566, there was at least one poet in that unpoetical age who had a genuine lyrical gift. Another light-handed lyrist was John Harington (flor. 1540-1578), father of the witty Rabelaisian Sir John Harington. It is hard to believe—but the fact is indisputable—that his verses to Isabella Markham are preserved in a MS. dated 1564. Take the first of the three stanzas:—

‘Whence comes my love? O, heart disclose :
 ’Twas from cheeks that shame the rose,
 From lips that spoil the ruby’s praise,
 From eyes that mock the diamond’s blaze.
 Whence come my woes? as freely own :
 Ah me ! ’twas from a heart of stone.’

In the absence of positive proof one would ridicule the suggestion that this stanza could have been composed as early as 1564.¹ Carew might have written it in the days of Charles I.

The Paradyse of Daynty Devises, 1576, proved a very

¹ It must have been written at least ten years earlier: John Harington married Isabella Markham in 1554.

popular anthology, passing through eight editions; but it offers little of interest or value. Nor is better fare provided in Thomas Procter's anthology, *A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578. In fact it is not until we reach *The Phœnix Nest*, 1593, that we find an anthology containing lyrical poetry of really high merit, and even in this collection much of the verse is of poor quality. *England's Helicon*, 1600 (ed. 2, with additions, 1614) would be of sweetness all compact if some of Bartholomew Yonge's tiresome contributions were omitted; and Davison's *Poetical Rapsody*, 1602 (reprinted with additions in 1608, with fresh additions in 1611 and 1621), though the standard of excellence is not quite so high as in *England's Helicon*, is even more valuable, since it preserves many charming poems that had not previously found their way into print. If only the list of first lines had been preserved we could restore *England's Helicon*, almost in its entirety, from printed books; but much good verse would have been lost if Davison's *Rapsody* had perished.

The publication of Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender* in the winter of 1579 was an event of capital importance in the history of English poetry. Immediately the supremacy of the new poet was recognised by all discerning spirits. 'He may well wear the garland,' wrote Webbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586), 'and step before the best of all English poets that I have seen or heard.' Sidney had no liking for the 'old rustic language,' but found in the *Calender* 'much poetry well worthy the reading.' Among Spenser's intimate friends were Sidney, Raleigh, and Dyer, all true poets and men of wide culture, well versed in the classics, and deeply influenced by the literature of France

and Italy. After the appearance of *The Shepheardes Calender*, English poetry shows a marked improvement. Spenser, though he had still much to learn, had much to teach. Self-respecting writers, with the example of the *Calender* before them, were not content to plod along in the wake of Churchyard and Gascoigne. A glimpse of fairer pastures, of ampler skies, had been afforded to them; and inspired by Spenser they took heart of grace.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the cultivation of music contributed largely to the improvement of lyrical poetry. A certain Thomas Whithorn in 1571 had published *Songes of three, fower and five partes*, but he was an ignorant practitioner, and both the music and the verse of his collection have been denounced as 'truly barbarous.' In 1588¹ appeared the first English song-book of the famous composer William Byrd—*Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs*. It is here reprinted, with his two other song-books, *Songs of Sundrie Natures*, 1589, and *Psalmes, Songs, and Sonets*, 1611. Born about 1538, Byrd was organist of Lincoln Cathedral from 1563 to 1569, and was appointed on 22nd February 1569-1570 Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. He survived till 1623. Though he shows a marked fondness (particularly in his latest song-book) for old-fashioned moral verses, his taste was fairly catholic. In many cases it is impossible to discover the authors of the poems set by Byrd. Noblemen and gentlemen in Elizabeth's days wrote verse for their own amusement, but, whether from affectation or fear of criticism, did not care to be known as poets. Puttenham, writing in 1589, observed:—'And in her Maiesties time that now is are sprong up an other crew of Courtly makers,

¹ It had been entered in the Stationers' Register, 6th November 1587.

Noblemen and Gentlemen of her Maiesties owne servauntes, who have written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest.' Early in the next century, Michael Drayton in his 'Epistle to Henry Reynolds,' referred contemptuously to writers who would not let their poetry be printed :—

'For such whose poems, be they ne'er so rare,
In private chambers that encloistered are,
And by transcription daintily must go
As though the world unworthy were to know
Their rich composures, let those men that keep
These wondrous relics in their judgment deep
And cry them up so,¹ let such pieces be
Spoke of by those that shall come after me ;
I pass not for them.'

On the other hand, Drayton's very learned friend Selden, who wrote the annotations to the *Polyolbion*, cordially sympathised with these shy votaries of the Muses. In his delightful *Table-Talk* he declared—'Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses ; 'tis well enough to make them to please himself, but to make them public is foolish.' Whatever be the explanation, there can be no doubt of the fact that in the days of Elizabeth and James I. not a few noblemen and gentlemen who could have won literary fame, preferred that their poetry should remain unpublished or should be issued anonymously. The old song-books have preserved many charming poems by these anonymous 'Courtly makers.'

¹ I suspect that Drayton is reflecting particularly on Donne, whose poems were widely circulated in ms. At one time Donne seems to have contemplated issuing a limited edition of his poems, 'not for much public view, but at mine cost, a few copies' (see E. K. Chambers's bibliographical note in 'Muses' Library' edition of Donne, vol. I. pp. xxxvi.-vii); but the scheme was abandoned. His Muse had not always been strait-laced; and Ben Jonson told Drummond that Donne 'since he was made Doctor repenteth highly and seeketh to destroy all his poems.'

The first poem in Byrd's earliest collection—'I joy not in no Earthly Bliss' (p. 5) is of unknown authorship. It may have been written in imitation of 'My Mind to me a Kingdom is' (p. 8), an oft-quoted poem which has been attributed on good authority to Sir Edward Dyer (see Dyer's *Writings*, ed. Grosart, in *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library*). Of unknown authorship, too, are the delightful songs 'Tho' Amaryllis dance in green' (which was afterwards included in *England's Helicon*) and 'Who likes to love let him take heed.' To the eccentric Earl of Oxford, who was both a poet and a patron of poets, have been assigned, on early MS. authority (see his *Poems* in Grosart's *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library*) the stanzas 'If women could be fair and never fond' (p. 10); but no author has been found for 'What pleasure have great princes' (p. 11), one of the choicest of old pastoral songs. The vigorous invective against Love—'Farewell, false Love, the oracle of lies' (p. 14)—has been recently found by Mr. Bertram Dobell in a sixteenth-century MS. commonplace book, where it is attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh and is stated to have been written as a reply to a poem by Sir Thomas Heneage, who in 1589 succeeded Sir Christopher Hatton as Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's household. In the same MS. Mr. Dobell found the quaint verses beginning 'In fields abroad where trumpets shrill do sound' (p. 13), but no author's name was given. It would be pleasant to know who wrote the fine poem 'The Match that's made for just and true respects' (p. 15), which reminds me of Robert Greene at his best. Mr. Warwick Bond has claimed for John Lyly some of the poems in Byrd's *Songs of Sundrie Natures*; but Mr. Bond's zeal in collecting

a quantity of anonymous verse (excellent, indifferent, and execrable)—from song-books, entertainments, anthologies, and MSS.—and fathering it all on the author of *Euphues*, has surely outrun his discretion.¹ Some of the best poems in these *Songs of Sundrie Natures* were afterwards included in *England's Helicon*. The Christmas song, 'From Virgin's womb this day did spring' (p. 43), had appeared in the *Paradyse of Daynty Devises*, where it was ascribed to Francis Kinwelmarsh (or Kindlemarsh), an Essex gentleman who entered Gray's Inn in 1557, and was a friend of George Gascoigne. It has a somewhat antiquated appearance among the brisker measures of later Elizabethan lyrists. 'O dear Life, when may it be' (p. 43), is by Sir Philip Sidney. In Byrd's 1611 collection the poetry is not up to the standard maintained in his earlier volumes. He seems in his old age to have preferred the bald moralising verses that had been popular in his young days. The first piece, 'The Eagle's force,' etc. (p. 54), is found in Churchyard's *Legend of Shore's Wife*, but has been claimed for Henry VIII. Sir John Harington, in a letter² to Henry, Prince of Wales

¹ Let me hasten to add, that for Mr. Bond's editorial work on Lyly I have the highest admiration. His edition (*Lyly's Works*, 3 vols., 1903) is definitive, and he has laid all students under a deep debt of gratitude.

² As the passage is interesting I give it in full:—'As I have thus given your Highnesse a short ensample of royal poetrie, I will not in haste forsake the matter and descend from high to low; but will now venture to send to your readinge a special verse of King Henry the Eight when he conceived love for Anna Bulleign. And hereof I entertain no doubt of the author; for if I had no better reason than the rhyme, it were sufficient to think that no other than suche a King could write such a sonnet; but of this my father oft gave me good assurance, who was in his household. This sonnet was sung to the lady at his commaundment, and here followeth.' The verses are of small account; in his commendation of them Harington writes rather as a courtier than as a critic. Byrd's 1588 and 1611 volumes are now reprinted for the first time.

(*Nugæ Antiquæ*, i. 387), encloses the stanza as 'a special verse of King Henry the Eighth when he conceived love for Anna Bulleign.' Harington had been assured of its genuineness by his father, who had been in Henry VIII.'s household; but in spite of this assurance I believe it to be Churchyard's. From the dedicatory epistle before *Churchyard's Challenge*, 1593, we learn that some malicious persons had spread the report that he was not the real author of *Shore's Wife*. Infuriated by these libellous statements, Churchyard declares that—had he been a younger man—he would have challenged his traducers to open combat. 'Let not the sluggish sleep' (p. 56) is part of a longer poem appended to *The Play of Wyt made by Master John Radford*, temp. Henry VIII. (published from MS. by the Shakespeare Society in 1848). 'This sweet and merry month of May' (p. 55) is by Thomas Watson, the sonnetteer, and had appeared among his *Madrigals*, 1590.

In 1588 Nicholas Yonge, one of the singing men at St. Paul's, issued *Musica Transalpina*, the first collection of English madrigals. From the dedicatory epistle we learn that they had been translated from the Italian in 1583 'by a gentleman for his private delight.' The coy translator was often urged by Yonge to allow them to be printed, but would not consent. A *Second Book* followed in 1597. Some of these madrigals are choice 'relishes of rhyme,' but others need the accompaniment of voices to render them tolerable.

The song-books of the renowned lutenist John Dowland, whose

'heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense.'

contain much beautiful poetry. Dowland, who appears to have been of Irish origin, was born about 1562. In early manhood he went abroad, and 'after rambling through the chiefest parts of France, a nation furnished with great variety of music,' made a stay in Germany, where he found skilful masters and bountiful patrons. Later he visited the chief towns of Italy and made the acquaintance of the celebrated composers Giovanni Croce and Luca Marenzio. He was in England in 1588, when the Mus. Bac. degree at Oxford was conferred upon him. His *First Book of Aires* was published in 1597, with a dedication to George Carey, Lord Hunsdon. In the address to the reader he spoke gratefully of the kindness that he had received abroad from musicians and music-lovers, and announced 'I am now ready to practise at home if I may but find encouragement in my first essays.' But though his music was so greatly admired, he seems to have found a difficulty in earning a competent livelihood at home, and before 1600, when his *Second Book of Songs or Aires* appeared, he had become lutenist to the King of Denmark. The publisher, George Eastland, prefixed to the *Second Book* an address to the reader, in which he declared that the 'charge and pains' of publication 'hath exceeded ordinary,' and plainly hinted that he would be likely to lose money by the venture. In 1603, when the *Third Book* was published, Dowland was still abroad. He visited England in 1605, and in 1609 he left the Danish Court to settle in Fetter Lane. On the title-page to his *Pilgrim's Solace*, 1612, he is described as 'Lutenist to the Lord Walden' (eldest son of the Earl of Suffolk), to whom the collection was dedicated. From the prefatory address we learn that his music was beginning to

be regarded as old-fashioned and obsolete by younger musicians. Dowland died in 1625 or 1626, leaving a son, Robert, who gained some fame as a composer.

The poetry that John Dowland set to music is seldom poor and sometimes supremely beautiful. Perhaps the finest of all the poems in his collections is the anonymous 'I saw my lady weep' (p. 104). Mr. Bond claims these lovely verses for Lyly. He adduces no evidence, but the testimony of the angel Gabriel would fail to convince me that Lyly was capable of writing them. Hardly Campion, in his most exalted mood, could have risen to this height. I suspect that they are by one of those amateurs who sometimes attained, seemingly without effort, a faultless utterance. Two of the poems in the *First Book*—'Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love' (p. 87) and 'Away with these self-loving lads' (p. 99)—are by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, and were included in the 1633 collection of his *Works*. An early MS. copy, preserved at Hamburg, of the fine verses 'My Thoughts are winged with Hopes' (p. 87), is subscribed 'W. S.' and has been hastily assigned to Shakespeare. In *England's Helicon* the poem is signed 'Ignoto'¹; in an MS. list drawn out by Francis Davison, editor of the *Poetical Rapsody*, it is ascribed to the Earl of Cumberland; and Mr. Bond, of course, gives it to Lyly. I am inclined to think that it may be by Fulke Greville, though it was not included in his *Works*. There seems to be absolutely no reason for seeking to deprive George Peele of the authorship of 'His golden locks Time hath to silver turned' (p. 97); for it was printed in his *Polyhymnia*,

¹ Sir Egerton Brydges uncritically attributed to Raleigh all the poems signed 'Ignoto' in *England's Helicon*.

1590, and he was a poet of no mean order. Yet these touching stanzas have been perversely attributed by some modern critics to the Earl of Essex, and by Mr. Bond to Lyly. Sir Henry Lee, the aged (but virile) courtier, spoke them before Queen Elizabeth in November 1590, when he formally resigned his office of voluntary champion. Thackeray, with apt felicity, quoted the first stanza in *The Newcomes*. A companion piece, seemingly written for the same occasion, is the curious copy of verses 'Time's eldest son, Old Age, the heir of Ease' (p. 106), humorous and fantastic and pathetic, that would have brought tears of delight to the eyes of Charles Lamb, but will provoke the derision of dullards. The three stanzas beginning 'It was a time when silly bees could speak' (p. 128) are part of a longer poem that is found in many MS. collections. Mr. Bond has given a very full version (Lyly's *Works*, iii. 494-499). 'Its vogue,' he remarks, 'may be partly attributed to its, I believe, incorrect ascription to the Earl of Essex. In several MSS., notably in Harl. MS. 6910—almost the best—it is anonymous.' Mr. Bond then proceeds to argue that the author was Lyly. The poem is of no particular merit, though it took the fancy of compilers of commonplace books; but, as one of Mr. Bond's critics pointed out, we have the early authority of William Browne of Tavistock (*Britannia's Pastorals*, Book I. Song 4) for assigning it to Essex. In Egerton MS. 923 it is ascribed to the Earl's Chaplain, Henry Cuff. The poem that follows in the song-book—'The lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall'—is attributed in Rawlinson MS. 148 to Sir Edward Dyer: it is subscribed 'Incerto' in Davison's *Poetical Rapsody*, 1602, where is also found an 'Answer' beginning

'Compare the bramble with the cedar tree.' In Davison's MS. 'Catalogue of all the Poems in Rhyme and Measured Verse by A. W.,' No. 117, is 'Though lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall—Answer' (Davison's *Rhapsody*, ed. Bullen, I. lxxi); and there is yet another 'Answer' in Harl. MS. 6910, fol. 153, 'The lowest trees have tops, the cedars higher.' The dainty little song, 'What poor astronomers are they' (p. 129) has been ascribed to Nicholas Breton, and is very much in his manner, but I have not been able to find it among his multitudinous writings. 'My heart and tongue were twins' (p. 142) is from an entertainment offered to Queen Elizabeth at Sudeley Castle, in Gloucestershire, when she visited Lord Chandos there in 1592 (see Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, ed. 2, vol. III., and Bond's *Lyly*, i. 471, etc.). It was reprinted in *England's Helicon* with the title 'Apollo's Love Song for Fair Daphne,' and was marked by the editor 'The Author thereof unknown.' The first stanza of 'Sweet, stay awhile! why will you rise?' (p. 136) is found in the 1669 edition of Donne's *Poems*, where it is printed as the first stanza of the poem which in earlier editions of Donne had begun "'Tis true, 'tis day, what though it be' (see Donne's *Poems*, ed. E. K. Chambers, i. 224). It may have been written in imitation of Donne. The poem that follows, 'To ask for all thy love and thy whole heart' (p. 137), bears clear traces of Donne's influence.

John Wilbye's madrigals have always been held in high esteem. Professor Arber included *The First Set*, 1598, in the *Garner*. Particularly charming are, 'Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting' (p. 148), paraphrased from an Italian madrigal of Celiano, and 'Thus saith my Chloris

bright' (p. 148), paraphrased from Guarini.¹ 'What needeth all this travail and turmoiling' (p. 147), may be compared with Spenser's fifteenth sonnet, 'Ye tradeful merchants that with weary toil.' Both pieces are paraphrased from the sonnet of Philippe Desportes beginning, 'Marchans, qui traversez tout le rivage More.' Wilbye published a *Second Set of Madrigals* in 1609.

There is good verse in Thomas Morley's collections; but the poetical merit of his *Triumphs of Oriana* (pp. 153-164), 1600, madrigals (set by various composers) in honour of Queen Elizabeth, is very slender. Richard Alison, who published in 1606 *An Howres Recreation in Music*, appreciated Campion's songs, for he included three of them (with Campion's leave or without) in his collection. The stanzas 'O heavy heart,' etc. (p. 264), were drawn from *A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578; and 'My prime of youth' (p. 266) is supposed to have been written by Chidiocck Tychbourne on the eve of his execution in 1586.

While Byrd, Dowland, and other famous Elizabethan composers wrote only the music for their songs, Thomas Campion wrote both the poetry and the music. He seems to have studied originally for the bar, but he soon abandoned law for medicine and became a physician of some standing. In 1595 he published an excessively rare volume of Latin verse, *Thomæ Campiani Poemata*, which was reprinted with many additions and a few omissions in 1619. The 1595 edition has a glowing eulogy of John

¹ Another version of Guarini's madrigal had appeared in the *Second Book of Musica Transalpina*, 1597. See my anthology, *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books*, 1897, p. 71.

Dowland, but this was omitted in the later edition ; and I fear that they became estranged in after years. Campion's bewitching song, 'Hark¹ all you ladies that do sleep' was in print as early as 1591 among the poems 'of Sundrie other Noblemen and Gentlemen' annexed to Newman's surreptitious edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. George Peele in his *Honour of the Garter*, 1593, addressed him as

'thou
That richly clothest conceit in well-made words';

and three of his English songs are found in an MS. dated 1596 (Harl. MS. 6910). The first collection of his songs, *A Book of Aires*, appeared in 1601, with music written partly by himself and partly by his friend Philip Rosseter. In the address to the reader he modestly describes his songs as 'ear-pleasing rhymes without art,' but their artless grace

¹ I suspect that the two pieces which follow 'Hark all you ladies' in Newman's volume are also by Campion, though he never claimed them. 'What fair pomp have I spied of glittering Ladies,' a delightful piece, is one of those metrical experiments in which he took so much pleasure. It evidently belongs to some unknown masque. The second piece runs thus :—

'My love bound me with a kiss
That I should no longer stay :
When I felt so sweet a bliss
I had less power to pass away.
Alas that women do not know
Kisses make men loth to go.'

This is set to music, with three more stanzas, in Robert Jones' *Second Book of Songs and Aires* (and is included in my *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books*, 1897, p. 18). Let the reader compare Campion's Latin epigram :

'IN MELLEAM.
Mellea mi si abeam promittit basia septem ;
Basia dat septem, nec minus inde moror ;
Euge, licet vafras fugit hæc fraus una puellas,
Basia majores ingerere usque moras.'

One cannot resist the conclusion that the Latin epigram and the English song are from the same hand.

was the perfection of artistry. While some of his poems charm by their light and easy elegance, others are distinguished by richness of diction and warmth of imagination. Few poets have used so great a variety of metres as Campion; he handled simple and intricate measures with equal facility. Yet he was not satisfied with producing his 'ear-pleasing rhymes,' and in 1602 published a treatise, *Observations in the Art of English Poesy*, in which he advocated that rhyme should be abandoned and that unrhymed metres formed on classical models should be adopted. He gives several specimen poems that he had written in unrhymed metres. In many instances these specimens are merely curiosities of literature, but of singular beauty is the little poem beginning 'Rose-cheeked Laura, come' (Campion's *Works*, ed. Bullen, 1903, p. 258). In the same year Samuel Daniel published his *Defence of Rhyme*, in which he expressed surprise that an attack on rhyme should have been made by one 'whose commendable rhymes, albeit now himself an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth.' Ben Jonson (as we learn from his *Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden*) wrote a Discourse of Poesy—which was never published—'both against Campion and Daniel.' Campion soon resumed the use of rhyme. In 1607 he published his first masque, written on the occasion of the marriage of Sir James Hay and performed before the king on Twelfth Night, 1606-7. In 1613 he prepared three masques, one for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, another for the queen's entertainment at Cawsome [Caversham] House, near Reading, and the third for the ill-omened marriage of the Earl of Somerset. In all these masques

Campion's gifts of lively and ingenious invention are shown to good advantage, and songs of rare beauty are interspersed. His second collection of songs, *Two Books of Aires*, is undated, but must have been issued after November 1612 (probably in 1613), for one song (p. 208) has a reference to the death of Prince Henry. The *Third and Fourth*, also undated, appeared soon after 1617. In the dedicatory epistle Campion congratulates his patron, Sir Thomas Monson, on the fact that

‘those clouds that lately overcast
Your fame and fortune are dispersed at last.’

Monson had been committed to the Tower (where Campion attended him professionally) in December 1615 on suspicions of complicity in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. He was released on bail in October 1616, and was finally ‘pardoned’ in the following February.

Campion died on 1st March 1619-20 in the parish of St. Martin's in the West, having on that day executed a nuncupative will by which he left ‘all that he had unto Mr. Philip Rosseter and wished that his estate had bin farre more.’ The value of the estate was twenty-two pounds.

Of recent years Campion's poetry, which was long neglected, has come prominently into notice. He was a most skilful artist, with a Greek sense of form. Well aware of his limitations he never attempted a task that was beyond him. In his delightful apology at the end of the 1607 masque he declared that, while others might cultivate tragedy and epic, he was content to write ‘smooth and gentle verse’ to charm the ears of ladies :—

‘Let the tragic poem swell,
Raising raging fiends from hell ;

And let epic dactyls range
 Swelling seas and countries strange :
 Little room small things contains ;
 Easy praise quites easy pains.
 Suffer them whose brows do sweat
 To gain honour by the great :¹
 It's enough if men me name
 A retailer of the same.'

Among the 'little masters' of the Elizabethan age he has no superior.

Of the song-books not included by Professor Arber in the *Garner* the most interesting are Robert Jones's various *Books of Airs*, ranging from 1601 to 1611. Jones's fifth book, *The Muses Gardin for Delights*, long lay hidden ; but a year or two ago Mr. Barclay Squire found a copy in the library at Stafford House and reprinted the poetry (in 1901) at the private printing press of Rev. C. H. Daniel, now Provost of Worcester College, Oxford. Beloe had extracted the best poems, but it is well to have a complete reprint. In preparing my anthologies, *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books* and *More Lyrics*, I went through all the song-books that I could find and made extracts from sixty collections.² Recently Miss Janet Dodge has published *Twelve Elizabethan Songs* (1902), giving good examples not only of the poetry, but of the music of the old song-books.

Leaving the song-books we come to a copious collection (pp. 269-310) of sixteenth and seventeenth century posies. Taken a few at a time, these suckets have a pleasant relish. The quaint title of the 1624 volume runs :—*Love's Garland : or Posies for Rings, Handkerchers and Gloves ; and such*

¹ 'by the great'—wholesale.

² Some of the songs that I gave were from MS. collections and had not previously been printed. Now they have found their way into many anthologies.

pretty Tokens as Lovers send their Loves. Read, Skan, then Judge. A rustic suitor sending a girdle or a present of gloves to his sweetheart would turn to his book of posies and select some appropriate verses to accompany the gift. A village maid would embroider a scarf for her lover with some affectionate greeting drawn from its pages, *e.g.*—

‘She that of all doth love thee dearest
Doth send thee this ; which as thou wearest,
And oft does look on, think on me
As I by thine do think on thee.’

Many are brief true-love mottoes for rings:—‘In trust be just,’ ‘If thou deny I wish to die,’ ‘No bitter smart can change my heart,’ etc. Our Christmas bon-bon rhymes are a poor survival of the old posies.

A group of shorter poems follows, ranging from the Elizabethan time to the days of Charles II. ‘What cunning can express’ (p. 313) shows the Earl of Oxford at his best, and ‘Rosalynd’s Madrigal’ (p. 315) is among the daintiest of Thomas Lodge’s lyrics. The authorship of the ever-welcome ‘Phyllada flouts me’ (p. 317) remains a mystery. Professor Arber’s text is from Mennes’ and Smith’s *Musarum Deliciæ*, 1655, but the poem is at least half a century older. Ben Jonson’s *Hue and Cry after Cupid* (p. 321) is from the masque performed at Court on Shrove Tuesday, 1607-8, for the marriage of Lord Haddington. It is modelled, like Tasso’s *Amore Fugitivo*, on Moschus’ first Idyllium (which was also imitated by Spenser in *Faerie Queene*, Book IV. Canto vi.). The fairy-poem ‘King Oberon’s Apparel’ (p. 325), from *Musarum Deliciæ*, was written in 1626-7 by Robert Herrick’s friend Sir Simeon Steward, and first appeared in a booklet entitled *A Descrip-*

tion of the King and Queene of Fayries, 1635 (A. W. Pollard's *Herrick*, Appendix II. vol. ii. pp. 323-327). 'I loved a lass, a fair one' (p. 327) was attributed in Warton's *Companion to the Oxford Guide* to John Taylor the water-poet, but it is certainly too good for Taylor. Hearne quoted the third stanza as Wither's; and Mr. Frank Sidgwick has not hesitated to include the song in *The Poetry of George Wither* (1903, ii. 148-152). It first appeared in *A Description of Love*¹ (of which the sixth edition is dated 1629), where was published 'Master Johnson's² Answer' to Wither's 'Shall I wasting in despair?' If the song be Wither's, as I believe it to be, it was written before he left Oxford. Cowley, the idol of his age, but now read only by the few, is here represented by his sprightly 'Chronicle,' those mellow stanzas 'The Wish,' and the rollicking fantastic ode 'Sitting and drinking in the chair³ made out of the Relics of Sir Francis Drake's ship.' Andrew Marvell's 'Bermudas' and 'The Garden' (pp. 340-4) are two imperishable poems, of haunting beauty. We descend to the lower slopes of Parnassus when we turn from Marvell's masterpieces to the songs of Sir Charles Sedley (pp. 348-350); but for briskness, gaiety, and saucy invention the best of Sedley's songs have seldom been excelled. Charles Cotton, a man of many accomplishments, brings our volume to a close with his fine stanzas on 'Winter' (pp. 351-8).

¹ I have not seen an edition earlier than that of 1629. The first edition was issued in 1620.

² Not Ben Jonson, but Richard Johnson, the compiler of *Garlands*.

³ In the Bodleian Library may still be seen a chair made from fragments of Drake's ship 'The Golden Hind.' For many years the ship was preserved at Deptford, and supper parties used to be held on it. A tradition lingers in Deptford that Christopher Marlowe was slain on board 'The Golden Hind' after a drinking bout.

Wordsworth and Charles Lamb have recorded their admiration of this poem.¹ In the preface to the 1815 collection of *Poems: including Lyrical Ballads*, Wordsworth wrote:—‘Finally I will refer to Cotton’s “Ode upon Winter,” an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy.’ He bids the reader note the ‘profusion of *fanciful* comparisons, which indicate on the part of the poet extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling’; and he ends his generous eulogium by quoting several stanzas. The shade of honest hearty Mr. Cotton must surely have been gratified by this tribute from the pen of ‘him who uttered nothing base.’

A. H. B.


¹ Coleridge, too, admired Cotton’s poetry. In *Biographia Literaria* (ii. 96) he writes:—‘There are not a few of his poems replete with every excellence of thought, images, and passions, which we expect or desire in the milder Muse.’

*Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of
Sadness and Piety.*

By WILLIAM BYRD, one of the
gentlemen of the Queen's Majesty's
honorable Chapel.

1588.

¶ Reasons briefly set down by the author, to persuade every one to learn to sing.

1. IRST it is a knowledge easily taught, and quickly learned ; where there is a good master, and an apt scholar.

2. The exercise of singing is delightful to Nature, and good to preserve the health of man.

3. It doth strengthen all the parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.

4. It is a singular good remedy for a stutt[er]ing and stammering in the speech.

5. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.

6. It is the only way to know where Nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voice ; which gift is so rare, as there is not one among a thousand that hath it : and in many, that excellent gift is lost, because they want Art to express Nature.

7. There is not any music of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men ; where the voices are good, and the same well sorted or ordered.

8. The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honour and serve GOD therewith : and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end.

Omnis spiritus laudet DOMINUM !

Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir CHRISTOPHER HATTON, Knight,

Lord Chancellor of England;

WILLIAM BYRD wisheth long life, and the same
to be most healthy and happy.

HE OFTEN desires of many my good friends, Right Honourable! and the consideration of many untrue incorrected copies of divers of my Songs spread abroad; have been the two causes chiefly moving my consent, at length, to put in print the fruits of my small skill and labours in Music. Then the duty, honour and service due from me unto your Lordship, together with the remembrance of your judgement and love of that art, did move and embolden me to present this first printed work of mine in English, to pass under your Lordship's favour and protection; unworthy I confess, of the view or patronage of so worthy a personage. Yet remembering that small things sometimes do great service, and that repose is best tasted by bodies fore-wearied: I hoped that, by this occasion, these poor Songs of mine might happily yield some sweetness, repose, and recreation unto your Lordship's mind, after your daily pains and cares taken in the high affairs of the common wealth.

Most humbly beseeching your Lordship, that if my boldness herein be faulty, my dutiful good will and good meaning may excuse it: which, if I may so fortunately perceive, it shall encourage me to suffer some other things of more depth and skill to follow these; which being not yet finished, are of divers expected and desired. Incessantly beseeching our LORD to make your years happy and end blessed, I wish there were anything in me worthy of your Lordship to be commanded.

Most humbly, your Lordship's ever to command,

WILLIAM BYRD.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.



ENIGN Reader! Here is offered unto thy courteous acceptance! Music of sundry sorts, and to content divers humours. If thou be disposed to pray, here are Psalms! if to be merry, here are Sonnets! if to lament for thy sins, here are Songs of Sadness and Piety! if thou delight in music of great compass, here are divers songs, which being originally made for instruments to express the harmony and one voice to pronounce the ditty, are now framed, in all parts for voices to sing the same! If thou desire songs of small compass and fit for the reach of most voices: here are most in number of that sort! Whatsoever pains I have taken herein, I shall think to be well employed; if the same be well accepted, music thereby the better loved, and the more exercised.

In the expressing of these Songs, either by voices or instruments, if there happen to be any jar or disonance, blame not the printer! who, I do assure thee, through his great pains and diligence, doth here deliver to thee a perfect and true copy. If in the composition of these Songs, there be any fault by me committed, I desire the skilful, either with courtesy to let the same be concealed; or in friendly sort, to be thereof admonished; and at the next impression he shall find the error reformed; remembering always, that it is more easy to find a fault than to amend it.

If thou find anything here worthy of liking and commendation, give praise unto GOD, from Whom, as from a most pure and plentiful fountain, all good gifts of science do flow: Whose Name be glorified for ever.

The most assured friend to all that love or learn Music,

WILLIAM BYRD.

SONNETS AND PASTORALS.



JOY NOT in no earthly bliss,
 I force not CRÆSUS' wealth a straw :
 For care, I know not what it is,
 I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
 My mind is such as may not move,
 For beauty bright nor force of love.

I wish but what I have at will,
 I wander not to seek for more.
 I like the plain, I climb no hill,
 In greatest storms, I sit on shore
 And laugh at them that toil in vain,
 To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill,
 I fain not love, where most I hate :
 I break no sleep to win my will,
 I wait not at the mighty's gate :
 I scorn no poor, nor fear no rich;
 I feel no want, nor have too much.

The Court and cart I like, nor loath.
 Extremes are counted worst of all;
 The golden mean, between them both,
 Doth surest sit and fears no fall.
 This is my choice, for why? I find
 No wealth is like the quiet mind.



HOUGH AMARILLIS dance in green
Like Fairy Queen,
And sing full clear ;

CORINNA can with smiling, cheer.
Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,
Chil—I will. Hey ho ! chil love no more.

My sheep are lost for want of food
And I so wood,
That all the day
I sit and watch a herd-maid gay ;
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore,
Hey ho ! chil love no more.

Her loving looks, her beauty bright,
Is such delight ;
That all in vain,
I love to like, and lose my gain
For her, that thanks me not therefore ;
Hey ho ! chil love no more.

Ah, wanton eyes ! my friendly foes
And cause of woes ;
Your sweet desire
Breeds flames of ice, and freeze in fire :
Ye scorn to see me weep so sore,
Hey ho ! chil love no more.

Love ye who list, I force him not,
Sith God it wot,
The more I wail,
The less my sighs and tears prevail :
What shall I do ? but say therefore,
Hey ho ! chil love no more.

WHO LIKES to love, let him take heed,
And wot you why ?
Among the gods, it is decreed
That LOVE shall die ;
And every wight that takes his part,
Shall forfeit each, a mourning heart.

The cause is this, as I have heard,
A sort of dames,
Whose beauty he did not regard,
Nor secret flames,
Complained before the gods above,
That gold corrupts the god of love.

The gods did storm to hear this news,
And there they swore ;
That sith he did such dames abuse,
He should no more
Be god of love, but that he should
Both die, and forfeit all his gold.

His bow and shafts they took away,
Before his eyes ;
And gave these dames a longer day
For to devise
Who should them keep ; and they be bound,
That love for gold should not be found.

These ladies striving long, at last
They did agree
To give them to a maiden chaste,
Whom I did see ;
Who with the same, did pierce my breast :
Her beauty's rare ; and so I rest.

MY MIND to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss,
That GOD or Nature hath assigned ;
Though much I want, that most would have ;
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a loving eye :
To none of these, I yield as thrall,
For why ? My mind despise them all.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall ;
I see that such as are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all :
These get with toil, and keep with fear,
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway,
I wish no more than may suffice ;
I do no more than well I may,
Look what I want, my mind supplies :
Lo thus, I triumph like a king,
My mind content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,
Nor grudge not at another's gain,
No worldly waves my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane,
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend ;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease ;
And conscience clear, my chief defence :
I never seek, by bribes to please,
Nor by desert, to give offence :
Thus do I live ! thus will I die !
Would all did so, as well as I ! [SIR EDWARD DYER.]



HERE FANCY fond, for Pleasure pleads,
And Reason keeps poor Hope in gaol :
There time it is to take my beads,
And pray that Beauty may prevail ;
Or else Despair will win the field,
Where Reason, Hope and Pleasure yield.

My eyes presume to judge this case,
Whose judgement, Reason doth disdain ;
But Beauty with her wanton face,
Stands to defend, the case is plain :
And at the bar of sweet delight,
She pleads " that Fancy must be right."

But Shame will not have Reason yield,
Though Grief do swear it shall be so ;
As though it were a perfect shield,
To blush, and fear to tell my woe :
Where Silence force will, at the last,
To wish for wit, when hope is past.

So far hath fond Desire outrun
The bond which Reason set out first ;
That where Delight the fray begun
I would now say, if that I durst,
That in her stead, ten thousand Woes
Have sprung in field where Pleasure grows.

O that I might declare the rest,
Of all the toys which Fancy turns ;
Like towers of wind within my breast,
Where fire is hid that never burns :
Then should I try one of the twain,
Either to love, or to disdain.

But fine conceit dares not declare
The strange conflict of hope and fear :
Lest Reason should be left so bare,
That love durst whisper in mine ear ;
And tell me "how my Fancy shall
Bring Reason to be Beauty's thrall."

I must therefore, with silence, build
The labyrinth of my delight ;
Till love have tried in open field,
Which of the twain shall win the fight :
I fear me Reason must give place ;
If Fancy fond, win Beauty's grace.

IF WOMEN could be fair and never fond,
Or that their beauty might continue still :
I would not marvel though they made men bond,
By service long, to purchase their goodwill :
But when I see how frail these creatures are,
I laugh that men forget themselves so far !

To mark what choice they make, and how they change ;
How leaving best, the worst they chose out still ;
And how like haggards wild, about they range,
Scorning after reason to follow will :
Who would not shake such bussards from the fist ;
And let them fly, fair fools ! which way they list ?

Yet for our sport, we fawn and flatter both,
 To pass the time, when nothing else can please ;
 And train them on to yield, by subtle oath,
 The sweet content, that gives such humour ease :
 And then we say, when we their follies try,
 "To play with fools ; O what a fool was I !" [EDWARD,
 Earl of OXFORD.]

AMBITIOUS love hath forced me to aspire
 The beauties rare which do adorn thy face !
 Thy modest life yet bridles my desire,
 Whose severe law doth promise me no grace !
 But what ! May LOVE live under any law ?
 No ! no ! His power exceedeth man's conceit :
 Of which the gods themselves do stand in awe ;
 For on his frown, a thousand torments wait.
 Proceed then in this desperate enterprise, with good advise !
 And follow LOVE thy guide that leads thee to thy wished paradise !
 Thy climbing thoughts, this comfort take withal !
 That if it be thy foul disgrace to slide,
 Thy brave attempt shall yet excuse thy fall.

WHAT pleasure have great princes,
 More dainty to their choice,
 Than herdsmen wild ? who careless,
 In quiet life rejoice ;
 And fortune's fate not fearing,
 Sing sweet in summer morning.

Their dealings plain and rightful,
 Are void of all deceit ;
 They never know how spiteful,
 It is to kneel and wait
 On favourite presumptuous,
 Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth;
 At night, they take their rest;
 More quiet than who sendeth
 His ship into the East,
 Where gold and pearl are plenty;
 But getting, very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
 They 'steem it not a straw;
 They think that honest meaning
 Is of itself a law:
 Whence conscience judgeth plainly,
 They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth!
 Not caring much for gold;
 With clothing which sufficeth
 To keep him from the cold.
 Though poor and plain his diet;
 Yet merry it is, and quiet.



AS I BEHELD, I saw a herdsman wild,
 With his sheephook, a picture fine deface;
 Which he sometime, his fancy too beguiled,
 Had carved on bark of beech, in secret place:
 And with despite of most afflicted mind,
 Through deep despair of heart, for love dismayed;
 He pulled even from the tree, the carved rind,
 And weeping sore, these woeful words he said.

"Ah PHILIDA! would God, thy picture fair,
 I could as lightly blot out of my breast;
 Then should I not thus rage with great despite,
 And tear the thing, sometime I likèd best.
 But all in vain. It booteth not, God wot!
 What printed is in heart, on tree to blot."



ALTHOUGH the heathen poets did APOLLO famous praise,
As one who for his music sweet, no peer had in his
days.



IN FIELDS abroad, where trumpets shrill do sound,
Where glaves and shields do give and take the knocks;
Where bodies dead do overspread the ground,
And friends to foes, are common butcher's blocks;
A gallant shot, well managing his piece,
In my conceit deserves a golden fleece.

Amid the seas, a gallant ship set out,
Wherein nor men nor yet munition lacks;
In greatest winds, that spareth not a clout,
But cuts the waves, in spite of weather's wracks;
Would force a swain, that comes of coward's kind,
To change himself, and be of noble mind.

Who makes his seat a stately stamping steed,
Whose neighs and plays are princely to behold;
Whose courage stout, whose eyes are fiery red,
Whose joints well knit, whose harness all of gold;
Doth well deserve to be no meaner thing,
Than Persian knight, whose horse made him a King.

By that bedside where sits a gallant Dame,
Who casteth off her brave and rich attire;
Whose petticoat sets forth as fair a frame
As mortal men or gods can well desire.
Who sits and sees her petticoat unlaced:
I say no more. The rest are all disgraced.



ONSTANT PENELOPE sends to thee, careless ULYSSES !
Write not again, but come, sweet Mate! thyself to
revive me. [Greece.

Troy we do much envy, we desolate lost ladies of
Not PRIAMUS, nor yet all Troy, can us recompense make.
Oh, that he had, when he first took shipping to Lacedemon,
That adulter I mean, had been o'erwhelmed with waters !
Then had I not lien now all alone, thus quivering for cold ;
Nor used this complaint, nor have thought the day to be so long.



AREWELL, false LOVE ! the oracle of lies,
A mortal foe, and enemy to rest ;
An envious boy, from whom all cares arise ;
A bastard vile, a beast with rage possest,
A way of error, a temple full of treason :
In all effects, contrary unto reason.

A poisoned serpent covered all with flowers,
Mother of sighs, and murderer of repose ;
A sea of sorrows from whence are drawn such showers,
As moisture lend, to every grief that grows ;
A school of guile, a net of deep deceit,
A gilded hook that holds a poisoned bait.

A fortress foiled, which Reason did defend,
A SIREN song, a fever of the mind,
A maze wherein affection finds no end,
A raging cloud that runs before the wind,
A substance like the shadow of the sun,
A goal of grief for which the wisest run.

A quenchless fire, a nurse of trembling fear,
A path that leads to peril and mishap,
A true retreat of sorrow and despair,
An idle boy that sleeps in Pleasure's lap,
A deep mistrust of that which certain seems,
A hope of that which Reason doubtful deems.



THE MATCH that's made for just and true respects,
With evenness, both of years and parentage ;
Of force must bring forth many good effects.

Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

For where chaste love and liking sets the plant,
And concord waters with a firm goodwill,
Of no good thing there can be any want.

Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

Sound is the knot, that Chastity hath tied,
Sweet is the music, Unity doth make,
Sure is the store, that Plenty doth provide.

Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

Where Chasteness fails, there Concord will decay,
Where Concord fleets, there Plenty will decrease,
Where Plenty wants, there Love will wear away.

Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

I CHASTITY, restrain all strong desires !
I CONCORD, keep the course of sound consent !
I PLENTY, spare and spend, as cause requires !

Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

Make much of us, all ye that married be !
Speak well of us, all ye that mind to be !
The time may come, to want and wish all three.

Pari jugo dulcis tractus.



SONGS OF SADNESS AND PIETY.



ROSTRATE, O LORD! I lie,
Behold me, LORD! with pity.
Stop not Thine ears! against my cry,
My sad and mourning ditty,
Breathed from an inward soul,
From heart heart'ly contrite;
An offering sweet, a sacrifice
In Thy heavenly sight.

Observe not sins, O LORD!
For who may then abide it;
But let Thy mercy cancel them,
Thou hast not man denied it.
Man melting with remorse and thoughts
Thought past repenting.
O lighten, LORD! O hear our songs!
Our sins full sore lamenting.

The wonders of Thy works,
Above all reason reacheth;
And yet Thy mercy above all
This, us Thy Spirit teacheth!
Then let no sinner fall
In depth of foul despair;
Since never soul so foul there was,
But mercy made it fair.

ALL AS a sea, the world no other is,
 Ourselves are Ships still tossed to and fro.
 And lo, each man, his love to that or this,
 Is like a Storm that drives the ship to go ;
 That thus our life in doubt of shipwreck stands :
 Our wills, the Rocks ; our want of skill, the Sands.

Our passions be the Pirates still that spoil,
 And overboard cast out our reason's Freight ;
 The Mariners that day and night do toil,
 Be our conceits that do on pleasure wait :
 Pleasure, Master, doth tyrannize the ship,
 And giveth virtue secretly the nip.

The Compass is a mind to compass all,
 Both pleasure, profit, place, and fame for nought :
 The Winds that blow, men overweening call,
 The Merchandise is wit full dearly bought,
 Trial the Anchor cast upon experience,
 For labour, life, and all ado the Recompense.

SUSANNA fair, sometime assaulted was,
 By two old men, desiring their delight ;
 Whose false intent they thought to bring to pass,
 If not by tender love, by force and might.
 To whom she said, " If I you suit deny,
 You will me falsely accuse, and make me die.

And if I grant to that which you request,
 My chastity shall then deflowerèd be :
 Which is so dear to me that I detest
 My life ; if it berefted be from me.
 And rather would I die, of mine accord,
 Ten thousand times, than once offend the LORD !"

IF THAT a sinner's sighs be angels' food,
Or that repentant tears be angels' wine ;
Accept, O LORD ! in this most pensive mood
These hearty sighs and tears of mine :
That went with PETER forth most sinfully ;
But not with PETER wept most bitterly.

If I had DAVID's crown to me betide,
Or all his purple robes that he did wear ;
I would lay then such honour all aside,
And only seek a sackcloth weed to bear :
His palace would I leave, that I might show
And mourn in cell for such offence, my woe.

There should these hands beat on my pensive breast ;
And sad to death, for sorrow rend my hair :
My voice to call on Thee, should never rest ;
Whose grace I seek, Whose judgement I do fear.
Upon the ground, all grovelling on my face,
I would beseech Thy favour and good grace !

But since I have not means to make the show
Of my repentant mind, and yet I see
My sin, to greater heap than PETER's grow,
Whereby the danger more it is to me :
I put my trust in His most precious blood,
Whose life was paid to purchase all our good.

Thy mercy greater is than any sin !
Thy greatness none can ever comprehend !
Wherefore, O LORD ! let me Thy mercy win,
Whose glorious name, no time can ever end :
Wherefore I say, " All praise belongs to Thee ! "
Whom I beseech be merciful to me.

CARE for thy soul, as thing of greatest price !
 Made to the end to taste of power divine ;
 Devoid of guilt, abhorring sin and vice,
 Apt by GOD's grace to virtue to incline :
 Care for it so, as by thy retchless train
 It be not brought to taste eternal pain !

Care for thy corps [*body*], but chiefly for soul's sake ;
 Cut off excess ! sustaining food is best.
 To vanquish pride, but comely clothing take ;
 Seek after skill ! deep ignorance detest !
 Care so, I say, the flesh to feed and clothe,
 That thou harm not thy soul and body both.

Care for the world, to do thy body right ;
 Rack not thy wit, to win by wicked ways,
 Seek not t'oppress the weak by wrongful might,
 To pay thy due, do banish all delays :
 Care to dispend, according to thy store,
 And in like sort, be mindful of the poor.

Care for thy soul, as for thy chiefest stay,
 Care for thy body, for the soul's avail,
 Care for the world, for body's help alway :
 Care yet but so as virtue may prevail.
 Care in such sort ! that thou be sure of this,
 Care keep thee not from heaven and heavenly bliss.

*Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby,
 My sweet little Baby ! what meanest thou to cry ?*

BE STILL, my blessed Babel ! though cause thou hast to
 mourn,
 Whose blood most innocent to shed, the cruel King
 hath sworn ;

And lo, alas, behold what slaughter he doth make,
 Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Saviour! for Thy sake!
 A King is born, they say ; which King, this King would kill.
 Oh woe! and woeful heavy day! when wretches have their will.

*Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby,
 My sweet little Baby! what meanest thou to cry?*

Three Kings, this King of Kings to see, are come from far ;
 To each unknown, with offerings great, by guiding of a star:
 And shepherds heard the Song, which angels bright did sing,
 Giving all glory unto GOD, for [the] coming of this King :
 Which must be made away, King HEROD would him kill.
 Oh woe! and woeful heavy day! when wretches have their will.

*Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby,
 My sweet little Baby! what meanest thou to cry?*

Lo! lo! my little Babe! be still, lament no more!
 From fury shalt thou step aside! Help have we still in store.
 We heavenly warning have, some other soil to seek.
 From death, must fly the Lord of Life, as lamb both mild and
 meek ;
 Thus must my Babe obey the King, that would him kill.
 Oh woe! and woeful heavy day! when wretches have their will.

*Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby,
 My sweet little Baby! what meanest thou to cry?*

But Thou shalt live and reign! as sybils have foresaid,
 As all the prophets prophesy ; whose mother yet a maid
 And perfect virgin pure, with her breasts shall upbreed
 Both GOD and man, that all hath made, the Son of heavenly
 seed :
 Whom caitifs none can 'tray, whom tyrants none can kill.
 Oh joy! and joyful happy day! when wretches want their will.

WHY DO I use my paper, ink, and pen,
And call my wits to counsel what to say ?
Such memories were made for mortal men ;
I speak of saints, whose names cannot decay !
An angel's trump were fitter for to sound
Their glorious death ! if such on earth were found.

That store of such were once on earth pursued,
The histories of ancient times record ;
Whose constancy, great tyrants' rage subdued ;
Through patient death, professing CHRIST their LORD,
As his Apostles perfect witness bear,
With many more, that blessed martyrs were.

Whose patience rare, and most courageous mind,
With fame renowned, perpetual shall endure ;
By whose examples we may rightly find
Of holy life and death, a pattern pure.
That we therefore their virtues may embrace ;
Pray we to CHRIST, to guide us with His grace !





THE FUNERAL SONGS OF THAT
HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN, SIR
PHILIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT.

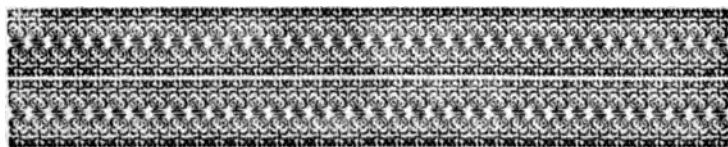


COME to me grief, for ever !
Come to me tears, day and night !
Come to me plaint ! Ah, helpless !
Just grief ! heart's tears ! plaint worthy !

Go from dread to die now !
Go from me care to live now !
Go from me joys all on earth !
SIDNEY ! O SIDNEY is dead !

He whom the Court adorned,
He whom the country courtes'd,
He who made happy his friends,
He that did good to all men.

SIDNEY, the hope of land strange !
SIDNEY, the flower of England !
SIDNEY, the sprite heroic !
SIDNEY is dead ! O dead ! dead !



Dead ! no, no, but renowned !
 With the anointed oned !
 Honour on earth at his feet,
 Bliss everlasting his seat.

Come to me grief, for ever !
 Come to me tears, day and night !
 Come to me plaint ! Ah, helpless !
 Just grief ! heart's tears ! plaint worthy !

QUAT most rare breast ! crystalline, sincere,
 Through which, like gold, thy princely heart did
 shine.

O sprite heroic ! O valiant worthy knight !
 O SIDNEY ! Prince of fame and men's good will ;
 For thee ! both kings and princesses do mourn.
 Thy noble tomb, three cities strange desired !
 Foes to the cause thy prowess did defend,
 Bewail the day that crost thy famous race !
 The doleful debt due to thy hearse I pay,
 Tears from the soul, that aye thy want shall moan.
 And by my will, my life itself would yield ;
 If heathen blame ne might my faith distain.

O heavy time ! that my days draw behind thee !
 Thou dead, dost live ! thy friend here living, dieth !

Songs of Sundrie Natures.

By WILLIAM BYRD.

Songs of Sundrie Natures,

some of grauitie, and others of myrth, fit
for all companies and Voyces. Lately
made and composed into Musick of 3,
4, 5, and 6 parts: and published for
the delight of all such as take
pleasure in the exercise of
that Art.

By WILLIAM BYRD, one of the Gentlemen
of the Queenes Majesties honorable
Chappell.

Imprinted at London by THOMAS
ESTE, the assigne of William Byrd, and
are to bee sold at the house of the sayd
T. Este, beeing in Aldersgate street,
at the signe of the blacke Horse.

1589.

Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE MY VERY GOOD LORD,
 SIR HENRY CARYE,

BARON OF HUNSDON, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE
 ORDER OF THE GARTER, LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO THE
 Queenes most excellent Majestie, Lord Warden of the
 East Marches towards Scotland, governour of Barwycke
 and the Castle of Norham, Captain of the Gentlemen
 Pensioners, Justice in Oyer, over all her Majesties
 Forests and Chases, on this side the River of
 Trent, and one of her Majesties most
 honorable privie Councel.

WILLIAM BYRD

wisheth increase of honour,
 with all true felicitie.



*HAVING observed (Right Honourable) that
 since the publishing in print, of my last
 labors in Music, divers persons of great
 honour and worship, have more esteemed and
 delighted in the exercise of that Art, then
 before. And being persuaded, that the same
 hath the rather encreased, through their good
 acceptation of my former endeavours: it hath especially moved
 and encouraged mee to take further pains to gratify their*

courteous dispositions thereunto, knowing that the varietie and choise of songs, is both a praise of the Art, and a pleasure to the delighted therein. And finding no person to whom the dedication thereof so fitly and properly belonged, as unto your Lordship, by whom (through the honorable office which you exercise about her Majesties person) both my self (for my place of service,) and all other her highnesse Musicians are to be commanded, and under your high authority to be protected. And for many favours to me shewed, being most deeply bound unto your Honor, having not in me any other power of serviceable thankfulness then in notes and tunes of music. I most humbly beseech your Lordship to take into your honorable protection, these my poor travells in that Art, accepting them as Servants ready to give your L. delight, after you have been forewearied in affairs of great importance. Beseeching Almighty God to give you a long, healthy, and happy life, with a blessed end.

I humbly take my leave.

Your Lordships most bounden,

WILLIAM BYRD



To the Courteous Reader.

FINDING that my last Impression of Music (most gentle Reader) through thy courtesy and favour, hath had good passage and utterance: and that since the publishing thereof, the exercise and love of that Art to have exceedingly increased. I have been encouraged thereby, to take further pains therein, and to make thee partaker thereof, because I would shew my self grateful to thee for thy love, and desirous to delight thee with variety, whereof (in my opinion) no Science is more plentifully adorned then Music. For which purpose I do now publish for thee, songs of 3, 4, 5 and 6 parts, to serve for all companies and voices: whereof some are easy and plain to sing, other more hard and difficult, but all, such as any young practicioner in singing, with a little foresight, may easily perform. If I find thy courtesy to extend as well to these my present travells, as it hath done to my former endeavours, I will make my self endebted to thee during my life, of whatsoever is in me, to yield thy delight in Music, any satisfaction.

The most affectionate friend to all that love or
learn music

WILLIAM BYRD.

Songs of Sundrie Natures.

THE nightingale so pleasant and so gay
 In greenwood groves delights to make his dwelling,
 In fields to fly, chanting his roundelay
 At liberty, against the cage rebelling.

But my poor heart, with sorrows over swelling,
 Through bondage vile binding my freedom short,
 No pleasure takes in these his sports excelling,
 Nor in his song receiveth no comfort.

*The First Part.*

WHEN younglings first on Cupid fix their sight
 And see him naked, blindfold, and a boy,
 Though bow and shafts and fire-brand be his might,
 Yet ween they he can work them none annoy.
 And therefore with his purple wings they play,
 For glorious seemeth Love, though light as feather,
 And when they have done, they ween to 'scape away,
 For blind men, say they, shoot they know not whither

The Second Part.

BUT when by proof they find that he did see,
 And that his wound did rather dim their sight,
 They wonder more how such a lad as he
 Should be of such surpassing power and might.
 But ants have galls, so hath the bee his sting:
 Then shield me, heav'ns, from such a subtle thing.



The First Part.

UPON a summer's day Love went to swim,
And cast himself into a sea of tears.
The clouds call'd in their light, and heav'n wax'd dim,
And sighs did raise a tempest, causing fears.

The naked boy could not so wield his arms
But that the waves were masters of his might,
And threat'ned him to work far greater harms
If he devised not to 'scape by flight.

The Second Part.

THEN for a boat his quiver stood in stead
His bow unbent did serve him for a mast,
Whereby to sail, his cloth of vail he spread,
His shafts for oars on either board he cast.
From shipwreck safe this wag got thus to shore
And sware to bathe in lovers' tears no more.



THE greedy hawk, with sudden sight of lure,
Doth stoop in hope to have her wished prey:
So many men do stoop to sights unsure
And courteous speech doth keep them at the bay.
Let them beware, lest friendly looks be like
The lure, whereat the soaring hawk did strike.



The First Part.

IS Love a boy? what means he then to strike?
Or is he blind? why will he be a guide?
Is he a man? why doth he hurt his like?
Is he a god? why doth he men deride?

No one of these, but one compact of all:
A wilful boy, a man still dealing blows,
Of purpose blind, to lead men to their thrall,
A god that rules, unruly God He knows.

The Second Part.

Boy, pity me that am a child again;
Blind, be no more my guide to make me stray;
Man, use thy might to force away my pain;
God, do me good and lead me to my way.
And if thou be'st a pow'r to me unknown
Pow'r of my life, let here thy grace be shown.

*The First Part.*

WOUNDED I am and dare not seek relief
For this new stroke unseen but not unfelt;
No blood nor bruise is witness of my grief,
But sighs and tears wherewith I mourn and melt.
If I complain, my witness is suspect,
If I contain, with cares I am undone:
Sit still and die, tell truth and be reject;
O hateful choice, that sorrow cannot shun.

The Second Part.

YET of us twain whose loss shall be the less,
 Mine of my life, or you of your good name?
 Light is my death regarding my distress
 But your offence cries out to your defame,
 "A virgin fair hath slain for lack of grace
 The man that made an idol of her face."

*The First Part.*

FROM Citheron the warlike boy is fled,
 And smiling sits upon a Virgin's lap,
 Thereby to train poor misers to the trap
 Whom beauty draws with fancy to be fed;
 And when desire with eager looks is led,
 Then from her eyes
 The arrow flies,
 Feather'd with flame, arm'd with a golden-head.

The Second Part.

THERE careless thoughts are freed of that flame,
 Wherewith her thralls are scorched to the heart;
 If Love would so, would God th' enchanting dart
 Might once return and burn from whence it came!
 Not to deface of beauty's work the frame,
 But by rebound
 It might be found
 What secret smart I suffer by the same.

The Third Part.

IF Love be just, then just is my desire,
And if unjust, why is he call'd a god ?
O god, O good, O just, reserve thy rod
To chasten those that from thy laws retire.
But choose aright, good Love, I thee require,
The golden head
Not that of lead ;
Her heart is frost and must dissolve by fire.



O LORD, my God, let flesh and blood
Thy servant not subdue,
Nor let the world deceive me with
His glory most untrue.

Let not, O Lord, O mighty God,
Let not Thy mortal foe,
Let not the fiend with all his craft
Thy servant overthrow.

But to resist give fortitude,
Give patience to endure,
Give constancy that always Thine
I may persever sure.



WHILE that the sun with his beams hot
Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd late forgot
Sitting beside a crystal fountain
In shadow of a green oak tree,
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:
Adieu love, adieu love, untrue love!
Untrue love, untrue love, adieu love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd,
Burning in flames beyond all measure.
Three days endur'd your love to me
And it was lost in other three.
Adieu love, adieu love, untrue love!
Untrue love, untrue love, adieu love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another shepherd you did see
To whom your heart was soon enchained;
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Full soon my place he had obtained.
Soon came a third your love to win,
And we were out, and he was in.
Adieu love, adieu love, untrue love!
Untrue love, untrue love, adieu love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removed,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best beloved.
For all my love was past and done
Two days before it was begun
Adieu love, adieu love, untrue love!
Untrue love, untrue love, adieu love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.



WEeping full sore, with face as fair as silver,
Not wanting rose nor lily white to paint it,
I saw a lady walk fast by a river
Upon whose banks Diana's nymphs all danced.

Her beauty great had divers gods enchanted
Among the which Love was the first transformed,
Who unto her his bow and shafts had granted,
And by her sight to adamant was turned.

Alas, quoth I, what meaneth this demeanour?
So fair a dame to be so full of sorrow.
No wonder, quoth a nymph, she wanteth pleasure,
Her tears and sighs ne cease from eve to morrow.
This Lady Rich is of the gifts of beauty,
But unto her are gifts of fortune dainty.



PENELOPE that longed for the sight
Of her Ulysses, wandering all too long,
Felt never joy wherein she took delight
Although she lived in greatest joys among.
So I, poor wretch, possessing that I crave,
Both live and lack by wrong of that I have.
Then blame me not, although to heaven I cry
And pray the gods that shortly I might die.



COMPEL the hawk to sit that is unmann'd,
Or make the hound untaught to draw the deer,
Or bring the free against his will in hand,
Or move the sad a pleasant tale to hear—
Your time is lost, and you are ne'er the near.
So love ne learns by force the knot to knit ;
He serves but those that feel sweet fancy's fit.



The First Part.

SEE those sweet eyes, those more than sweetest eyes
Eyes whom the stars exceed not in their grace ;
See Love at gaze, Love, that would fain devise
But cannot speak to plead his wondrous case.

The Second Part.

LOVE would discharge the duty of his heart
In beauty's praise, whose greatness doth deny
Words to his thoughts, and thoughts to her desert :
Which high conceits since nothing can supply,
Love here constrain'd through conquest to confess
Bids silence sigh that tongue cannot express.

[The two parts of this song have been placed together, although in the original edition they were separated.]



WHEN I was otherwise than now I am,
I loved more, but skilled not so much.
Fair words and smiles could have contented then,
My simple age and ignorance was such.
But at the length experience made me wonder
That hearts and tongues did lodge so far asunder.

As watermen which on the Thames do row
Look to the east, but west keeps on the way,
My sovereign sweet her countenance settled so
To feed my hope, while she her snares might lay,
And when she saw that I was in her danger,
Good God, how soon she proved then a ranger.

I could not choose but laugh, although too late,
 To see great craft decipher'd in a toy :
 I love her still, but such conditions hate,
 Which so profanes my Paradise of joy.
 Love whets the wits, whose pain is but a pleasure,
 A toy by fits to play withal at leisure.



WHEN first by force of fatal destiny
 From Carthage town the Trojan knight did sail,
 Queen Dido fair with woeful weeping eye
 His strange depart did grievously bewail.
 And when no sighs nor tears could ease her smart,
 With sword full sharp she pierc'd her tender heart.



I THOUGHT that Love had been a boy
 With blinded eyes,
 Or else some other wanton toy
 That men devise,
 Like tales of fairies often told
 By doting age that dies for cold.



O DEAR life, when may it be
That mine eyes thine eyes may see,
And in them my mind discover
Whether absence hath had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of thy lover?

Oh, if I myself find not
Through my parting ought forgot
Nor debarr'd from beauty's treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high joys I shall dwell :
Only thought aims at the pleasure.

Thought therefore I will send thee
To take up the place for me ;
Long I will not after tarry.
There unseen thou mayst be bold
These fair wonders to behold
Which in them my hopes do carry.



A Carol for Christmas Day.

FROM Virgin's womb this day, this day did spring
The precious Seed that only saved man :
This day let man rejoice and sweetly sing,
Since on this day our Saviour first began :

This day did Christ man's soul from death remove
With glorious saints to dwell in Heaven above.

Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,
In Christ His birth this day rejoice.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man came love and unity.

This day man's grief began for to surcease,

This day did man receive a remedy
For each offence and every deadly sin
With guilty heart that erst he wandered in.

Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,
In Christ His birth this day rejoice.

In Christ His flock let love be surely plac'd,
From Christ His flock let concord hate expel,
Of Christ His flock let love be so embrac'd
As we in Christ and Christ in us may dwell.

Christ is the author of sweet unity

From whence proceedeth all felicity.

Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,
In Christ His birth this day rejoice.

O sing unto this glittering, glorious King,

O praise His name let every living thing ;

Let heart and voice like bells of silver ring

The comfort that this day to man doth bring :

Let lute, let shawm, with sound of sweet delight

These joys of Christ His birth this day recite.

Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and voice,

In Christ His birth this day rejoice.

The First Part.

OF gold all burnish'd and brighter than sun-beams
Were those curled locks upon her noble head,
From whose deep conceits my true deservings fled,
Wherefore these mine eyes such store of tears outstreams.

Her eyes are fair stars, her red like damask rose,
Her white, silver shine of moon on crystal stream,
Her beauty perfect, whereon my fancies dream,
Her lips are rubies, her teeth of pearl two rows.

The Second Part.

HER breath is more sweet than perfect amber is,
Her years are in prime, and nothing doth she want
That might draw angels from heaven to further bliss;
Of all things perfect, this do I most complain;
Her heart is a rock, made all of adamant,
Which gifts all delight, this last doth only pain.

*The First Part.*

BEHOLD, how good a thing it is
For brethren to agree,
When men amongst them do no strife
But peace and concord see.

Full like unto the precious balm
 From Aaron's head that fell,
 And did descend upon his beard,
 His garment skirts until.

The Second Part.

AND as the pleasant morning dew
 The mountain doth relieve,
 So God will bless where concord is
 And life eternal give.



A Carol for Christmas Day.

AN earthly tree a heav'nly fruit it bare,
 A case of clay contain'd a crown immortal,
 A crown of crowns, a King whose cost and care
 Redeem'd poor man, whose race before was thrall
 To death, to doom, to pains of everlasting,
 By His sweet death, scorns, stripes, and often fasting.
 Cast off all doubtful care,
 Exile and banish tears,
 To joyful news divine
 Lend us your list'ning ears.

A star above the stars, a sun of light
 Whose blessed beams this wretched earth bespread
 With hope of Heaven and of God's Son the sight
 Which in our flesh and sinful soul lay dead.

O faith, O hope, O joys renown'd for ever,
O lively life, that deathless shall persever.
Cast off all doubtful care,
Exile and banish tears,
To joyful news divine
Lend us your list'ning ears.

Then let us sing the lullabies of sleep
To this sweet Babe, born to awake us all
From drowsy sin that made old Adam weep,
And by his fault gave to mankind a fall.
For lo! this day, the birth-day, day of days,
Summons our songs, to give Him laud and praise.
Cast off all doubtful care,
Exile and banish tears,
To joyful news divine
Lend us your list'ning ears.



A Dialogue between two Shepherds.

1. WHO made thee, Hob, forsake the plough
And fall in love?
2. Sweet Beauty, which hath pow'r to bow
The gods above.
1. What, dost thou serve a shepherdess?
2. Ay, such as hath no peer I guess.

1. What is her name, who bears thy heart
 Within thy breast?
2. Silvana fair, of high desert,
 Whom I love best.
1. O Hob, I fear she looks too high,
2. Yet love I must or else I die.



The First Part.

AND, think ye, nymphs, to scorn at Love,
 As if his fire were but of straws?
He made the mighty gods above
 To stoop and bow unto his laws.
And with his shafts of beauty bright
He slays the hearts that scorn his might.

The Second Part.

LOVE is a fit of pleasure
 Bred out of idle brains;
His fancies have no measure
 No more than have his pains.
His vain affections like the weather
Precise or fond we wot not whether.



IF in thine heart thou nourish will
And give all to thy lust,
Then sorrows sharp and griefs at length
Endure of force thou must.

But if that reason rule thy will
And govern all thy mind,
A blessed life then shalt thou lead
And fewest dangers find.



*The Second Book of Songs and
Sonnets.*

By WILLIAM BYRD.

1611.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
FRANCIS, Earl of Cumberland,
Baron Clifford, Lord Broomstreet,
Atton, Vipont, and Lord of
Westmoreland.

May it please your Lordship,



HE Natural inclination and love to the Art of *Music*, wherein I have spent the better part of mine age, have been so powerful in me, that even in my old years which are desirous of rest, I cannot contain my self from taking some pains therein: especially when I cast mine eyes upon such worthy lovers and Patrons of that faculty, as your Lordship hath always been, and is. And yet to invite me thereunto, neither your Lordship's patronage in general, nor your many Honourable favours to me in particular, have been so potent inducers as the desire I had to present your Lordship with a fit Emblem to your mind, *Music*. Perhaps these my poor labours will not give it answerable to your Honourable mind, which is a Harmony of many excellent Virtues, yet therein they will give you occasion to add one Virtue to the rest, when you shall be pleased to accept favourably of them, for doing their endeavour. These are like to be my last Travails in this kind, and your Lordship my last Patron: who in that respect

— *ut esse Phœbi dulcius lumen solet
iam iam cadentis:*

must esteem the more of them, and of their Author, who will always remain,

*Your Lordship's in all true
affection at command,*

WILLIAM BYRD.

To all true lovers of *Music*, W. BYRD
 wisheth all true happiness both
 Temporal and Eternal.

BEING excited by your kind acceptance of my former
 travails in *Music*, I am thereby much encouraged
 to commend to you these my last labours for mine
 vltimum valed. Wherein I hope you shall find
Music to content every humour : either melancholy, merry or
 mixed of both.

Only this I desire, that you will be but as careful to hear
 them well expressed, as I have been both in composing and
 correcting of them. Otherwise the best Song that ever was
 made will seem harsh and unpleasant, for that the well express-
 ing of them, either by Voices, or Instruments, is the life of
 our labours, which is seldom or never well performed at the
 first singing or playing. Besides a Song that is well and
 artificially made cannot be well perceived nor understood at
 the first hearing, but the oftner you shall hear it, the better
 cause of liking you will discover : and commonly that Song is
 best esteemed with which our Ears are most acquainted. As
 I have done my best endeavour to give you content, so I beseech
 you satisfy my desire in hearing them well expressed : and
 then I doubt not, for Art and Air both of skilful and ignorant
 they well deserve liking. Vale.

Thine, W. BYRD.

[1611].



HE eagle's force Subdues each Bird that flies :
 What metal may resist the flaming fire?
 Doth not the Sun dazzle the clearest eyes?
 And melt the ice, and make the frost
 retire?
 Who can withstand a puissant King's
 desire?

The stiffest stones are pierced through with tools :
 The wisest are with Princes made but fools.



OF flattering speech with sugared words beware :
 Suspect the heart whose face doth fawn and smile,
 With trusting these the world is clogged with care
 And few there be can 'scape these Vipers Vile,
 With pleasing speech they promise and protest
 When hateful hearts lie hid within their breast.



IN Winter cold when tree and bush was bare,
 And frost had nipped the roots of tender grass,
 The Ants with joy did feed upon their fare,
 Which they had stored while Summer season was,
 To whom for food a Grasshopper did cry,
 And said she starved if they did help deny.

Whereat an Ant with long experience wise,
And frost and snow had many Winters seen,
Inquired what in Summer was her guise,
Quoth she, I sing and hop in meadows green.
Then quoth the Ant, content thee with thy chance,
For to thy song, now art thou like to dance.



WHO looks may leap and save his shins from knocks,
Who tries may trust, else flattering friends shall find;
He saves the Steed, that keeps him under locks,
Who speaks with heed, may boldly speak his mind,
But he whose tongue before his wit doth run,
Oft speaks too soon, and grieves when he hath done.



IN Crystal Towers, and turrets richly set,
With glittering gems, that shine against the Sun,
In regal rooms of Jasper and of Jet.
Content of mind, not always likes to won,
But often times it pleaseth her to stay
In simple cots, enclosed in walls of clay.



THIS sweet and merry month of May,
While nature wantons in her Prime,
And birds do sing, and beasts do play,
For pleasure of the joyful time:
I choose the first for holiday
And greet Eliza with a smile,
O beauteous queen of second Troy
Take well in worth a simple toy.



LET not the sluggish sleep, close up thy waking eye,
Until with judgement deep thy daily deeds thou try,
He that one sin in conscience keeps
When he to quiet goes
More ventrous is then he who sleeps
With twenty mortal foes.



FAINED friend by proof I find to be a greater foe,
Then he that with a spiteful mind, doth seek my
 overthrow,
For of the one I can beware,
With craft the other breeds my care.

Such men are like the hidden Rocks,
Which in the Seas do lie :
Against the which each Ship that knocks,
Is drownèd suddenly,
No greater fraud, nor more unjust
Then false deceit hid under trust.



AWAKE mine eyes, see *Phæbus* bright arising
And lesser Lights to shades obscure descending :
Glad *Philomela* sits tunes of joy devising ; Sing :
Whilst in sweet notes, from warbling throats,
The Silvan Quire, with like desire,
To her are Echos sending.



COME jolly Swains, come let us sit around,
And with blith Carols, sullen cares confound.
The Shepherds life is void of strife :
No worldly treasures, distastes our pleasures
With free consenting, our minds contenting,
We smiling laugh, while others sigh repenting.



WHAT is life or worldly pleasure?
What is wealth or golden treasure?
What is grace or Princes smiling?
What are all in one combined, which divided so dis-
please?
Apish toys, and vain delights,
Mind's unrest, and Soul's disease.



RETIRE my soul, consider thine estate,
And justly sum : thy lavish sin's account,
Time's dear expence, and costly pleasure's rate.
How follies grow, how vanities amount.
Write all these down in pale Death's reckoning
tables,
Thy days will seem but dreams, thy hopes but fables.



COME woeful *Orpheus* with thy charming Lyre,
And tune my voice unto thy skilful wire.
Some strange Cromatique Notes do you devise,
That best with mournful accents do sympathise.
Of sourest Sharps and uncouth Flats, make choice,
And I'll thereto compassionate my voice.



58 BYRD'S SECOND BOOK OF SONGS AND SONNETS.

CROWNED with flowers, I saw fair *Amarillis*,
By *Thirsis* sit, hard by a fount of Crystal,
And with her hand more white than Snow or Lillies
On sand she wrote, "my faith shall be immortal,"
And suddenly a storm of wind and weather,
Blew all her faith and sand away together.



WEDDED to will is witless, and seldom he is skilful
That bears the name of wise, and yet is wilful.
To govern he is fitless, that deals not by Election,
But by his fond affection.
O that it might be treason,
For men to rule by will, and not by reason.



HOW vain the toils that mortal men do take
To hoard up gold that time doth turn to dross,
Forgetting Him who only for their sake
His precious blood did shed upon the Cross,
And taught us all in heaven to hoard our treasure,
Where true encrease doth grow above all measure.



Musica Transalpina.

Edited by NICHÓLAS YONGE.

Musica Transalpina.

Madrigals translated of foure, five and sixe parts
chosen out of divers excellent Authors

Published by N. YONGE, in favour of such as
take pleasure in Musick of voices.

1588.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
GILBERT, Lord TALBOT,
Son and Heir to the right noble and puissant GEORGE,
Earl of SHREWSBURY, WASHFORD and WATERFORD; Earl
Marshal of England, Lord TALBOT, FURNIVAL, VERDUNE,
LOVETOFT and STRANGE of Blackmere; One of Her Majesty's
most honourable Privy Council; Justice of the Forests and
Chases by north [of] the river of Trent; and Knight
of the most honourable Order of the Garter :

NICHOLAS YONGE wisheth increase of honour, with all happiness.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,



*SINCE I first began to keep house in this city, it hath been
no small comfort unto me, that a great number of Gentle-
men and merchants of good account, as well of this
realm as of foreign nations, have taken in good part such
entertainment of pleasure, as my poor ability was able to afford
them : both by the exercise of music daily used in my house ; and by*

furnishing them with books of that kind yearly sent me out of Italy and other places. Which, being for the most part Italian songs, are for sweetness of air very well liked of all: but most in account with them that understand that language; as for the rest, they do either not sing them at all, or at the least with little delight.

And albeit there be some English Songs lately set forth by a great master of music [W. BYRD, see pp. 1-23], which for skill and sweetness may content the most curious; yet because they are not many in number, men (delighted with variety) have wished for more of the same sort. For whose cause [sake] chiefly, I endeavoured to get into my hands all such English Songs as were praiseworthy: and amongst others, I had the hap to find in the hands of some of my good friends, certain Italian Madrigals, translated, most of them five years ago [i.e., in 1583], by a Gentleman for his private delight (as not long before, certain Neapolitans had been Englished by a very honourable personage, and now a Councillor of Estate; whereof I have seen some, but never possessed any). Finding the same to be singularly well liked, not only of those for whose cause I gathered them; but of many skilful Gentlemen and other great musicians, who affirmed the accent of the words to be well maintained, the descant not hindered though in some few notes altered, and in every place the due decorum kept: I was so bold (being well acquainted with the Gentleman) as to intreat for the rest; who willingly gave me such as he had (for of some, he kept no copies), and also some others more lately done at the request of his particular friends.

Now when the same were seen to arise to a just number sufficient to furnish a great set of books: divers of my friends aforesaid, required with great instance to have them printed; whereunto I was as willing as the rest, but could never obtain the Gentleman's consent, though I sought it by many great means. For his answer was ever, "That those trifles (being but an idle man's exercise, of an idle subject, written only for private recreation) would blush to be seen otherwise than by twilight, much more to be brought into the common view of all men." And seeing me still importunate; he took his pen, and with an obstinate resolution of his former speech, wrote in one of the books, these verses of the poet MARTIAL,

Seras tutior ibis ad lucernas,
 Hæc hora est tua, dum furit Lyæus,
 Dum regnat rosa, dum madent capilli,
 Tum te vel rigidi legant Catones.

Wherefore I kept them, or most of them, for a long time by me, not presuming to put my sickle in another man's corn; till such time as I heard that the same, being dispersed into many men's hands, were, by some persons altogether unknown to the owner, likely to be published in print. Which made me adventure to set this work in hand (he being neither privy nor present; nor so near this place, as by any reasonable means I could give him notice): wherein though he may take a just offence that I have laid open his labours without his licence: yet since they were in hazard to come abroad by strangers, lame and imperfect by means of false copies, I hope that this which I have done to avoid a greater ill, shall deserve a more favourable excuse.

But seeking yet a stronger string to my bow; I thought good in all humble and dutiful sort to offer myself and my bold attempt to the defence and protection of your Lordship; to whose honourable hands I present the same: assuring myself, that so great is the love and affection which he beareth to your Lordship, as the view of your name in the front of the books, will take away all displeasure and unkindness from me. And although this may be thought a greater boldness than the first (I being not anyway able to do your Lordship such a service, as may deserve so great a favour) yet I hope these Songs, being hitherto well esteemed of all, shall be so regarded of your Lordship, as I for them, and they for themselves, shall not be thought unworthy of your honourable defence.

With which hope, I humbly commit your Lordship to the protection of the Almighty; wishing to the same, that increase of honour which your true virtue, derived from so noble and renowned ancestors, doth worthily deserve.

From London, the first of October, 1588.

Your Lordship's most humble at commandment.

N. YONGE.

Musica Transalpina.

The whole of the poems from here to *p.* 50, are translations from the Italian into English by the unknown English gentleman, Lord TALBOT's friend, referred to at page 33. The names of the original composers (who were all famous musicians in the Low Countries and Italy, previous to this date), are given, as they stand above each of the tunes in the 1588 edition : but it is not clear whether they are authors of the Italian *words* here rendered into English, or of the *tunes* only ; or of both.—E.A.

NOEFAIGNIENT.



THESE that be certain signs of my tormenting,
No sighs they be, nor any sigh so showeth ;
Those have their truce sometimes, these no relenting :
Not so exhales the heat that in me gloweth.
FIERCE LOVE, that burns my heart, makes
all this venting ;

While, with his wings, the raging fire he bloweth.
Say, LOVE ! With what device thou canst for ever
Keep it in flames, and yet consume it never ?

JEAN DE MACQUE.



THE fair DIANA never more revived
Her lover's heart, that spied her in the fountain,
While she her naked limbs in water dived ;
Than me, the country wench, set by the mountain,
Washing a veil, to clothe the locks refined,
That on fair LAURA's head, the gold resemble :
Which made me quake, although the sun then shined ;
And every joint, with loving frost to tremble.

G. P. A. PRENESTINO (*GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI, DA PALESTRINA*).

JOY so delights my heart, and so relieves me,
 When I behold the face of my beloved ;
 That any hard mischance or pang that grieves me,
 Is quite exiled, and presently removed.
 And if I might, to perfect up my pleasure,
 Without controlment, bestow mine eyes, where I repose my
 treasure :
 For a crown and a kingdom sure possessed,
 I would not change my state so sweet and blessed.

G. P. A. PRENESTINO.

FALSE LOVE ! now shoot and spare not !
 Now do thy worst ! I care not !
 And to despatch me,
 Use all thine art and all thy craft to catch me !
 For years amiss bestowed, and time consumed in vain
 pursuits, I languish ;
 That brought me nothing else, but grief and anguish :
 And now, at length, have vowed at liberty to live ; since to
 assail me,
 Both thy bow and thy brand, nought doth avail thee.
 For from thee good nor ill, comfort nor sorrow,
 I will not hope nor fear, now, nor to-morrow.

BALTHASAR DONATO.

GRIEF ! If yet my grief be not believed,
 Cry with thy voice outstretched !
 That her spiteful heart, and ears disdain,ing,
 May hear my just complaining.
 And when thou hast her told, my state most wretched ;
 Tell her, " that though my heart be thus tormented,
 I could be well contented,
 If she, that now doth grieve me,
 Had but the least desire, once, to relieve me."

BALTHASAR DONATO.

AS IN the night we see the sparks revived,
 And quite extinct so soon as day appeareth ;
 So, when I am, of my sweet sun deprived,
 New fears approach, and joy, my heart forbearcth.
 But not so soon, she is again arrived ;
 As fear retireth, and present hope me cheereth.
 O sacred light ! O turn again to bless me,
 And drive away this fear, that doth oppress me !

G. P. A. PRENESTINO.

WHAT meaneth LOVE to nest him in the fair eyes admired
 With lovely grace and heavenly sp'rit inspired,
 Of my mistress delightful ?
 Envious dames ! Confess ! and be not spiteful !
 Oh, fools ! do you not mind it !
 That LOVE hath sought, (and never yet could find it)
 From the sun rising, till where he goes to rest him,
 A braver place than in her eyes to nest him ?

G. P. A. PRENESTINO.

SWEET love when hope was flow'ring
 With fruits of recompence for my deserving
 Reft was the price of all my faithful serving.
 O spiteful death, accursed ! O life most cruel !
 The first by wrong doth pain me,
 And all my hope hath turned to lamenting :
 The last against my will, here doth detain me.
 Fain would I find my jewel ;
 But death, to spite me more, is not consenting :
 Yet with a mild relenting,
 Methinks, within my heart, her place she holdeth ;
 And what my torment is, plainly beholdeth.

MARC' ANTONIO PORDENONE.



LADY! that hand of plenty
 That gave unto the needful,
 Did steal my heart unheedful.
 Sweet thief of love, so dainty!
 What will you do by thieving,
 That rob when you are giving?
 But you do give so surely,
 That you may rob and steal the more securely.
 If sometime you be pleased
 That my poor heart be eased:
 You do it not to joy me;
 But still by fresh assaults, quite to destroy me!

JACQUES DE WERT.



HO WILL ascend to heaven, and there obtain me,
 My wits forlorn, and silly sense decayed?
 For since I took my wound, that sore doth pain me
 From your fair eyes! my sp'rits are all dismayed.
 Nor of so great a loss do I complain me
 If it increased not, but in some bounds be stayed:
 But if I still grow worse, I shall be 'lotted
 To wander through the world, fond and asotted.

CORNELIUS VERDOONCK.



LADY! your look so gentle, so to my heart deep sinketh
 That of none other, nor of myself it thinketh!
 Why then do you constrain me
 To live in plaint, in pain and sadness?
 When one sweet word may gain me
 Peace to my thoughts, and everlasting gladness.

FILIPPO DE MONTE [PHILIPPE, DE MONS].

FROM what part of the heaven, from what example
 Brought was the mould whence Nature hath derived
 That sweet face, full of beauty! in which she strived
 To prove in earth her power above was ample.
 Was never nymph nor sylvan queen adored
 That so dainty fine locks in air displayed?
 Nor heart divine, with so great virtue stored?
 Yet by her looks, my life is all betrayed.

The Second Part.

IN VAIN he seeks for beauty that excelleth,
 That hath not seen her eyes where LOVE sojourneth;
 How sweetly here and there the same she turneth.
 He knows not how LOVE healeth, and how he quelleth:
 That knows not how she sighs, and sweet beguileth;
 And how she sweetly speaks, and sweetly smileth.

[? UNKNOWN].

IN EVERY place, I find my grief and anguish,
 Save where I see those beams that have me burned;
 And eke mine eyes to floods of tears have turned:
 Thus in extremest pangs each hour I languish.
 O me, my shining star! so sweet and sacred!
 Cause of all comfort! of this world, the jewel!
 For want of thee! my life, I have in hatred.
 Never was grief so great, nor death so cruel!

LUCA MARENZIO.

THIRSYS to die desired
 Marking her fair eyes that to his heart was nearest
 And she, that with his flame no less was fired
 Said to him, "O heart's love! Dearest!
 Alas, forbear to die now!
 By thee, I live! With thee, I wish to die too!"

The Second Part.

HIRSI that heat refrained
 Wherewith in haste to die he did betake him
 Thinking it death that life would not forsake him.
 And while his look full fixed he retained
 On her eyes full of pleasure ;
 And lovely nectar sweet from them he tasted :
 His dainty nymph, that now at hand espied
 The harvest of love's treasure,
 Said thus, with eyes all trembling, faint and wasted,
 "I die now !"
 The shepherd then replied, "And I, sweet life! do die too!"

The Third Part.

THUS those two lovers, fortunately died
 Of death, so sweet, so happy, so desired,
 That to die so again their life retired.

ORLANDO DI LASSO [ROLAND DE LATRE].

SUSANNA fair, sometime of love requested
 By two old men, whom her sweet looks allured,
 Was in her heart full sad and sore molested
 Seeing the force her chastity endured.
 To whom she said, "If I, by craft procured,
 Do yield to you my body to abuse it,
 I kill my soul; and if I do refuse it,
 You will me judge to death reproachfully!
 But better it is, in innocence to choose it;
 Than by my fault, t'offend my GOD on high!"

NOE FAIGNIENT.

WHEN shall I cease lamenting?
 When shall my plaint and moaning,
 To tunes of joy be turned?
 Good LOVE! Leave thy tormenting!
 Too long thy flames, within my heart have burned!
 O grant, alas, with quickness
 Some little comfort, for so long a sickness.

LUCA MARENZIO.

IMUST depart, all hapless:
 But leave to you my careful heart oppressed!
 So that, if I live heartless,
 Love doth a work miraculous and blessed;
 But so great pains assail me,
 That sure, ere it be long, my life will fail me.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.

ISAW my lady weeping, and Love did languish
 And of their plaint, ensued so rare consenting;
 That never yet was heard more sweet lamenting,
 Made all of tender pity and mournful anguish.
 The floods forsaking their delightful swelling,
 Stayed to attend their plaint. The winds enraged,
 Still and content, to quiet calm assuaged,
 Their wonted storming and every blast rebelling.

The Second Part.

LIKE as from heaven the dew, full softly show'ring,
 Doth fall, and so refresh both fields and closes;
 Filling the parched flowers with sap and savour:
 So while she bathed the violets and roses
 Upon her lovely cheeks, so freshly flow'ring,
 The Spring renewed his force with her sweet favour.

GIOVANNI FERRETTI.

SO GRACIOUS is thy self! so fair! so framed!
 That whoso sees thee, without an heart enflamed,
 Either he lives not;
 Or love's delight he knows not.

GIOVANNI FERRETTI.

CRUEL! unkind! my heart thou hast bereft me!
 And wilt not leave, while any life is left me,
 And yet, still, will I love thee!

LUCA MARENZIO.

WHAT doth my pretty darling?
 What doth my song and chanting,
 That they sing not of her, the praise and vaunting?
 To her! I give my violets and garland sweetly smelling,
 For to crown her sweet locks, pure gold excelling.

STEPHANO FELIS.

SLEEP! Sleep! mine only jewel;
 Much more thou didst delight me,
 Than my beloved, too cruel,
 That hid her face to spite me.

The Second Part.

THOU bring'st her home full nigh me!
 While she so fast did fly me.
 By thy means! I behold those eyes so shining
 Long time absented, that look so mild appeased.
 Thus is my grief declining;
 Thou, in thy dreams, dost make desire well pleased.
 Sleep! if thou be like death, as thou art feigned;
 A happy life, by such a death were gained.

GIANETTO DI PALESTINA.

SOUND out my voice ! with pleasant tunes recording
 The new delight, that love to me inspireth ;
 Pleased and content with that my mind desireth.
 Thank'd be love ! so heavenly joys affording.
 She that my plaints, with rigour long rejected,
 Binding my heart with those her golden tresses,
 In recompence of all my long distresses,
 Said, with a sigh, " Thy grief hath me infected ! "

LUCA MARENZIO.

LIQUID and wat'ry pearls, LOVE wept full kindly ;
 To quench my heart enflamed :
 But he, alas, unfriendly,
 So great a fire had framed ;
 As were enough to burn me,
 Without recomfort ; and into ashes turn me.

ORLANDO DI LASSO.

THE NIGHTINGALE, so pleasant and so gay,
 In greenwood groves, delights to make his dwelling.
 In fields to fly, chanting his roundelay ;
 At liberty, against the cage rebelling :
 But my poor heart, with sorrows overswelling,
 Through bondage vile, binding my freedom short ;
 No pleasure takes in these his sports excelling,
 Nor of his song, receiveth no comfort.

GIOVANNI FERRETTI.



WITHIN a greenwood sweet of myrtle savour,
When as the earth was with fair flowers revested;
I saw a shepherd with his nymph that rested :

Thus spake the nymph, with sugared words of favour,
" Say, sweet love ! to thy love ! Tell me, my darling !
Where is thy heart bestowed ? Where is thy liking ? "

The shepherd answered then, with a deep sighing,
All full of sweetness, and of sorrow mixed.
" On thee ! my dainty dear life ! my love is fixed ! "
With that, the gentle nymph, full sweetly smiling,
With kind words of delight and flat'ring gloses,
She kindly kist his cheek, with lips of roses.

RINALDO DEL MELLE.



SOMETIME when hope relieved me, I was contented
To see my star so sightly
That shines so clear and brightly.
O since she first consented
To leave the world, all earthly joy defying,
Clouds of care all about my heart are flying.
In vain, lament I ; since a veil now hideth
The rarest beauty that on earth abideth.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO



RUBIES, and pearls, and treasure ;
Kingdoms, renown, and glory
Please the delightful mind, and cheer the sorry :
But much the greater measure
Of true delight he gaineth,
That for the fruits of love, sues and obtaineth.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.



SWEET kiss! full of comfort, O joy, to me envied!
 So often sought, so oft to me denied;
 For thee, my life is wasted;
 Yet thee, I never tasted!

O lips so false and wily,
 That me to kiss provoked, and shrank so slily!
 O looks poisoned! O face! Well may I fear thee!
 That kill'st who thee behold'st, and comes not near thee.
 I die a death most painful, killed with unkindness.
 Farewell! Sweet lips disdainful!

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.



OMETIME my hope full weakly, went on by line and
 leisure.
 But now it grows, to do my heart some pleasure.
 Yet that my hope decay not, by overmuch contenting,
 Love will not give my joys their full augmenting:
 But still, with some disaster
 Allays my bliss, that hope may be the faster.

GERONIMO CONVERSI.



MY HEART! alas, why dost thou love thine enemy?
 Laughing so merrily, she goes with gladness,
 To see thy grief and sadness.

Cruel disdain
 Lasting pain
 No remedy
 Save most singular beauty, and little pity.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.

LADY, if you so spite me,
 Wherefore do you so oft kiss and delight me?
 Sure, that my heart, opprest and overjoyed,
 May break, and be destroyed!
 If you seek so to spill me,
 Come kiss me, Sweet and kill me!
 So shall your heart be eased;
 And I shall rest content, and die well pleased.

Cantio Rustica.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PINELLI DE GERARDIS.

WHEN I would thee embrace,
 Thou dost but mock me!
 And when I lament my case,
 Thou criest "Ty, hy!"
 And "No, No, No!" still saith my pigsny.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.

THIRSIS enjoyed the graces,
 Of CHLORIS' sweet embraces;
 Yet both their joys were scanted,
 For dark it was, and candle light they wanted:
 Wherewith kind CYNTHIA, in the heaven that shined,
 Her nightly veil resigned;
 And that fair face disclosed,
 Where Love and Joy were met, and both reposed.
 Then each from other's looks, such joy derived;
 That both, with mere delight, died and revived.

WILLIAM BYRD.

This is BYRD's celebrated La Verginella.

THE FAIR young virgin is like the rose untainted
 In garden fair, while tender stalk doth bear it,
 Sole, and untoucht, with no resort acquainted;
 No shepherd nor his flock doth once come near it :
 Th'air, full of sweetness, the morning fresh depainted ;
 The earth, the water, with all their favours cheer it ;
 Dainty young gallants, and ladies most desired,
 Delight to have therewith their heads and breasts attired.

The Second Part.

BUT NOT so soon, from green stock where it grewed,
 The same is pluckt, and from the branch removed ;
 As lost is all from heaven and earth that flowed ;
 Both favour, grace and beauty best beloved.
 The virgin fair, that hath the flower bestowed
 (Which more than life to guard, it her behoved)
 Loseth her praise, and is no more desired
 Of those, that late unto her love aspired.

LUCA MARENZIO.

I WILL go die for pure love,
 Except rage and disdain come to recure love ;
 Since in reward of all my faithful serving
 My lady gives disgrace for well deserving :
 And in my flames sans measure,
 Takes her disport and pleasure.
 Unless some frost assuage this heat, and cure love,
 I will go die for pure love.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.

SO FAR from my delight, what cares torment me ?
 Fields do record it, and valleys, woods, and mountains,
 And running rivers, and reposed fountains ;
 Where I cry out, and to the heavens lament me ;
 None other sounds but tunes of my complaining,
 Nymphs of the groves, or pleasant bird once heareth :
 Still recount I my grief and her disdain,ing,
 To every plant that groweth or blossom beareth.

The Second Part.

SHE ONLY doth not feel it, O fields ! O mountains !
 O woods ! O valleys ! O floods and fountains !
 O stay no more to hear a wretch appealing !
 O that some one, this life and soul would sever,
 And these mine eyes oppressed, would close for ever.
 For best were me to die ; my love concealing.

[? UNKNOWN .]

LO HERE, my heart in keeping,
 I leave with her that laughs to see me weeping.
 O, what comfort or treasure
 Is life, with her displeasure ?
 Break heart ! and die then ! that she that still doth pain me,
 May live the more content, when grief hath slain me.

*
L U C A M A R E N Z I O .

NOW MUST I part, my darling,
Of life and soul disseised,
And love therewith is pleased.
O, what a death is parting !
But if the fates ordain it,
Who can refrain it ?
O, what grief is now lacking ?
Yet needs I must be packing,
Farewell ! Sweet heart unfeigned !
I die, to part constrained.

G E R O N I M O C O N V E R S I .

EPHIRUS brings the time that sweet scenteth
With flowers and herbs ; and winter's frost exileth.
PROGNE now chirpeth, and **PHILOMELE** lamenteth.
FLORA, the garlands white and red compileth.
Fields do rejoice, and frowning sky relenteth.
JOVE, to behold his dearest daughter, smileth.
Th'air, the water, the earth to joy consenteth.
Each creature now to love, him reconcileth.

The Second Part.

BUT WITH me, wretch ! the storms of woe persèver
And heavy sighs, which from my heart she straineth,
That took the key thereof to heaven for ever :
So that singing of birds, and springtime flow'ring,
And ladies' love that men's affection gaineth,
Are like a desert, and cruel beasts' devouring.

ALFONSO FERABOSCO.

I WAS full near my fall, and hardly 'scaped,
 Through fond desire that headlong me transported :
 And with the darts, and with the nets I sported ;
 That LOVE himself, for me devised and shaped.
 And if my reason, but a while, had stayed
 To rule my sense, misled and unadvised ;
 To my mishap, I had, no doubt, assayed
 What a death is, to live by love surprised.

The Second Part.

BUR as the bird that, in due time, espying
 The secret snares and deadly bush enlmed ;
 Quick to the heaven doth mount with song and pleasure :
 Trains of false looks and faithless words defying,
 Mounting the hill so hard for to be climbed,
 I sing for joy of liberty the treasure.

LUCA MARENZIO.

I SANG sometime the freedom of my fancy
 The fire extinct, the yoke and bonds subdued ;
 With heart congealed, I quencht the burning frensy
 And with disdain the harmful bait eschewed.
 But, now, I wail my bonds and my enchaining,
 Naked, unarmed, in lovely nets engaged :
 Nor by tears can I find, nor by complaining,
 Mercy, nor comfort, nor my grief assuaged.

The Second Part.

BECAUSE my Love, too lofty and despitful ;
 While I, with sighs, resound her name delightful,
 Doth smile ; when as the flame, my life depriveth.
 If I seek to break off the strings that bind me,
 The more I fly, the faster I do find me ;
 Like a bird in the snare, in vain, that striveth.

JOHN DOWLAND, Bachelor of Music.

The First Book of Songs or Aires.

1597.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 SIR GEORGE CAREY,
 OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, KNIGHT,
 BARON OF HUNSDON, CAPTAIN OF HER MAJESTY'S
 Gentlemen Pensioners, Governor of the Isle of Wight,
 Lieutenant of the County of Southampton, Lord
 Chamberlain of Her Majesty's most royal
 House; and of Her Highness's most
 honourable Privy Council.



THAT harmony, Right Honourable! which is skilfully expressed by instruments: albeit, by reason of the variety of number and proportion of itself, it easily stirs up the minds of the hearers to admiration and delight; yet for higher authority and power, hath been ever worthily attributed to that kind of music which to the sweetness of [the] instrument applies the lively voice of man, expressing some worthy sentence, or excellent poem. Hence, as all antiquity can witness, first grew the heavenly Art of Music: for LINUS, ORPHEUS, and the rest, according to the number and time of their Poems, first framed the numbers and times of Music. So that PLATO defines Melody to consist of Harmony, Number,

and Words : Harmony, naked of itself ; Words, the ornament of Harmony ; Number, the common friend and uniter of them both.

This small book containing the consent of speaking harmony, joined with the most musical instrument, the Lute, being my first labour, I have presumed to dedicate to your Lordship : who, for your virtue and nobility, are best able to protect it ; and for your honourable favours towards me, best deserving my duty and service. Besides, your noble inclination and love to all good arts, and namely [particularly] the divine science of Music, doth challenge the Patronage of all Learning ; than which no greater title can be added to Nobility.

Neither in these your honours, may I let pass the dutiful remembrance of your virtuous Lady, my honourable mistress, whose singular graces towards me have added spirit to my unfortunate labours.

What time and diligence I have bestowed in the Search of Music, what travels in foreign countries, what success and estimation, even among strangers, I have found, I leave to the report of others. Yet all this in vain, were it not that your honourable hands have vouchsafed to uphold my poor fortunes : which I now wholly recommend to your gracious protection, with these my first endeavours, humbly beseeching you to accept and cherish the same with your continued favours.

Your Lordship's most humble servant,

JOHN DOWLAND.





To the Courteous Reader.

HOW hard an enterprise it is, in this skilful and curious Age, to commit our private labours to the public view, mine own disability and others' hard success do too well assure me : and were it not for that love I bear to the true lovers of music, I had concealed these my first fruits ; which how they will thrive with your taste I know not, howsoever the greater part of them might have been ripe enough by their age. The Courtly judgement, I hope will not be severe against them, being itself a party ; and those sweet Springs of Humanity, I mean our two famous Universities, will entertain them for his sake whom they have already graced, and, as it were, enfranchised in the ingenuous profession of Music : which, from my childhood I have ever aimed at, sundry times leaving my native country, the better to attain so excellent a science.

About sixteen years past [*i.e.*, in 1580], I travelled the chiefest parts of France, a nation furnished with great variety of Music ; but lately, being of a more confirmed judgement, I bent my course towards the famous provinces of Germany, where I found both excellent Masters, and most honourable patrons of music, namely, those two miracles of this Age for virtue and magnificence, HENRY JULIO, Duke of Brunswick, and the learned MAURICE, Landgrave of Hesse ; of whose princely virtues and favours towards me, I can never speak sufficiently. Neither can I forget the kindness of ALEXANDRO HOROLOGIO, a right learned master of music, servant to the

royal Prince, the Landgrave of Hesse, and GREGORIO HOWET, Lutenist to the magnificent Duke of Brunswick; both [of] whom I name, as well for their love to me as also for their excellency in their faculties.

Thus having spent some months in Germany, to my great admiration of that worthy country; I passed over the Alps into Italy, where I found the Cities furnished with all good arts, but especially music. What favour and estimation I had in Venice, Padua, Genoa, Ferrara, Florence, and divers other places, I willingly suppress; lest I should, [in] any way, seem partial in mine own endeavours. Yet I cannot dissemble the great content I found in the proffered amity of the most famous LUCA MARENZIO, whose sundry letters I received from Rome; and one of them, because it is but short, I have thought good to set down, not thinking it any disgrace to be proud of the judgement of so excellent a man

Molto magnifico Signior mio osservandissimo.

Per una lettera del Signior ALBERIGO MALVEZI ho inteso quanto con cortese affeto si mostri desideroso di essermi congiunto d'amicitia, dove infinitamente la ringratio di questo suo buon'animo, offerendomegli all'incontro se in alcuna cosa la posso servire, poi che gli meriti delle sue infinite virtù, e qualità meritano che ogni uno e me l'ammirino e osservino, e per fine di questo le bascio le mani. Di Roma, a' 13. di Luglio. 1595.

D.V.S. Affettionatissimo servitore,

LUCA MARENZIO.

Not to stand too long upon my travels: I will only name that worthy Master, GIOVANNI CROCHIO, Vice-master of the Chapel of Saint Mark's in Venice; with whom I had familiar conference.

And thus what experience I could gather abroad; I am now ready to practice at home, if I may but find encouragement in my first assays.

There have been divers Lute Lessons of mine lately printed without my knowledge, false and imperfect: but I purpose shortly myself to set forth the choicest of all my Lessons in print, and also an Introduction for Fingering; with other *Books of Songs*, whereof this is the first. And as this finds favour with you, so shall I be affected to labour in the rest. Farewell!

JOHN DOWLAND.



THOMÆ CAMPIANI.

Epigramma. De instituto authoris.

*Famam, posteritas quam dedit ORPHEO,
Dolandi melius MUSICA dat sibi,
Fugaces reprimens archetypis sonos;
Quas et delitias præbuit auribus,
Ipsis conspicuas luminibus facit.*



JOHN DOWLAND.

The First Book of Songs or Airs.



QUIET thoughts, your civil slaughter stint,
And wrap your wrongs within a pensive
heart :

And you, my tongue, that makes my
mouth a mint,

And stamps my thoughts, to coin them
words by art,

Be still ! For if you ever do the like,
I'll cut the string, that makes the hammer strike.

But what can stay my thoughts, they may not start ?
Or put my tongue in durance for to die ?
When as these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart
Open the lock, where all my love doth lie.
I'll seal them up within their lids for ever ;
So thoughts and words and looks shall die together.

How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes ?
My thoughts must have some vent, else heart will break.
My tongue would rust, as in my mouth it lies ;
If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speak.
Speak then ! and tell the passions of Desire,
Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

WHOEVER thinks, or hopes of love for love ?
 Or who beloved, in CUPID's laws doth glory ?
 Who joys in vows, or vows not to remove :
 Who, by this light god, hath not been made sorry ?
 Let him see me ! eclipsèd from my sun ;
 With dark clouds of an earth, quite overrun.

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,
 Or humble faith in constant honour armed,
 Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden ?
 Who thinks that change is by entreaty charmed ?
 Looking on me ; let him know Love's delights
 Are treasures hid in caves, but kept by sprites !

MY Thoughts are winged with Hopes, my Hopes with
 Love.
 Mount Love unto the moon in clearest night !
 And say, " As she doth in the heavens move,
 In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight."
 And whisper this, but softly, in her ears !
 " Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust shed tears."

And you, my Thoughts, that some mistrust do carry !
 If for mistrust, my mistress do you blame,
 Say, " Though you alter, yet you do not vary
 As she doth change ; and yet remain the same :
 Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect ;
 And love is sweetest, seasoned with suspect."

If she for this, with clouds do mask her eyes,
 And make the heavens dark with her disdain ;
 With windy sighs disperse them in the skies !
 Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain !
 Thoughts, Hopes, and Love return to me no more,
 Till CYNTHIA shine, as she hath done before !

IF my complaints could passions move,
 Or make LOVE see wherein I suffer wrong;
 My passions were enough to prove
 That my despairs had governed me too long.
 O LOVE, I live and die in thee!
 Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me!

Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks,
 Yet thou dost hope when I despair!
 My heart for thy unkindness breaks!
 Thou say'st, "Thou can'st my harms repair."
 And when I hope: thou mak'st me hope in vain!
 Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain!

Can LOVE be rich, and yet I want?
 Is LOVE my judge, and yet am I condemned?
 Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant!
 Thou made a god, and yet thy power contemned!
 That I do live, it is thy power!
 That I desire, it is thy worth!

If love doth make men's lives too sour,
 Let me not love, nor live henceforth!
 Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
 That you, that of my fall may hearers be,
 May hear Despair, which truly saith,
 "I was more true to LOVE, than LOVE to me."

CAN she excuse my wrongs with virtue's cloak?
 Shall I call her good, when she proves unkind?
 Are those clear fires, which vanish into smoke?
 Must I praise the leaves, where no fruit I find?

No! No! Where shadows do for bodies stand,
 Thou may'st be abused, if thy sight be dim.
 Cold love is like to words written on sand;
 Or to bubbles, which on the water swim.

Wilt thou be abusèd still,
 Seeing that she will right thee never ?
 If thou can'st not o'ercome her will,
 Thy love will be thus fruitless ever !

Was I so base, that I might not aspire,
 Unto those high joys, which she holds from me ?
 As they are high, so high is my desire,
 If she this deny, what can granted be ?

If she will yield to that which reason is,
 It is Reason's will, that Love should be just.
 Dear ! make me happy still, by granting this,
 Or cut off delays, if that die I must !

Better a thousand times to die,
 Than for to live thus still tormented :
 Dear ! but remember it was I,
 Who, for thy sake, did die contented !

Now, O now, I needs must part,
 Parting, though I absent mourn ;
 Absence can no joy impart,
 Joy once fled, cannot return.
 While I live, I needs must love,
 Love lives not, when hope is gone.
 Now at last despair doth prove
 Love divided, loveth none.
 Sad despair doth drive me hence,
 This despair, unkindness sends ;
 If that parting be offence,
 It is she which then offends.

Dear ! when I from thee am gone,
 Gone are all my joys at once.
 I loved thee, and thee alone !
 In whose love I joyèd once :

JOHN DOWLAND'S FIRST BOOK

And although your sight I leave,
 Sight wherein my joys do lie;
 Till that death do sense bereave,
 Never shall affection die !
 Sad despair doth drive me hence, &c.

Dear ! if I do not return,
 Love and I shall die together.
 For my absence never mourn !
 Whom you might have joyed ever.
 Part we must, though now I die,
 Die I do, to part with you :
 Him despair doth cause to lie
 Who both lived and dieth true.
 Sad despair doth drive me hence, &c.

DEAR, if you change ! I'll never choose again.
 Sweet, if you shrink ! I'll never think of love.
 Fair, if you fail ! I'll judge all beauty vain.
 Wise, if too weak ! more wits I'll never prove.
 Dear ! sweet ! fair ! wise ! change, shrink, nor
 be not weak ;
 And, on my faith ! my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn ;
 Heaven her bright stars, through earth's dim globe shall move.
 Fire, heat shall lose ; and frosts, of flames be born ;
 Air made to shine, as black as hell shall prove :

Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world transformed
 shall view,

Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you !

FIRST forth my tears ! Assist my forward grief !
 And show what pain, imperious love provokes !
 Kind tender lambs, lament love's scant relief,
 And pine, since pensive care my freedom yokes.
 O pine to see me pine, my tender flocks !

Sad pining Care, that never may have peace,
 At Beauty's gate, in hope of pity knocks ;
 And Mercy sleeps while deep disdains increase;
 And Beauty, hope in her fair bosom yokes,
 O grieve to hear my grief, my tender flocks !

Like to the winds, my sighs have wingèd been,
 Yet are my sighs and suits repaid with mocks ;
 I plead, yet she repineth at my teen.
 O ruthless rigour ! harder than the rocks !
 That both the shepherd kills, and his poor flocks.

GO crystal tears ! like to the morning showers,
 And sweetly weep into thy lady's breast !
 And as the dews revive the drooping flowers,
 So let your drops of pity be addrest !
 To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
 Which sleeps too sound ; whilst I from her
 depart.

Haste hapless sighs ! and let your burning breath
 Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart !
 Whose frozen rigour, like forgetful Death,
 Feels never any touch of my desert.

Yet sighs and tears to her, I sacrifice :
 Both, from a spotless heart, and patient eyes.

THINK'ST thou, then, by feigning
 Sleep, with a grand disdaining ;
 Or, with thy crafty closing,
 Thy cruel eyes reposing ;
 To drive me from thy sight !
 When sleep yields more delight,
 Such harmless beauty gracing :
 And while sleep feignèd is
 May not I steal a kiss
 Thy quiet arms embracing ?

O that thy sleep dissembled,
 Were to a trance resembled!
 Thy cruel eyes deceiving,
 Of lively sense bereaving :
 Then should my love requite
 Thy love's unkind despite,
 While fury triumphed boldly
 In beauty's sweet disgrace;
 And lived in deep embrace
 Of her that loved so coldly,

Should then my love aspiring,
 Forbidden joys desiring,
 So far exceed the duty
 That Virtue owes to Beauty?
 No! Love seek not thy bliss
 Beyond a simple kiss!
 For such deceits are harmless
 Yet kiss a thousand fold;
 For kisses may be bold
 When lovely sleep is armless.



COME away! come, sweet love!
 The golden morning breaks;
 All the earth, all the air,
 Of love and pleasure speaks;
 Teach thine arms then to embrace,
 And sweet rosy lips to kiss,
 And mix our souls in mutual bliss;
 Eyes were made for beauty's grace
 Viewing, ruing, love's long pains;
 Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away ! come, sweet love !
 Do not in vain adorn
 Beauty's grace, that should rise
 Like to the naked morn :
 Lilies on the river's side,
 And fair Cyprian flowers newly blown,
 Desire no beauties but their own :
 Ornament is Nurse of Pride.
 Pleasure measure, love's delight,
 Haste then, sweet love, our wished flight !

REST awhile, you cruel cares,
 Be not more severe than love,
 Beauty kills and beauty spares,
 And sweet smiles, sad sighs remove.
 LAURA, fair Queen of my delight !
 Come grant me love, in love's despite,
 And if I ever fail to honour thee,
 Let this heavenly light I see,
 Be as dark as hell to me !

If I speak ! My words want weight.
 Am I mute ! My heart doth break.
 If I sigh ! She fears deceit.
 Sorrow then for me, must speak.
 Cruel ! unkind ! with favour view
 The wound that first was made by you ;
 And if my torments feignèd be,
 Let this heavenly light I see,
 Be as dark as hell to me !

Never hour of pleasing rest,
 Shall revive my dying ghost,
 Till my soul hath repossesst
 The sweet hope, which love hath lost :

LAURA! redeem the soul that dies
 By fury of thy murdering eyes,
 And if it proves unkind to thee,
 Let this heavenly light I see,
 Be as dark as hell to me!

SLEEP wayward thoughts, and rest you with my Love ;
 Let not my Love, be with my love diseased ;
 Touch not proud hands, lest you her anger move,
 But pine you with my longings long displeased :
 Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake,
 So sleeps my Love ; and yet my love doth wake.

But O, the fury of my restless fear,
 The hidden anguish of my flesh desires !
 The glories and the beauties that appear
 Between her brows, near CUPID'S closed fires !
 Thus while she sleeps, moves sighing for her sake,
 So sleeps my Love ; and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my Love doth rest ;
 Fear in my love, and yet my Love secure ;
 Peace in my Love, and yet my love opprest ;
 Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
 Sleep dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake ;
 So sleeps my Love ; and yet my love doth wake.

ALL ye, whom love or fortune hath betrayed,
 All ye that dream of bliss, but live in grief ;
 All ye whose hopes are evermore delayed,
 All ye whose sighs or sickness want relief :
 Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man,
 That sings my sorrows like the dying swan.

Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
Pain that presents sad care in outward view ;
Both, tyrant-like, enforce me to complain,
But still in vain, for none my plaints will rue :
Tears, sighs, and ceaseless cries alone I spend.
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow, end.



ILT thou, Unkind ! thus 'reave me
Of my heart, and so leave me ?
Farewell !

But yet, or ere I part, O Cruel,
Kiss me Sweet, my Jewel,
Farewell !

Hope by disdain grows cheerless
Fear doth love, love doth fear
Beauty peerless
Farewell !

If no delays can move thee,
Life shall die, death shall live
Still to love thee.
Farewell !

Yet be thou mindful ever,
Heat from fire, fire from heat,
None can sever.
Farewell !

True love cannot be changèd,
Though delight from desert
Be estranged.
Farewell !



WOULD my conceit that first inforced my woe,
Or else mine eyes, which still the same increase,
Might be extinct, to end my sorrows so ;
Which now are such, as nothing can release.
Whose life is death ; whose sweet, each change of
sour ;
And eke whose hell reneweth every hour.

Each hour, amidst the deep of hell I fry,
Each hour, I waste and wither where I sit ;
But that sweet hour, wherein I wish to die,
My hope, alas, may not enjoy it yet.
Whose hope is such bereaved of the bliss,
Which unto all, save me, allotted is.

To all, save me, is free to live or die ;
To all, save me, remaineth hap or hope.
But all, perforce, I must abandon !
Since Fortune still directs my hap aslope ;
Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
But to my thralls I yield: for so I must.



COME again ! Sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces that refrain
To do me due delight ;
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss,
To die with thee again in sweetest sympathy !

Come again ! that I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain !
For now, left and forlorn,
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain, and endless misery.

All the day, the sun that lends me shine
By frowns doth cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay.
Her smiles, my springs, that make my joys to grow:
Her frowns, the winters of my woe.

All the night, my sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams;
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms are me assigned.

Out, alas! my faith is ever true;
Yet she will never rue,
Nor yield me any grace.
Her eyes, of fire; her heart of flint is made:
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

Gentle LOVE draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou can'st not pierce her heart,
For I (that do approve
By sighs and tears, more hot than are thy shafts)
Did 'tempt, while she for triumph laughs.

His golden locks, Time hath to silver turned.
O Time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
His Youth, 'gainst Time and Age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain, Youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, Strength, Youth are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, Faith, Love are roots, and ever green.

His helmet, now, shall make a hive for bees,
 And lover's Sonnets turn to holy Psalms ;
 A man-at-arms must, now, serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are Age's alms :
 But though from Court to cottage he depart,
 His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits, in homely cell,
 H'll teach his swains this Carol for a Song ;
Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well !
Curst be the soul that thinks her any wrong !
 Goddess ! Allow this aged man his right !
 To be your Beadsman now ; that was your Knight.



WAKE, sweet love ! Thou art returned,
 My heart, which long in absence mourned,
 Lives now in perfect joy.
 Only herself hath seemèd fair ;
 She only could I love ;
 She only drave me to despair,
 When she unkind did prove.

Let love which never, absent, dies ;
 Now live for ever in her eyes,
 Whence came my first annoy :
 Despair did make me wish to die
 That I my joys might end,
 She only, which did make me fly,
 My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee now ought worth ;
 She will not grieve thy love henceforth.
 Which so despair hath proved.
 Despair hath provèd now in me
 That love will not unconstant be,
 Though long in vain I loved.

If she, at last, reward thy love
 And all thy harms repair,
 Thy happiness will sweeter prove,
 Raised up from deep despair.
 And if that now thou welcome be,
 When thou with her doth meet;
 She all this while, but played with thee,
 To make thy joys more sweet.

COME, heavy Sleep, the Image of true Death,
 And close up these my weary weeping eyes,
 Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
 And tears my heart with sorrow's sigh-swollen cries.
 Come, and possess my tired thoughts! worn soul!
 That living dies, till thou on me bestowest!

Come, Shadow of my End, and Shape of Rest,
 Allied to Death, Child to this black-fast Night!
 Come thou, and charm these rebels in my breast.
 Whose waking fancies doth my mind affright.
 O come, sweet Sleep! Come, or I die for ever!
 Come ere my last sleep comes, or come never!

AWAY with these self-loving lads,
 Whom CUPID's arrow never glads;
 Away poor souls that sigh and weep,
 In love of them that lie and sleep,
 For CUPID is a meadow god,
 And forceth none to kiss the rod.

God CUPID's shaft, like Destiny,
 Doth either good or ill decree;
 Desert is borne out of his bow,
 Reward upon his feet doth go.
 What fools are they, that have not known
 That LOVE likes no laws, but his own!

100 DOWLAND'S FIRST BOOK OF SONGS OR AIRS.

My songs, they be CYNTHIA's praise ;
I wear her rings on holidays.
On every tree, I write her name,
And every day I read the same :
 Where HONOUR, CUPID's rival is,
 There miracles are seen of his.

If CYNTHIA crave her ring of me,
I'll blot her name out of the tree,
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then " Well fare nothing ! " once a year :
 For many run, but one must win.
 Fools only, hedge the cuckoo in !

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love ; which is the bow of LOVE :
And love as well the For'ster can,
As can the mighty Nobleman.
 Sweet saint, 'tis true, you worthy be,
 Yet, without love, nought worth to me.



JOHN DOWLAND, Bachelor of Music, &c., and
Lutenist to CHRISTIAN IV., King of Denmark.

THE SECOND BOOK OF SONGS OR AIRS.
1600.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE
LADY LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.



SXCELLENT Lady! I send unto your Ladyship from the Court of a foreign Prince, this Volume of my Second Labours, as to the worthiest Patronness of Music; which is the noblest of all sciences. For the whole frame of Nature is nothing but Harmony, as well in souls, as [in] bodies. And because I am now removed from your sight, I will speak boldly; that your Ladyship shall be unthankful to Nature herself, if you do not love and defend that Art, by which she hath given you so well tuned a mind!

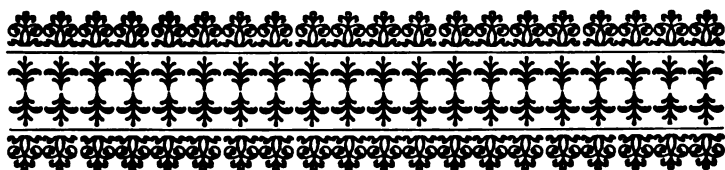
Your Ladyship hath in yourself, an excellent agreement of many virtues; of which, though I admire all, yet I am bound by my profession, to give especial honour to your knowledge of Music: which, in the judgement of ancient times, was so proper an excellency in women, that the Muses took their name from it; and yet so rare, that the world durst imagine but Nine of them.

I most humbly beseech your Ladyship to receive this work into your favour; and the rather, because it cometh far, to beg it of you.

From Elsinore in Denmark, the first of June, 1600.

Your Ladyship's, in all humble devotion,

JOHN DOWLAND.



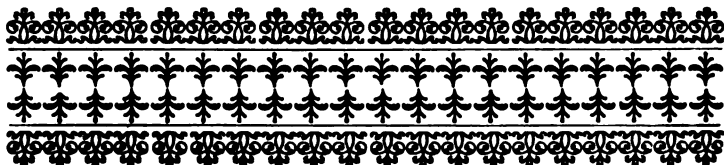
To the Right Noble and Virtuous Lady
LUCY, Countess of BEDFORD,

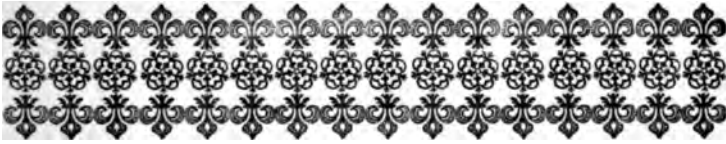
G[EORGE]. EASTLAND.

To J. DOWLAND's Lute.

LUTE ! Arise, and charm the air,
U ntil a thousand forms she bear !
C onjure them all, that they repair
I nto the circles of her ear ;
E ver to dwell in concord there !

B y this, thy tunes may have access
E ven to her spirit, whose flowing treasure
D oth sweetest harmony express ;
F illing all ears and hearts with pleasure :
O n earth, observing heavenly measure.
R ight well can she judge and defend them !
D oubt not of that, for she can mend them !





To the Courteous Reader.

GENTLEMEN,

IF THE consideration of mine own estate, or the true worth of money had prevailed with me above the desire of pleasuring you and shewing my love to my friend, these Second Labours of Master DOWLAND—whose very name is a large Preface of commendations to the book—had for ever lain hid in darkness, or at the least frozen in a cold and foreign country.

I assure you that both my charge and pains in publishing it, hath exceeded ordinary: yet thus much I have to assure me of requittal, that neither the work is ordinary; nor are your judgements ordinary, to whom I present it! so that I have no reason but to hope for good increase in my labours, especially of your good favours towards me; which of all things I most esteem. Which if I find in this, I mean shortly, GOD willing, to set at liberty for your service, a prisoner taken at Cadiz: who, if he discovers not something, in matter of music, worthy your knowledge; let the reputation of my judgement in music answer it!

In the meantime, I commend my absent friend to your remembrance! and myself, to your favourable conceits!

GEORGE EASTLAND.

From my house near *The Green Dragon and Sword*,
in Fleet Street.



JOHN DOWLAND.

The Second Book of Songs or Airs.

To the most famous ANTHONY HOLBORNE.



SAW my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud ! to be avancèd so
In those fair eyes, where all perfections keep ;
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me !) as wins more
hearts
Than Mirth can do, with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion, wise ; Tears, a delightful thing ;
Silence, beyond all speech, a wisdom rare ;
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move ;
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O Fairer than ought else
The world can shew, leave off, in time, to grieve,
Enough, enough ! Your joyful look excels !
Tears kill the heart, believe,
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

Lacrima.

FLOW, my tears ! fall from your springs ;
 Exiled for ever, let me mourn
 Where night's black bird, her sad infamy sings,
 There, let me live forlorn :
 Never may my woes be relieved, since pity is fled ;
 And tears, and sighs, and groans, my weary days, of all joys
 have deprived.

Down vain lights ! Shine you no more,
 No nights are dark enough for those,
 That in despair, their last fortunes deplore.
 Light doth but shame disclose :
 From the highest spire of contentment, my fortune is thrown ;
 And fear, and grief, and pain, for my deserts, are my hopes ;
 since hope is gone.

Hark, you shadows ! that in darkness dwell,
 Learn to contemn light ;
 Happy ! happy they, that, in hell,
 Feel not the world's despite !

SORROW ! Sorrow, stay ! Lend true repentant tears
 To a woful wretched wight ;
 Hence ! hence, Despair ! with thy tormenting fears.
 O do not, my poor heart affright :
 Pity ! Pity, help now, or never ! Mark me not to endless pain :
 Alas, I am condemnèd ever, no hope there doth remain,
 But down, down, down, down I fall ;
 And arise, I never shall.

IS not before thy day ! poor man condemnèd,
 But lift thy low looks from th' humble earth ;
 Kiss not Despair, and see sweet Hope contemnèd,
 The hag hath no delight, but moan for mirth :

O fie, poor fondling! fie, be willing
 To preserve thyself from killing!
 Hope, thy keeper, glad to free thee,
 Bids thee go! and will not see thee.
 Hie thee, quickly, from thy wrong!"
 So She ends her willing song.



MOURN! Day is with darkness fled!
 What heaven then governs earth?
 O none, but hell, in heaven's stead,
 Chokes with his mists, our mirth.

Mourn! Look, now, for no more day!
 Nor night, but that from hell;
 Then all must, as they may,
 In darkness learn to dwell.

But yet this change must change our delight,
 That thus the Sun should harbour with the Night.



TIME's eldest son, Old Age (the Heir of Ease,
 Strength's Foe, Love's Woe, and Foster to Devotion)
 Bids gallant Youth in martial prowess please!
 As for himself, he hath no earthly motion; [fices,
 But thinks Sighs, Tears, Vows, Prayers, and Sacri-
 As good as Shows, Masks, Jousts, or Tilt devices.

Then sit thee down! and say thy *Nunc dimitis!*
 With *De profundis*, *Credo*, and *Te DEUM!*
 Chant *Miserere*, for what now so fit is
 As that, or this, *Paratum est cor meum!*
 O that thy Saint would take in worth thy heart!
 Thou canst not please her with a better part.

When others sing *Venite exultemus !*
 Stand by, and turn to *Noli emulari !*
 For *Quare fremuerunt*, use *Oremus !*
Vivat ELIZA ! for an *Ave MARI !*
 And teach those Swains that live about thy cell ;
 To sing *Amen*, when thou dost pray so well !

PRAISE blindness, Eyes ! for seeing is deceit.
 Be dumb, vain Tongue ! words are but flattering
 winds.

Break Heart, and bleed ! for there is no receipt
 To purge inconstancy from most men's minds.
 And so I waked amazed, and could not move ;
 I know my dream was true, and yet I love.

And if thine Ears, false heralds to thy heart,
 Convey into thy head, hopes to obtain ;
 Then tell thy hearing, thou art deaf by Art ;
 Now, Love is Art ; that wanted to be plain.
 And so I waked amazed, and could not move ;
 I know my dream was true, and yet I love !

Now none is bald, except they see his brains,
 Affection is not known, till one be dead,
 Reward for love, are labours for his pains,
 Love's quiver made of gold, his shafts of lead.
 And so I waked amazed, and could not move ;
 I know my dream was true, and yet I love.

To Master HUGH HOLLAND.

FROM Fame's desire, from Love's delight retired ;
 In these sad groves, an hermit's life I lead :
 And those false pleasures, which I once admired,
 With sad remembrance of my fall, I dread.

To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this ;
 For she less secret, and as senseless is :
 O sweet woods ! the delight of solitariness !
 O how much do I love your solitariness !

Experience which repentance only brings,
 Doth bid me, now, my heart from Love estrange ;
 Love is disdained, when it doth look at kings ;
 And Love low placed, base and apt to change.
 There, Power doth take from him his liberty,
 Her Want of Worth makes him in cradle die !
 O sweet woods ! the delight of solitariness,
 O how much do I love your solitariness !

You men that give false worship unto Love,
 And seek that which you never shall obtain ;
 The endless work of SISYPHUS you procure,
 Whose end is this, to know you strive in vain.
 Hope and Desire, which now your idols be,
 You needs must lose, and feel Despair with me :
 O sweet woods ! the delight of solitariness,
 O how much do I love your solitariness !

You woods ! in you, the fairest Nymphs have walked,
 Nymphs, at whose sights all hearts did yield to love.
 You woods ! in whom dear lovers oft have talked,
 How do you now a place of mourning prove ?
 WASTED, my Mistress, saith, " This is the doom,
 Thou art Love's childbed ! nursery ! and tomb ! "
 O sweet woods ! the delight of solitariness,
 O how much do I love your solitariness !



INE knacks for ladies ! cheap ! choice ! brave ! and
 new !

Good pennyworths, but money cannot move ;
 I keep a fair, but for the Fair to view !

A beggar may be liberal of love.
 Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true,
 The heart is true,
 The heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles, and look for gifts again,
 My trifles come, as treasures from my mind.
 It is a precious jewel to be plain,
 Sometimes in shell, th' orientest pearls we find.
 Of others, take a sheaf ! of me, a grain,
 Of me, a grain,
 Of me, a grain !

Within this pack, pins ! paints ! laces ! and gloves !
 And divers toys fitting a country fair ;
 But my heart, where duty serves and loves,
 Turtles and twins ! Court's brood ! a heavenly pair !
 Happy the heart that thinks of no removes,
 Of no removes.
 Of no removes !

Now cease my wand'ring eyes,
 Strange beauties to admire ;
 In change least comfort lies.
 Long joys yield long desire.
 One faith, one love,
 Make our frail pleasures eternal, and in sweetness prove,
 New hopes, new joys
 Are still, with sorrow, declining unto deep annoys.

One man hath but one soul
 Which Art cannot divide ;
 If all one soul must love,
 Two loves must be denied.

One soul, one love,
 By faith and merit united, cannot remove ;
 Distracted spirits
 Are ever changing, and hapless in their delights.

Nature, two eyes hath given,
 All beauty to impart,
 As well in earth as heaven :
 But She hath given one heart !
 That though we see,
 Ten thousand beauties, yet in us One should be !
 One stedfast love !
 Because our hearts stand fixed, although our eyes do move

COME, ye heavy States of Night,
 Do my father's spirit right ;
 Soundings baleful, let me borrow,
 Burthening my song with sorrow.
 Come Sorrow, come ! Her eyes that sings,
 By thee, are turned into springs.

Come, You Virgins of the Night,
 That, in dirges' sad delight !
 Quire my anthems ! I do borrow
 Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow.
 Come Sorrow, come ! Her eyes that sings,
 By thee, are turned into springs.

WHITE as lilies was her face,
 When She smiled,
 She beguiled,
 Quitting faith, with foul disgrace.
 Virtue, Service, thus neglected,
 Heart with sorrows hath infected.

When I swore my heart her own,
 She disdained,
 I complained,
Yet She left me overthrown,
Careless of my bitter groaning,
Ruthless, bent to no relieving.

Vows, and oaths, and faith assurèd,
 Constant ever,
 Changing never ;
Yet She could not be procurèd,
To believe my pains exceeding
From her scant neglect proceeding.

O that Love should have the art,
 By surmises,
 And disguises,
To destroy a faithful heart,
Or that wanton looking women,
Should reward their friends, as foemen !

All in vain, is Ladies' love ;
 Quickly choosèd,
 Shortly losèd.
For their pride is to remove ;
Out, alas ! Their looks first won us,
And their pride hath straight undone us !

To thyself, the sweetest Fair,
 Thou hast wounded,
 And confounded
Changeless Faith, with foul Despair ;
And my service hath envièd ;
And my succours hath denièd !

By thine error, thou hast lost
 Heart unfeignèd,
 Truth unstainèd ;

And the Swain, that lovèd most :
 More assured in love than many,
 More despised in love than any.

For my heart, though set at nought ;
 Since you will it,
 Spoil and kill it !

I will never change my thought !
 But grieve that Beauty e'er was born
 Thus to answer Love with scorn.



WOFUL Heart, with grief oppressèd !
 Since my fortunes most distressèd,
 From my joys hath me removed.
 Follow those sweet eyes adorèd !
 Those sweet eyes, wherein are storèd,
 All my pleasures best beloved.

Fly, my Breast ! Leave me forsaken !
 Wherein Grief his seat hath taken ;
 All his arrows through me darting.
 Thou mayest live by her sunshining,
 I shall suffer no more pining
 By thy loss, than by her parting.



SHEPHERD in a shade, his plaining made
 Of love, and lover's wrong,
 Unto the fairest Lass, that trode on grass,
 And thus began his song :
 " Since Love and Fortune will, I honour still
 Your fair and lovely eye ;
 What conquest will it be, sweet Nymph ! for thee !
 If I, for sorrow die ?

Restore ! restore, my heart again !
 Which love, by thy sweet looks hath slain !
 Lest that, enforced by your disdain,
 I sing ' Fie on love ! it is a foolish thing !'

" My heart where have you laid, O cruel Maid,
 To kill, when you might save,
 Why have ye cast it forth, as nothing worth,
 Without a tomb, or grave ?
 O let it be entombed, and lie
 In your sweet mind and memory ;
 Lest I resound on every warbling string,
 ' Fie ! fie on love ! that is a foolish thing !'
 Restore ! restore, my heart again,
 Which love, by thy sweet looks hath slain,
 Lest that, enforced by your disdain,
 I sing ' Fie on love ! it is a foolish thing !' "



HALL I sue ? shall I seek for grace ?
 Shall I pray ? shall I prove ?
 Shall I strive to a heavenly joy,
 With an earthly love ?
 Shall I think that a bleeding heart,
 Or a wounded eye,
 Or a sigh, can ascend the clouds,
 To attain so high ?

Silly wretch ! Forsake these dreams
 Of a vain Desire !
 O bethink what high regard,
 Holy hopes do require ;
 Favour is as fair as things are,
 Treasure is not bought,
 Favour is not won with words,
 Nor the wish of a thought.

Pity is but a poor defence
 For a dying heart :
 Ladies' eyes respect no moan
 In a mean desert.
 She is too worthy far,
 For a worth so base ;
 Cruel, and but just is She,
 In my just disgrace.

Justice gives each man his own.
 Though my love be just,
 Yet will not She pity my grief,
 Therefore die I must :
 Silly heart ! then yield to die !
 Perish in despair !
 Witness yet, how fain I die,
 When I die for the Fair !



Loss not my soul, O LOVE ! 'twixt hope and fear,
 Show me some ground where I may firmly stand,
 Or surely fall ! I care not which appear !
 So one will close me in a certain band.
 When once of ill, the uttermost is known ;
 The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown.

Take me, ASSURANCE ! to thy blissful hold ;
 Or thou, DESPAIR, unto thy darkest cell ;
 Each hath full rest ! The one, in joys enroll'd :
 Th' other, in that he fears no more, is well.
 When once the uttermost of ill is known,
 The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown !

CLEAR or cloudy, sweet as April show'ring,
 Smooth or frowning, so is her Face to me.
 Pleased or smiling, like mild May all flow'ring :
 When skies, blue silk, and meadows, carpets be.
 Her Speeches, notes of that night bird that singeth,
 Who, thought all sweet, yet jarring notes outringeth.

Her Grace, like June, when earth and trees be trimmed
 In best attire, of complete beauty's height.
 Her Love again, like Summer's days be dimmed,
 With little clouds of doubtful constant faith.
 Her Trust, her Doubt, like rain and heat in skies;
 Gently thund'ring, She light'ning to mine eyes.

Sweet Summer ! Spring ! that breatheth life and growing
 In weeds, as into herbs and flowers ;
 And sees of service, divers sorts in sowing,
 Some haply seeming, and some being yours :
 Rain on your herbs and flowers that truly seem,
 And let your weeds lack dew, and duly starve !

A Dialogue.

HUMOUR, say ! What mak'st thou here
 In presence of a Queen ?
 Thou art a heavy leaden mood !

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
 But that which only pleaseth you !

Princes hold conceit most dear,
 All conceit in Humour seen ;
 Humour is Invention's food.

116 DOWLAND'S SECOND BOOK OF SONGS OR AIRS

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth you!

O, I am as heavy as earth,
Say, then, who is Humour now?
Why, then, 'tis I am drowned in woe!

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth you!

I am now inclined to mirth,
Humour I, as well as thou!
No, no Wit is cherished so.

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth you!

Mirth, then, is drowned in Sorrow's brim.
No, no, fool! The light things swim;
Heavy things sink to the deep!

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth you!

O, in sorrow, all things sleep!
In her presence, all things smile;
Humour, frolic then awhile!

Chorus. But never Humour yet was true,
But that which only pleaseth you!

[Then follows a piece of instrumental music, entitled

DOWLAND's Adieu for Master OLIVER CROMWELL.]

JOHN DOWLAND, Bachelor of Music, &c., and
Lutenist to CHRISTIAN IV., King of Denmark.

THE THIRD AND LAST BOOK OF
SONGS OR AIRS.

1603.

TO MY HONOURABLE GOOD FRIEND
JOHN SOUCH, Esquire :

for many courtesies, for which I embolden myself ;
presuming of his good favour, to present
this simple work, as a token of my
thankfulness.



*HE estimation and kindness, which I have ever
bountifully received from your favour, have
moved me to present this novelty of Music to
you : who, of all others, are fittest to judge of
it, and worthiest out of your love, to protect it.
If I gave life to these, you gave spirit to me !
for it is always the worthy respect of others,
that makes Art prosper in itself. That I may therefore possess,
and make manifest to the world, your singular affection to me ; and
my grateful mind, in my weak ability, to you : I have here pre-*

fixed your honourable name, as a bulwark of safety and a title of grace; thinking myself no way able to deserve your favours more, than by further engaging myself to you, for this your noble presumed patronage. "He that hath acknowledged a favour," they say, "hath half repaid it!" ; and if such payment may pass for current, I shall be ever ready to grow the one half out of your debt: though how that should be, I know not! since I owe myself, and more (if it were possible) unto you.

Accept me wholly then, I beseech you, in what terms you please! being ever, in my uttermost service,

Devoted to your Honour's kindness,

JOHN DOWLAND.



The Epistle to the Reader.



THE applause of them that judge, is the encouragement of those that write. My first two *Books of Airs* sped so well, that they have produced a third, which they have fetched far from home, and brought even through the most perilous seas: where having escaped so many sharp rocks; I hope they shall not be wracked on land, by curious and biting censures. As in a hive of bees, all labour alike to lay up honey; opposing themselves against none but fruitless drones: so in the House of Learning and Fame, all good endeavours should strive to add somewhat that is good, not malicing one another; but altogether banding against the idle and malicious ignorant.

My labours, for my part, I freely offer to every man's judgement! presuming, that favour once attained, is more easily increased than lost.

JOHN DOWLAND.

JOHN DOWLAND.

*The Third and Last Book of
Songs or Airs.*



FAREWELL, too fair! too chaste! but too too
cruel!

Discretion never quenched fire with swords!
Why hast thou made my heart, thine
anger's fuel;

And now would kill my Passions with thy
words?

This is Proud Beauty's true anatomy.

If that secure, severe in secrecy, farewell.

Farewell too dear! and too too much desired!

Unless compassion dwelt more near thy heart.

Love by neglect (though constant) oft is tired!

And forc'd from bliss, unwillingly to part.

This is Proud Beauty's true anatomy.

If that secure, severe in secrecy, farewell.



TIME stands still, with gazing on her face!

Stand still, and gaze! for minutes, hours, and years,
to her give place.

All other things shall change! but She remains the
same,

Till heavens changed have their course, and TIME hath lost
his name.

CUPID doth hover up and down, blinded with her fair eyes !
And FORTUNE captive at her feet, contemned and conquered
lies !

When FORTUNE, LOVE, and TIME attend on
Her with my fortunes, love, and time, I honour will alone,
If bloodless ENVY say, "Duty hath no desert !"
DUTY replies, that "ENVY knows, herself, his faithful heart !"
My settled vows and spotless faith, no fortune can remove !
Courage shall shew my inward faith ! and faith shall try my
love !



BEHOLD a wonder here :
LOVE hath received his sight,
Which, many hundred years,
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be,
By CYNTHIA in his eyes ;
As first have made him see,
And then have made him wise.

LOVE now no more will weep
For them, that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

So powerful is the Beauty,
That LOVE doth now behold ;
As LOVE is turned to Duty,
That's neither blind, nor bold.

This Beauty shews her might,
To be of double kind ;
In giving LOVE his sight,
And striking FOLLY blind.

DAPHNE was not so chaste, as she was changing,
 Soon begun, Love with Hate estranging.
 He that to-day triumphs, with favours graced ;
 Falls before night, with scorns defaced.
 Yet is thy beauty feigned ! and every one desires
 Still, the false light of thy trait'rous fires !

Beauty can want no grace by true love viewed,
 Fancy by looks is still renewed ;
 Like to a fruitful tree it ever groweth,
 Or the fresh spring that endless floweth.
 But if that Beauty were of one consent with Love ;
 Love should live free, and true pleasure prove !

ME ! ME ! and none but me ! Dart home ! O gentle
 Death !
 And quickly ! for I draw too long this idle breath.
 O how long till I may fly to heaven above,
 Unto my faithful and beloved turtle dove !

Like to the silver swan before my death I sing !
 And yet alive, my fatal knell I help to ring !
 Still I desire from earth, and earthly joys to fly !
 He never happy lived, that cannot love to die !

“ **S**AY, LOVE ! if ever thou didst find
 A woman with a constant mind ? ”
 “ None but one ! ”
 “ And what should that rare mirror be ?
 Some goddess or some Queen is she ? ”
 She ! She ! She ! and only She !
 She, only Queen of Love and Beauty !

“ But could thy fiery poisoned dart,
 At no time, touch her spotless heart,
 Nor come near ? ”

"She is not subject to LOVE's bow.
 Her eye commands, her heart saith 'No!'"
 No! no! no! and only No!
 One No! another still doth follow.

"How might I that fair wonder know,
 That mocks Desire with endless 'No!'"
 "See the Moon!
 That ever in one change doth grow;
 Yet still the same, and She is so!"
 So! so! so! and only so!
 From heaven, her virtues she doth borrow.

"To her, then, yield thy shafts and bow,
 That can command affections so!"
 "LOVE is free,
 So are her thoughts that vanquish thee!"
 There is no Queen of Love but She!"
 She! She! She! and only She!
 She, only Queen of Love and Beauty!

Flow not so fast, ye fountains,
 What needeth all this haste?
 Swell not above your mountains,
 Nor spend your time in waste!
 Gentle springs! freshly your salt tears
 Must still fall, dropping from their spheres.

Weep not apace, whom Reason
 Or lingering Time can ease;
 My sorrow can no season,
 Nor ought besides appease.
 Gentle springs! freshly your salt tears
 Must still fall, dropping from their spheres.

Time can abate the terror
 Of every common pain :
 But common grief is error,
 True grief will still remain.
 Gentle springs ! freshly your salt tears
 Must still fall, dropping from their spheres.



WHAT if I never speed !
 Shall I straight yield to despair ?
 And still, on sorrow feed,
 That can no loss repair ?
 Or shall I change my love ;
 For I find power to depart ;
 And, in my reason, prove
 I can command my heart.
 But if she will pity my Desire, and my Love requite ;
 Then ever shall she live my dear delight !
 Come ! come ! come ! while I have a heart to desire thee !
 Come ! come ! come ! for either I will love, or admire thee !

Oft have I dreamed of joy,
 Yet never felt the sweet ;
 But, tired with annoy,
 My griefs each other greet ;
 Oft have I left my hope,
 As a wretch by fate forlorn ;
 But Love aims at one scope,
 And lost will still return.
 He that once loves with a true desire, never can depart,
 For CUPID is the King of every heart.
 Come ! come ! come ! while I have a heart to desire thee !
 Come ! come ! come ! for either I will love, or admire thee !

He loves the sun, because it is fair!
 Sleep he neglects, he lives but by air!
 and would, but cannot die!

LEND your ears to my sorrow,
 Good people, that have any pity;
 For no eyes will I borrow,
 Mine own shall grace my doleful ditty!
 Chant then, my voice, though rude like, to my rhyming,
 And tell forth my grief, which here,
 In sad despair, can find no ease of tormenting!

Once, I lived! Once, I knew delight!
 No grief did shadow, then, my pleasure;
 Graced with love, cheered with beauty's sight;
 I joyed alone true heavenly treasure!
 O what a heaven is love firmly embraced!
 Such power alone can fix delight,
 In Fortune's bosom ever placed.

Cold as ice frozen, is that heart
 Where thought of love could no time enter;
 Such, of life reap the poorest part,
 Whose weight cleaves to this earthly centre:
 Mutual joys in hearts, truly united,
 Do earth to heavenly state convert;
 Like heaven still, in itself delighted!

BY A fountain where I lay,
 (All blessed be that blessed day!)
 By the glim'ring of the sun,
 (O never be her shining done!)
 When I might see alone
 My true love fairest one!
 Love's dear light!
 Love's clear sight!

No world's eyes can clearer see,
A fairer sight, none can be !

Fair with garlands all addrest,
(Was never Nymph more fairly blest !)
Blessed in the highest degree ;
(So may She ever blessed be !)

Came to this fountain near,
With such a smiling cheer,
Such a face,
Such a grace !

Happy ! happy eyes ! that see
Such a heavenly sight as She !

Then I forthwith took my pipe,
Which I, all fair and clean did wipe,
And upon a heavenly ground,
All in the grace of beauty found,
Played this Roundelay,

" Welcome, fair Queen of May !
Sing, sweet air,
Welcome Fair !

Welcome be the Shepherds' Queen !
The glory of all our green ! "



WHAT hath overwrought
My all amazed thought ?
Or whereto am I brought ?
That thus in vain have sought,
Till time and truth have taught
I labour all for nought.

The day, I see is clear ;
But I am ne'er the near,
For grief doth still appear,
To cross our merry cheer :
While I can nothing here,
But Winter all the year.

Cold, hold ! the sun will shine warm !
 Therefore now fear no harm !
 O blessed beams ! where beauty streams ;
 Happy, happy light, to love's dreams !

FAREWELL, Unkind ! Farewell ! to me, no more a
 Since my heart holds my Love most dear ; [father !
 The wealth, which thou dost reap ! another's hand
 must gather.

Though thy heart still lies buried there !
 Then farewell ! O farewell ! Welcome, my Love ! welcome,
 my Joy for ever !

'Tis not the vain desire of human fleeting beauty
 Makes my mind to live, though my means do die.
 Nor do I Nature wrong, though I forget my duty ;
 Love, not in the blood, but in the spirit doth lie ! [my Joy forever !
 Then farewell ! O farewell ! Welcome, my Love ! welcome,

WEEP you no more, sad fountains,
 What need you flow so fast ?
 Look how the snowy mountains,
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
 But my sun's heavenly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lie sleeping
 Softly ! now softly lies sleeping !

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets ;
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,
 When fair at e'en he sets ?
 Rest you ! then, rest, sad eyes !
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping
 Softly ! now softly lies sleeping !



IS on this feigning !
 Is Love without Desire?
 Heat still remaining,
 And yet no spark of fire ?
 Thou art untrue, nor wert with Fancy moved,
 For Desire hath power on all that ever loved !

Show some relenting,
 Or grant thou dost not love ;
 Two hearts consenting,
 Shall they no comforts prove ?
 Yield ! or confess that Love is without Pleasure ;
 And that women's bounties rob men of their treasure !

Truth is not placed
 In words and forced smiles ;
 Love is not graced
 With that which still beguiles.
 Love, or dislike ! Yield fire, or give no fuel !
 So mayest thou prove kind ; or, at the least, less cruel !



IT WAS a time when silly bees could speak.
 And in that time, I was a silly bee
 Who fed on time [*thyme*] until my heart 'gan break,
 Yet never found the time would favour me.
 Of all the swarm, I only did not thrive !
 Yet brought I wax and honey to the hive.

Then thus I buzzed, when time no sap would give,
 " Why should this blessed time to me be dry ;
 Since by this time the lazy drone doth live,
 The wasp, the worm, the gnat, the butterfly ? "
 Mated with grief, I kneeled on my knees ;
 And thus complained unto the King of Bees.

“ My liege ! gods grant thy time may never end,
 And yet vouchsafe to hear my plaint of time ;
 Which fruitless flies have found to have a friend,
 And I cast down, when atomies do climb.”
 The King replied but thus, “ Peace, peevish bee !
 Th’art bound to serve the time ! and time, not thee !”

THE lowest trees have tops ! the ant, her gall,
 The fly, her spleen ! the little spark, his heat ;
 And slender hairs cast shadows, though but small,
 And bees have stings, although they be not great ;
 Seas have their source, and so have shallow springs,
 And Love is Love, in beggars and in kings.

Where waters smoothest run, deep are the fords.
 The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move.
 The firmest faith is in the fewest words.
 The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love.
 True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongues to speak ;
 They hear, and see, and sigh ; and then, they break !


WHAT poor astronomers are they,
 Take women’s eyes for stars !
 And set their thoughts in battle ’ray,
 To fight such idle wars ;
 When in the end they shall approve,
 ’Tis but a jest drawn out of Love.

And Love itself is but a jest
 Devised by idle heads,
 To catch young Fancies in the nest,
 And lay them in fools’ beds ;
 That being hatched in beauty’s eyes,
 They may be fledged, ere they be wise.

But yet it is a sport to see,
How Wit will run on wheels !
While Wit cannot persuaded be,
With that which Reason feels ;
" That women's eyes and stars are odd,
And LOVE is but a feigned god ! "

But such as will run mad with Will,
I cannot clear their sight !
But leave them to their study still,
To look where is no light !
Till time too late, we make them try,
They study false Astronomy !

A Dialogue.

" OME, when I call, or tarry till I come !
If you be deaf, I must prove dumb !
If thy Desire ever knew the grief of delay,
No danger could stand in thy way !
What need we languish ? Can Love quickly fly ?
Fear ever hurts more than Jealousy !
Then securely, Envy scorning,
Let us end with joy, our mourning !
Jealousy still defy !
And love till we die ! "

" Stay awhile ! my heavenly Joy !
I come with wings of love,
When envious eyes, time shall remove.
O die not, add this sorrow to my grief,
That languish here, wanting relief.
Then securely, Envy scorning,
Let us end with joy, our mourning !
Jealousy still defy !
And love till we die ! "

JOHN DOWLAND, Bachelor of Music, &c.,
Lutenist to the Lord WALDEN.

A Pilgrim's Solace.

1612.

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A PILGRIM'S SOLACE

1612.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THEOPHILUS, LORD WALDEN,

SON AND HEIR TO THE MOST NOBLE
THOMAS, BARON OF WALDEN, EARL OF
SUFFOLK, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's
Household, Knight of the most noble Order of
the Garter, and one of His Majesty's most
honourable Privy Council.

MOST HONOURED LORD,



AS TO excel in any quality is very rare, so is it a hard thing to find out those that favour Virtue and Learning: but such being found, men of judgement are drawn (I know not by what sympathy) to love and honour them, as the Saints and Sovereigns of their affections and devices. Wherefore, most worthy Lord! your Honour, being of all men noted (as natural born heir of your most renowned father and mother) to be the only and alone

Supporter of goodness and excellency: known to none better (unless I should be the most ungrateful of all others!) than myself; who am held up only by your gracious hand. For which, I can shew no other means of thankfulness than these simple fruits of my poor endeavours, which I most humbly present as a public pledge from a true and devoted heart; hoping hereafter to perform something, wherein I shall shew myself more worthy of your honourable service.

In the meantime, you shall have a poor man's prayers for your Lordship's continual health, and daily increase of honour.

Your Honour's humble servant,

JOHN DOWLAND.

To the Reader.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN, AND MY LOVING COUNTRYMEN,



MOVED by your many and foretasted courtesies, I am constrained to appear again unto you. True it is, I have lien long obscured from your sight, because I received a Kingly entertainment in a foreign climate, which could not attain to any (though never so mean) place at home. Yet have I held up my head within this horizon, and not altogether been affected elsewhere; since some part of my poor labours have found favour in the greatest part of Europe, and been printed in eight most famous cities beyond the seas, viz.: Paris, Antwerp, Cologne, Nuremburg, Frankfort, Leipsic, Amsterdam, and Hamburg; yea, and some of them also authorised under the Emperor's royal privilege.

Yet I must tell you, as I have been a stranger, so have I again found strange entertainment since my return: especially, by the opposition of two sorts of people that shroud themselves under the titles of Musicians.

The first are some simple Cantors or vocal singers; who,

though they seem excellent in their blind Division-making, are merely ignorant, even in the first elements of Music; and also in the true order of the mutation of the Hexachord in the System, which hath been approved by all the learned and skilful men of Christendom, these 800 years. Yet do these fellows give their verdict of me behind my back; and say, what I do "is after the old manner." But I will speak openly to them, and would have them know, that the proudest Cantor of them dares not oppose himself face to face against me.

The second are young men, professors of the Lute, who vaunt themselves to the disparagement of such as have been before their time (wherein I myself am a party), that there never was the like of them. To these men I say little, because of my love and hope to see some deeds ensue their brave words. And also being that, here, under their own noses, hath been published a book in defence of the Viol de Gamba; wherein not only all other the best and principal instruments have been abased, but especially the Lute by name. The words, to satisfy thee, Reader! I have here thought good to insert; and are as followeth: "From henceforth, the stately instrument Gambo Viol shall with ease yield full, various, and deviceful music as the Lute: for here I protest the trinity of music—Parts, Passion, and Division—to be as gracefully united in the Gambo Viol, as in the most received instrument that is," &c. Which imputation, methinks, the learned sort of musicians ought not to let pass unanswered.

Moreover there are here, and daily doth come into our most famous kingdom, divers strangers from beyond the seas, which aver before our own faces, that we have no true method of application or fingering of the Lute.

Now if these gallant young Lutenists be such as they would have the world believe (and of which I make no doubt) let them remember that their skill lieth not in their fingers' ends. *Cucullus non facit monachum* [*A hood does not make a*

monk]. I wish for the honour, therefore, and general benefit of our country, that they would undertake the defence of their Lute profession; seeing that some of them, above other, have most large means, convenient time, and such encouragement as I never knew any have.

Believe me, if any of these objections had been made when those famous men lived, which are now thought worthy of no fame; not derogating from these skilful men present, I dare affirm that these objections had been answered to the full: and I make no doubt but that those few of the former time which live yet (being some of them Bachelors of Music; and others, which assume unto themselves to be no less worthy) will be as forward to preserve their reputation.

Perhaps you will ask me, why I, that have travelled many countries and ought to have some experience, do not undergo this business myself? I answer, that I want ability, being now entered into the fiftieth year of mine age; secondly, I want both means, leisure, and encouragement.

But, gentle Reader! to conclude, though abruptly. This work of mine, which I have here published, containeth such things as I myself have thought well of, as being, in mine opinion, furnished with variety of matter, both of judgement and delight: which willingly I refer to the friendly censure and approbation of the skilful; hoping it will be no less delightful to all in general, than it was pleasing to me in the composition. Farewell.

Your friend,
JOHN DOWLAND.



And let thy blissful kisses cherish
 Mine infant joys! that else must perish!



ASK for all thy love, and thy whole heart,
 'twere madness!

I do not sue
 Nor can admit,
 Fairest! from you
 To have all;

Yet who giveth all, hath nothing to impart
 but sadness.

He that receiveth all, can have no more
 than seeing.

My love, by length
 Of every hour,
 Gathers new strength,
 New growth, new flower;
 You must have daily new rewards in store,
 still being.

You cannot, every day, give me your heart
 for merit!

Yet, if you will,
 When yours doth go,
 You shall have still
 One to bestow!

For you shall mine, when yours doth part,
 inherit.

Yet, if you please, I'll find a better way,
 than change them.

For so, alone,
 Dearest, we shall
 Be one; and one
 Another's all!

Let us so join our hearts, that nothing may
 estrange them!

LOVE! those beams that breed, all day long breed and
 feed this burning,
LOVE! I quench with floods, floods of tears, nightly
 tears and morning.

But, alas, tears cool this fire in vain,
 The more I quench, the more there doth remain!

I'll go to the woods, and alone make my moan, O cruel!
 For I am deceived and bereaved of my life! my jewel!
 O but in the woods, though LOVE be blind,
 He hath his spies, my secret haunts to find.

LOVE, then I must yield to thy might! might and spite op-
 pressed,
 Since I see my wrongs (woe is me!) cannot be redressed.
 Come at last! Be friendly, LOVE, to me,
 And let me not endure this misery!

SHALL I strive with words to move! when deeds receive
 not due regard?
 Shall I speak! and neither please, nor be freely heard?
 All woes have end; though awhile delayed, our
 patience proving.

O that Time's strange effects could make her loving;
 I wooed her, I loved her, and none but her admire.
 O come, dear Joy, and answer my Desire.

Grief, alas, though all in vain, her restless anguish must
 reveal,
 She alone my wound shall know, though she will not heal;
 Storms calm at last! and why may not she leave off frowning?
 O sweet LOVE! help her hands, my affection crowning;
 I wooed her, I loved her, and none but her admire.
 O come, dear Joy, and answer my Desire.

WERE every thought an eye, and all those eyes could
see ;
Her subtle wiles, their sights would beguile and
mock their jealousy ;

Desire lives in her heart, DIANA in her eyes,
'Twere vain, to wish women true ! 'tis well, if they prove wise !
Such a love deserves more grace,
Than a truer heart that hath no conceit
To make use both of time and place,
When a wit had need of all his slight.

Her fires do inward burn, but make no outward show,
And her delights, amid the dark shades, which none discover,
grow,
The flower's growth is unseen, yet every day it grows,
So where her Fancy is set, it grows ! but how, none knows.
Such a love deserves more grace,
Than a truer heart, that hath not conceit
To make use both of time and place,
When a wit had need of all his slight.

STAY TIME, awhile, thy flying,
Stay, and pity me dying !
For Fates and friends have left me,
And of comfort bereft me.

Come ! come, close mine eyes ! Better to die blessed,
Than to live thus distressed !

To whom shall I complain me,
When thus friends do disdain me ?
'Tis Time that must befriend me,
Drowned in sorrow to end me.

Come ! come, close mine eyes ! Better to die blessed,
Than to live thus distressed !

Tears but augment this fuel.
 I feed by night (O cruel !).
 Light griefs can speak their pleasure.
 Mine are dumb, passing measure ;
 Quick ! quick, close mine eyes ! Better to die blessed,
 Than here to live distressed !



TELL me, TRUE LOVE ! where shall I seek thy being ?
 In thoughts or words, in vows or promise making ?
 In reasons, looks, or Passions never seeing ?
 In men on earth, or women's minds partaking ?
 Thou canst not die ! and therefore, living, tell me,
 Where is thy seat ? Why doth this Age expel thee ?

When thoughts are still unseen, and words disguised ;
 Vows are not sacred held, nor promise debt ;
 By Passion, Reason's glory is surprised ;
 In neither sex is true love firmly set.
 Thoughts feigned, words false, vows and promise
 broken,
 Made TRUE LOVE fly from earth ! This is the token.

Mount, then, my thoughts ! Here is for thee no dwelling,
 Since Truth and Falsehood live, like twins, together.
 Believe not Sense ! eyes ! ears ! touch ! taste ! or smelling !
 Both Art and Nature's forced ! put trust in neither !
 One only She, doth TRUE LOVE, captive bind,
 In fairest breast, but in a fairer mind.

O fairest mind, enriched with LOVE's residing,
 Retain the best ! In hearts, let some seed fall !
 Instead of weeds, LOVE's fruits may have abiding,
 At harvest, you shall reap increase of all !
 O happy LOVE ! More happy man, that finds thee,
 Most happy Saint ! that keeps, restores, unbinds thee !

GO, NIGHTLY cares ! the enemy to rest,
 Forbear, awhile, to vex my wearied sprite ;
 So long your weight hath lain upon my breast ;
 That lo ! I live, of life bereavèd quite.
 O give me time to draw my wearied breath,
 Or let me die, as I desire the death !
 Welcome, sweet Death ! O life ! no life, a hell !
 Then thus, and thus, I bid the world, farewell.

False World ! farewell ! the enemy to rest,
 Now do thy worst ! I do not weigh thy spite.
 Free from thy cares I live for ever blest,
 Enjoying peace and heavenly true delight.
 Delight, whom woes nor sorrows shall amate,
 Nor fears or tears disturb her happy state,
 And thus I leave thy hopes, thy joys untrue,
 And thus, and thus, vain World ! again, adieu !

*To my loving countryman, Master J O H N F O R S T E R,
 the younger, Merchant of Dublin in Ireland.*

FROM silent night, true register of moans ;
 From saddest soul, consumed with deepest sins ;
 From heart, quite rent with sighs and heavy groans ;
 My wailing Muse her woful work begins,
 And to the world, brings tunes of sad Despair,
 Sounding nought else but Sorrow, Grief, and Care

Sorrow, to see my sorrow's cause augmented,
 And yet less sorrowful were my sorrows more ;
 Grief, that my grief with grief is not prevented,
 For grief it must ease my grieved sore.
 Thus Grief and Sorrow care but how to grieve,
 For Grief and Sorrow must my Care relieve.

If any eye therefore can spare a tear,
 To fill the well-spring that must wet my cheeks,
 O let that eye, to this sad feast draw near !
 Refuse me not, my humble soul beseeks !
 For all the tears mine eyes have ever wept,
 Were now too little, had they all been kept.

MY HEART and Tongue were Twins, at once conceived.
 Th' eldest was my Heart, born dumb by destiny,
 The last, my Tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaved :
 Yet strung and tuned to play Heart's harmony.

Both knit in one, and yet asunder placed :
 What Heart would speak, the Tongue doth still discover ;
 What Tongue doth speak, is of the Heart embraced,
 And both are one to make a new found lover.

New found, and only found in gods and kings,
 Whose words are deeds, but words nor deeds regarded.
 Chaste thoughts do mount and fly with swiftest wings !
 My love with pain, my pain with loss rewarded.

Then this be sure ! since it is true perfection,
 That neither men nor gods can force Affection !

A Dialogue.

MY MERRY mates ! to NEPTUNE's praise,
 Your voices high advance !
 The wat'ry nymphs shall dance,
 And ÆOLUS shall whistle to your lays.
 [MASTER.] Steersman, how stands the wind ?
 STEERSMAN. Full north-north-east.
 MASTER. What course ?
 STEERSMAN. Full south-south-west.
 MASTER. No worse, and blow so fair,

Then sink despair,
 Come solace to the mind,
 Ere night, we shall the haven find.
 O happy days, who may contain
 But swell with proud disdain
 When seas are smooth,
 Sails full, and all things please ?
 The Golden Mean that constant spirit bears !
 In such extremes, that nor presumes nor fears.

Stay, merry mates, proud NEPTUNE lowers !
 Your voices all deplore you,
 The nymphs standing weeping o'er you.
 And ÆOLUS and IRIS bandy showers.

MASTER. Boatsman, haul in the boat.

STEERSMAN. Hark ! hark the ratlings.

MASTER. 'Tis hail !

STEERSMAN. Make fast the tacklings !

MASTER. Strike sail !

Make quick despatches,
 Shut close the hatches !
 Hold stern ! cast anchor out !
 This night we shall at random float.
 O dismal hours !
 Who can forbear,
 But sink with sad despair ; [lowers.
 When seas are rough, sails rent, and each thing



ELCOME, black Night, HYMEN's fair day,
 Help, HYMEN ! Love's due debt to pay,
 Love's due debt is chaste Delight ;
 Which if the Turtles want to night,

HYMEN forfeits his deity, and night in love her dignity.
 HYMEN ! O HYMEN ! mine of treasures more divine,
 What deity is like to thee ! that freest from mortality ?

Stay, happy pair ! stay but awhile !
 HYMEN comes not, Love to beguile.
 These sports are alluring baits
 And sauce are, to Love's sweetest cates :
 Longing hope doth no hurt but this,
 It heighten's Love's attained bliss !
 Then stay, most happy ! stay awhile !
 HYMEN comes not, Love to beguile.

Cease, cease, cease these false sports ! [stay,
 Haste, haste away ! LOVE's made truant, by your
 Good night ! good night, yet virgin Bride!
 But look (ere day be spied)
 You change that fruitless name,
 Lest you your sex defame.
 Fear not HYMEN's peaceful war,
 You'll conquer, though you subdued are ;
 Good night ! and, ere the day be old,
 Rise to the sun, a marigold :
 HYMEN ! O HYMEN ! bless this night,
 That Love's dark works may come to light !



JOHN WILBYE:

FIRST SET OF MADRIGALS.

April, 1598.

To the Right Worshipful and valorous
Knight Sir CHARLES CAVENDISH.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND RENOWNED KNIGHT.

IT HATH happened of late, I know not how, whether by my folly or fortune, to commit some of my Labours to the press. Which, the weaker the Work is, have more need of an honourable Patron. Everything persuades me, though they seem not absolute, that your Countenance is a sufficient warrant for them, against sharp tongues and unfriendly censures. Knowing your rare virtues and honourable accomplishments to be such as may justly challenge their better regard and opinion, whom it shall please you to patronize.

If, perchance, they shall prove worthy your patronage, my affection, duty, and good will bind me rather to dedicate them to you, than to any other: both for the reverence and honour I owe to all other your most singular virtues; and especially also for your excellent skill in music, and your great love and favour of Music.

There remaineth only your favourable acceptance, which humbly craving at your hands, with protestation of all duty and service, I humbly take my leave.

From the Augustine Friars, the xii. of April, 1598.

Your Worship's

Ever most bounden and dutiful, in all humility,

JOHN WILBYE.

FIRST SET OF MADRIGALS.

BY JOHN WILBYE.



LY LOVE aloft to heaven, and look out
Fortune!

Then sweetly her importune,
That I from my CALISTO best beloved
As you or she set down be never moved!
And LOVE, to CARIMEL, see you commend
me!

Fortune for his sweet sake may chance befriend me



WAY, thou shalt not love me!
So shall my love seem greater,
And I shall love thee better.
Shall it be so? what say you?
Why speak you not? I pray you!
Nay then I know you love me,
That so you may disprove me.



Y ME, can every rumour
Thus start my Lady's humour?
Name ye some Gallant to her,
Why, straight, forsooth, I woo her.
Then bursts She forth in passion,
"You men, love but for fashion!"
Yet sure I am, that no man
Ever so lovèd woman.
Yet, alas, Love be wary!
For women be contrary.

WEED, O mine eyes, and cease not,
 Your spring tides, out alas, methinks, increase not.
 O when, O when begin you
 To swell so high, that I may drown me in you !

DEAR Pity, how ! ah, how wouldst thou become her,
 That best becometh Beauty's best attiring.
 Shall my desert deserve no favour from her,
 But still to waste myself in deep admiring ?
 Like him that calls to Echo to relieve him,
 Still tells and hears the tale that grieves him.

YE RESTLESS thoughts, that harbour discontent,
 Cease your assaults ! and let my heart lament,
 And let my tongue have leave to tell my grief,
 That She may pity, though not grant relief.
 Pity would help what Love hath almost slain,
 And salve the wound that festered this disdain.

WHAT needeth all this travail and turmoiling,
 Shortening the life's sweet pleasure,
 To seek this far-fetched treasure,
 In those hot climates, under Phœbus broiling ?

O fools ! can you not see a traffic nearer,
 In my sweet Lady's face ?
 Where Nature sheweth.
 Whatever treasure eye sees, or heart knoweth ;
 Rubies and diamonds dainty,
 And Orient pearls, in such plenty,
 Coral and ambergris sweeter and dearer
 Than which the South Seas or Moluccas lend us,
 Or either Indies, East or West, do send us.



LAS, what hope of speeding,
 Where Hope, beguiled, lies bleeding?
 She bade me come, when She spied me;
 And when I came, She fled me!
 Thus when I was beguiled
 She, at my sighing, smiled.
 But if you take such pleasure,
 (Of joy and hope, my treasure!)
 By deceit to bereave me;
 Love me! and so deceive me!



ADY, when I behold the roses sprouting,
 Which clad in damask mantles, deck the arbours;
 My eyes present me with a double doubting:
 For viewing both alike; hardly, my mind supposes,
 Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses?



HUS saith my CLORIS bright
 When we, of Love sit down and talk together.
 "Beware of Love, Dear! Love is a walking sprite!
 And Love is this and that.
 And O, I know not what!
 And comes and goes again, I wot not whither!"
 No, no, these are but bugs to breed amazing:
 For in her eyes, I saw his torchlight blazing!



DIEU, sweet AMARILLIS,
 For since to part your will is,
 O heavy tiding!
 Here is for me, no bidding!
 Yet, once again, ere that I part with you,
 AMARILLIS, sweet AMARILLIS, adieu!

DIE, helpless man, since She denies thee grace!
 Die and despair, sith She doth scorn to love thee!
 Farewell, most Fair! though thou dost Fair deface!
 Sith for my duteous love, thou dost reprove me!
 Those smiling eyes, that sometimes me revived,
 Clouded with frowns, have me of life deprived.

FALL, O stay me!
 Dear Love, with joys ye slay me!
 Of life, your lips deprive me,
 Sweet, let your lips revive me!
 O whither are you hasting? and leave my life thus wasting,
 My health on you relying, 'twere sin to leave me dying!

And though my love abounding
 Did make me fall a swooning,
 Yet am I well contented
 Still so to be tormented.
 And Death can never fear me,
 As long as you are near me.

I ALWAYS beg, yet never am relieved;
 I grieve, because my griefs are not believed;
 I cry aloud in vain, my voice outstretchèd,
 And get but this: mine echo calls me "Wretched!"

Thus Love commands, that I in vain complain me;
 And Sorrow wills, that She shall still disdain me.
 Yet did I hope, which hope, my life prolonged;
 To hear her say, "Alas, his love was wronged!"

ADY, your words do spite me!
 Yet your sweet lips, so soft, kiss and delight me!
 Your deeds, my heart surcharge with overjoying;
 Your taunts my life destroying,

Since both have force to spill me.
 Let kisses sweet, kill me !
 Knights fight with swords and lances :
 Fight you, with smiling glances !
 So like the swans of Leander,
 My ghost from hence shall wander,
 Singing and dying.



LAS, what a wretched life is this ?
 Nay, what a death ? where tyrant Love commandeth.
 My flowering days are in their prime declining,
 All my proud hope quite fallen, and life untwining
 My joys, each after other, in haste are flying,
 And leave me dying
 For her that scorns my crying,
 O She from hence departs, my love refraining.
 For whom, all heartless, alas, I die complaining.



UNKIND ! O stay thy flying !
 And if I needs must die, pity me dying !
 But in thee, my heart is lying ;
 And no death can assail me,
 Alas, till life doth fail me !
 O therefore, if the Fates bid thee be fleeting ;
 Stay for me ! whose poor heart thou hast in keeping.



I SANG sometimes my Thought's and Fancy's pleasure.
 Where then I list, or time served best, and leisure,
 While DAPHNE did invite me
 To supper once, and drank to me to spite me.
 I smiled, yet still did doubt her,
 And drank where she had drunk before, to flout her ;
 But O, while I did eye her,
 Mine eyes drank Love ! my lips drank burning fire !

FLORA gave me fairest flowers,
 None so fair in FLORA's treasure :
 These I placed on PHILLIS' bowers.
 She was pleased, and She my pleasure.
 Smiling meadows seem to say,
 Come, ye wantons, here to play !

SWEET LOVE, if thou wilt gain a Monarch's glory,
 Subdue her heart, who makes me glad and sorry!
 Out of thy golden quiver
 Take thou thy strongest arrow,
 That will through bone and marrow
 And me and thee, of grief and fear deliver.
 But come behind ! for if she look upon thee,
 Alas, poor LOVE ! then thou art woe begone thee !

WHEN shall my wretched life give place to death ?
 That my sad cares may be enforced to leave me.
 Come, saddest Shadow ! stop my vital breath !
 For I am thine ! then let not Care bereave me
 Of thy sad thrall ! but with thy fatal dart,
 Kill Care and me, while Care lies at my heart !

OF joys and pleasing pains, I, late, went singing !
 (O pains with joys consenting !)
 And little thought as then, of now repenting.
 But now think of my then sweet-bitter stinging ;
 All day long, I, my hands, alas, go wringing.
 The baleful notes of which my sad tormenting.
 Are Ruth and Moan, Frights, Sobs, and loud
 Lamenting
 From hills and dales, in my dull ears still ringing.

My throat is soar, my voice is hoarse with shrieking.
 My Rests are sighs deep from the heart-root fetched.
 My Song runs all on Sharps, and with oft striking
 Time on my breast, I shrink with hands outstretched :
 Thus still, and still I sing, and ne'er am linning ;
 For still the Close points to my first Beginning.

CRUEL, behold my heavy ending !
 See, what you wrought, by your disdainning !
 Causeless, I die, Love still attending
 Your hopeless pity of my complaining !
 Suffer those eyes, which thus have slain me,
 With speed to end their killing power !
 So shall you prove how love doth pain me,
 And see me die still your !

“ **T**HOU art but young ! ” thou sayest,
 “ And Love’s delight, thou weigh’st not.”
 O take time, while thou may’st,
 Lest when thou would’st thou may’st not !
 If Love shall then assail thee,
 A double double anguish will torment thee !
 And thou wilt wish (but wishes all will fail thee !):
 “ O me ! that I were young again ! ” and so repent
 thee.

WHY dost thou shoot, and I seek not to shield me ?
 I yield, sweet LOVE ! Spare then my wounded liver !
 And do not make my heart thy arrows’ quiver,
 O hold, what needs this shooting ! when I yield me ?

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF ORIANA
 Edited by THOMAS MORLEY.

1601.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 THE LORD CHARLES HOWARD,
 EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, BARON OF EFFINGHAM,
 KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER;
 Lord High Admiral of England, Ireland, and
 Wales, &c.; and one of Her Majesty's most
 honourable Privy Council.

RIGHT HONOURABLE.



HAVE adventured to dedicate these few discordant
 tunes, to be censured by the ingenious disposition of
 your Lordship's honourable rare perfection; persuad-
 ing myself that these labours, composed by me and
 others—as in the survey hereof, your Lordship may well perceive
 —may not, by any means, pass without the malignity of some

malicious MOMUS, whose malice, being as toothsome as adder's sting, couched in the progress of a wayfaring man's passage, might make him retire, though almost at his journey's end.

Two special motives have emboldened me, Right Honourable ! in this my proceeding. First, for that I consider that as the body cannot be without the shadow ; so HOMER, the prince of poets, may not be without a Zoilist. The second and last is the most forcible motive : I know not only by report, by also by experience, your Lordship to be not only Philomusus, a Lover of the Muses and of Learning ; but Philomathes, a personage always desirous, though in all arts sufficiently skilful, to come to a more high perfection or summum bonum.

I will not trouble your Lordship with too too tedious circumstances, only I humbly entreat your Lordship—in the name of many—to patronage this work, with not less acceptance, than I with a willing and kind heart, dedicate it. So shall I think the initium of this work not only happily began, but to be finited with a more happy period.

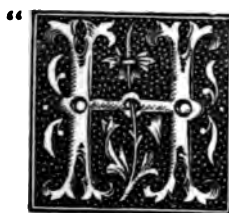
Your Honour's devoted in all duty,

THOMAS MORLEY.



The Triumphs of Oriana.

MICHAEL ESTE.



“HENCE stars ! too dim of light !
 You dazzle but the sight !
 You teach to grope by night !
 See here the shepherd's star !
 Excelling you so far.”
 Then PHŒBUS wiped his eye,
 And ZEPHYR cleared the skies
 In sweet accented cries,

Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

¶ This Song being sent too late, and all my others printed,
 I placed it before the rest, rather than to leave it out.

DANIEL NORCOME.



WITH Angel's face and brightness, and orient hue,
 Fair ORIANA shining, with nimble foot she tripped
 o'er hills and mountains ;

Hard by DIANA's fountains :

At last in dale she rested.

This is that maiden Queen of the Fairy Land,

With sceptre in her hand. [lightness.

The Fawns and Satyrs dancing, did show their nimble

Fair NAIS and the nymphs did leave their bowers,

And brought their baskets full of herbs and flowers :

Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,

Long live fair ORIANA !

JOHN MUNDY.

LIGHTLY She whipped o'er the dales,
 Making the woods proud with her presence;
 Gently She trode the flowers, and they as gently
 kissed her tender feet.

The birds in their best language bade her welcome,
 Being proud that ORIANA heard their song.
 The clove-foot Satyrs singing, made music to the Fauns
 a-dancing,

And both together, with an emphasis, sang ORIANA's praises
 Whilst the adjoining woods with melody did entertain their
 sweet harmony.

Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

ELLIS GIBBONS.

Also set to music by THOMAS HUNT.

LONG live fair ORIANA!
 Hark! did you ever hear so sweet a singing?
 They sing, young LOVE to waken!
 The nymphs unto the woods, their Queen are
 bringing.

There was a note well taken!
 O good! hark! how joyfully 'tis dittied!
 A Queen and Song most excellently fitted.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never heard a rarer:
 Then sing, ye shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

JOHN BENNET.



ALL creatures now are merry-minded,
 The shepherd's daughters playing :
 The nymphs are " Fa, la la-ing,"
 Yon bugle was well winded ;
 At ORIANA's presence, each thing smileth,
 The flowers themselves discover ;
 Birds over her do hover,
 Music, the time beguileth :
 See, where She comes, with flow'ry garlands crowned,
 Queen of all queens renowned.
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

JOHN HILTON.



FAIR ORIANA, Beauty's Queen !
 Tripped along the verdant green ;
 The Fauns and Satyrs running out,
 Skipped and danced round about.
 FLORA forsook her painted bowers,
 And made a coronet of flowers.
 Then sang the nymphs of chaste DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

GEORGE MARSON.



THE nymphs and shepherds danced
La Voltos in a daisy-tapestred valley ;
 Love from their face-lamps glanced,
 Till wantonly they dally :
 Till in a rose-banked alley
 Bright Majesty advanced,
 A crown-graced Virgin, whom all people honour :

They leave their sport, amazed,
 Run all to look upon her.
 A moment scarce they gazed,
 Ere Beauty's splendour all their eyes had dazed,
 Desire to see yet ever fixed on her.
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

RICHARD CARLTON.



ALM was the air and clear the sky,
 Fair ORIANA passing by,
 Over the downs to Ida plains,
 Where heaven-born Sisters with their trains,
 Did all attend her sacred Beauty,
 Striving to excel in duty.
 Satyrs and Nymphs dancing together,
 Shepherds triumphing, flocking thither.
 Seeing their sov'reign Mistress there,
 That kept their flocks and them from fear ;
 With high-strained voice
 And hearts rejoice.
 Thus sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

JOHN HOLMES.



HUS BONNY-BOOTES the birthday celebrated,
 Of her, his Lady dearest,
 Fair ORIANA, which to his heart was nearest.
 The Nymphs and Shepherds feasted
 With clouted cream, and were to sing requested.
 "Lo here, the Fair created," quoth he, "the world's chief
 Goddess ;"
 Sing then, for She is BONNY-BOOTES sweet Mistress !
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

RICHARD NICOLSON.

SING shepherds all, and in your roundelays,
 Sing only of fair ORIANA's praise.
 The gods above will help to bear a part,
 And men below will try their greatest art,
 Though neither gods nor men can well apply
 Fit song or tune to praise her worthily.
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

THOMAS TOMKINS.

THE Fauns and Satyrs tripping,
 With lively Nymphs of fresh cool brooks and foun-
 tains,
 And those of woods and mountains,
 Like roes came nimbly skipping.
 By signs, their mirth unripping,
 My fairy Queen, they presented.
 With *Amaltheas* twenty,
 Brim full of wealthy plenty.
 And still to give frequented,
 With bare gifts not contented,
 The demi-gods pray to the gods supernal,
 Her life, her wealth, her fame may be eternal !
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

MICHAEL CAVENDISH.

COME, gentle swains and shepherds' dainty daughters,
 Adorned with courtesy, and comely duties !
 Come sing, and joy, and grace with lovely laughters,
 The birthday of the beauties !
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

WILLIAM COBBOLD.



WITHDRAW yourselves, ye shepherds! from your bowers,
 And strew the path with flowers.
 The Nymphs are coming!
 Sweetly the birds are chirping,
 The swift beasts running,
 As all amazed, they stand still gazing,
 To see such bright stars blazing,
 To DIAN bravely treading.
 The powers divine, to her do vail their bonnets,
 Prepare yourselves to sound your pastoral sonnets,
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

THOMAS MORLEY.



RISE! awake! you silly shepherds sleeping,
 Devise some honour for her sake by mirth to banish
 weeping,
 Lo! where she comes in gaudy green arraying!
 A Prince of beauty, rich and rare, for her delighting
 pretends to go a-Maying.
 You stately nymphs, draw near, and strew your
 paths with roses,
 In you, her trust reposes!
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

JOHN FARMER.

FAIR Nymphs, I heard one telling
 DIANA's train are hunting in this Chace.
 To beautify this place
 The Fauns are running ;
 The Shepherds their pipes tuning,
 To show their cunning :
 The lambs amazed, leave off their grazing,
 And blind their eyes with gazing :
 While the earth's Goddess doth draw nearyour places,
 Attended by the Muses and the Graces.
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

JOHN WILBY.

THE Lady ORIANA
 Was dight all in the treasures of Guiana ;
 And on her Grace, a thousand graces tended,
 And thus sang they, "Fair Queen of Peace and
 Plenty!
 The fairest Queen of twenty !"
 Then with an olive wreath, for peace renowned,
 Her virgin head, they crowned.
 Which ceremony ended,
 Unto her Grace, the thousand graces bended.
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

THOMAS WHEELKES.

AS VESTA was from Latmos hill descending,
 She spied a Maiden Queen the same ascending,
 Attended on by all the shepherds' swain,
 To whom DIANA's darlings came running down
 a-main :

First two by two, then three by three together,
 Leaving their goddess all alone, hasted thither
 And mingling with the shepherds of her train,
 With mirthful tunes her presence entertain.
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

JOHN MILTON [*the father of the Poet*].

FAIR ORIANA in the morn,
 Before the day was born ;
 With velvet steps on ground,
 Which made nor print nor sound,
 Would see her Nymphs a-bed ;
 What lives those Ladies led.
 The roses, blushing, said,
 "O stay thou Shepherd's Maid !"
 And on a sudden all,
 They rose and heard her call.
 Then sang those shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

ELLIS GIBBONS.

ROUND about her chariot with all admiring strains,
 The Hyades and Dryades give sweetest entertains.
 Lo, how the gods, in revels, do accord,
 Whilst doth each goddess melodies afford.
 Now BACCHUS is consorting,
 SILVANUS falls a sporting,
 AMPHION's harp reporting,
 To the shepherds' pipes, sing the nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

GEORGE KIRBYE.

BRIGHT PHÆBUS greets most clearly,
 With radiant beams, fair ORIANA sitting,
 Her apple, VENUS yields, as most befitting,
 A Queen beloved most dearly,
 Rich PLUTO leaves his treasures !
 And PROSERPINE, glad, runs in her best array,
 Nymphs deck her crown with bay !
 Her feet, are lions kissing,
 No joy can there be missing !
 Now THETIS leaves the Mermaids' tunes admired,
 And swells with pride, to see her Queen desired !
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

ROBERT JONES.

FAIR ORIANA, seeming to wink at folly,
 Lay softly down to sleeping ;
 But hearing that the world was grown unholy,
 Her rest was turned to weeping.
 So waked, she sighed ; and with crossed arms,
 Sat drinking tears for others' harms ;
 Then sang the nymphs and shepherds of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

JOHN LISLEY.

FAIR CYTHAREA presents her doves ! MINERVA singeth,
 JOVE gives a crown, a garland JUNO bringeth ;
 Fame summoned each celestial power
 To bring their gifts to ORIANA's bower.
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA !

THOMAS MORLEY.

HARD by a crystal fountain,
 ORIANA the bright, lay down a sleeping.
 The birds they finely chirped, the winds were stilled
 Sweetly with these accenting, the air was filled,
 This is that Fair whose head a crown deserveth,
 Which heaven for her reserveth.
 Leave, shepherds, your lambs' keeping upon the barren
 mountain!
 And Nymphs attend on her, and leave your bowers!
 For She, the shepherd's life maintains, and yours.
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

EDWARD JOHNSON.

COME, blessed bird, and with thy sugared relish,
 Help our declining quire now to embellish:
 For BONNY-BOOTES that so aloft would fetch it,
 O he is dead! and none of us can reach it.
 Then tune to us, sweet bird! thy shrill recorder,
 For fault of better, will serve in the chorus!
 Begin, and we will follow thee in order!
 Then sang the wood-born Minstrel of DIANA,
Long live fair ORIANA!

F I N I S.



A B O O K O F A I R S.

B Y

THOMAS CAMPION, M.D. & PHILIP ROSSETER, Lutenist.

Entered at Stationers' Hall on the 8th May, 1601.



TO THE RIGHT
VIRTUOUS AND WORTHY
KNIGHT, SIR THOMAS MONSON.

S I R,



HE general voice of your worthiness, and many particular favours which I have heard Master CAMPION, with dutiful respect, often acknowledge himself to have received from you, have emboldened me to present this *Book of Aires* to your favourable judgement and gracious protection! Especially, because the first rank of Songs are of his own composition, made at his vacant hours, and privately imparted to his friends: whereby they grew both public, and, as coin cracked in exchange, corrupted; and some of them, both words and notes, unrespectively challenged [*claimed*] by others. In

regard of which wrongs, though he himself neglects these light fruits as superfluous blossoms of his deeper studies; yet hath it pleased him, upon my entreaty, to grant me the impression of a part of them: to which I have added an equal number of mine own. And this two-faced JANUS, thus in one body united, I humbly intreat you to entertain and defend! chiefly in respect of the affection which I suppose you bear him; who, I am assured, doth, above all others, love and honour you!

And, for my part, I shall think myself happy if, in any service, I may deserve this favour.

Your Worship's humbly devoted,

PHILIP ROSSETER.



TO THE READER.



HAT Epigrams are in Poetry, the same are Airs in Music: then in their chief perfection, when they are short and well seasoned. But to clog a light Song with a long prelude, is to corrupt the nature of it. Many rests in music were invented, either for necessity of the fugue, or granted as an harmonical licence in songs of many parts: but in Airs, I find no use they have, unless it be to make a vulgar and trivial modulation seem to the ignorant, strange; and to the judicious, tedious. A naked Air without guide, or prop, or colour but his own, is easily censured of every ear; and requires so much the more invention to make it please. And as MARTIAL speaks in defence of his short Epigrams; so may I say in the apology of Airs: that where there is a full volume, there can be

no imputation of shortness. The lyric poets among the Greeks and Latins were the first inventors of Airs, tying themselves strictly to the number and value of their syllables: of which sort, you shall find here, only one song in Sapphic verse [p. 179]; the rest are after the fashion of the time, ear-pleasing rhymes, without art. The subject of them is, for the most part, amorous: and why not amorous songs, as well as amorous attires? Or why not new airs, as well as new fashions?

For the Note and Tableture, if they satisfy the most, we have our desire; let expert masters please themselves with better! And if any light error hath escaped us; the skilful may easily correct it, the unskilful will hardly perceive it. But there are some, who, to appear the more deep and singular in their judgement, will admit no music but that which is long, intricate, bated with fugue, chained with syncopation, and where the nature of every word is precisely expressed in the note: like the old exploded action in Comedies, when if they did pronounce Memini, they would point to the hinder part of their heads; if Video, put their finger in their eye. But such childish observing of words is altogether ridiculous: and we ought to maintain, as well in notes, as in action, a manly carriage; gracing no word, but that which is eminent and emphatical. Nevertheless, as in Poesy we give the preeminence to the Heroical Poem; so in Music, we yield the chief place to the grave and well invented Motet: but not to every harsh and dull confused Fantasy, where, in a multitude of points, the harmony is quite drowned.

Airs have both their art and pleasure: and I will conclude of them, as the poet did in his censure of CATULLUS the Lyric, and VIRGIL the Heroic writer:

Tantum magna suo debet Verona CATULLO:
Quantum parva suo Mantua VIRGILIO.

Songs.

By THOMAS CAMPION, M.D.



Y SWEETEST LESBIA! Let us live and love!
 And though the sager sort our deeds re-
 prove,
 Let us not weigh them! Heaven's great
 lamps do dive
 Into their west, and straight again revive:
 But soon, as once, is set our little light;
 Then must we sleep one ever-during night!

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
 Then bloody swords and armour should not be;
 No drum, nor trumpet, peaceful sleeps should move,
 Unless alarm came from the Camp of Love:
 But fools do live, and waste their little light;
 And seek, with pain, their ever-during night.

When timely death, my life and fortunes ends,
 Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends!
 But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come,
 And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb!
 And LESBIA! Close up thou, my little light!
 And crown with love, my ever-during night!



HOUGH you are young, and I am old,
 Though your veins hot, and my blood cold,
 Though youth is moist, and age is dry;
 Yet embers live, when flames do die.

The tender graft is easily broke,
But who shall shake the sturdy oak ?
You are more fresh and fair than I ;
Yet stubs do live when flowers do die.

Thou, that thy youth doth vainly boast !
Know, buds are soonest nipt with frost.
Think that thy fortune still doth cry !
“ Thou fool ! to-morrow thou must die ! ”

I CARE not for these ladies,
That must be wooed and prayed :
Give me kind AMARILLIS,
The wanton country maid !
Nature, art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own.
Her, when we court and kiss,
She cries, “ Forsooth, let go ! ”
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say, “ No ! ”

If I love AMARILLIS,
She gives me fruit and flowers :
But if we love these ladies,
We must give golden showers.
Give them gold, that sell love !
Give me the nut-brown lass !
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries, “ Forsooth, let go ! ”
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say, “ No ! ”

These ladies must have pillows
And beds, by strangers wrought ;
Give me a bower of willows,
Of moss and leaves unbought !
And fresh AMARILLIS,
With milk and honey fed !
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries, " Forsooth, let go ! "
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say, " No ! "

FOLLOW thy fair sun ! unhappy shadow !
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light ;
Yet, follow thy fair sun ! unhappy shadow !

Follow her ! whose light, thy light depriveth ;
Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed :
Yet, follow her, whose light the world reviveth !

Follow those pure beams ! whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorched thee,
As thou still black must be,
Till her kind beams, thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her ! while yet her glory shineth :
There comes a luckless night,
That will dim all her light ;
And this, the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still ! since so thy fates ordained,
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade ;
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

WHEN to her lute, CORINNA sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear,
As any challenged Echo clear;
But when she doth, of mourning speak,
E'en with her sighs, the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passion, so must I !
For when of pleasure, she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring ;
But if she doth, of sorrow speak,
E'en from my heart, the strings do break.

TURN back ! you wanton flyer !
And answer my desire,
With mutual greeting.
Yet bend a little nearer !
True beauty still shines clearer,
In closer meeting.
Hearts, with hearts delighted,
Should strive to be united ;
Each other's arms, with arms enchaining :
Hearts with a thought,
Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.

What harvest half so sweet is,
 As still to reap the kisses
 Grown ripe in sowing ?
 And straight to be receive
 Of that, which thou art giver !
 Rich in bestowing ?
 There's no strict observing,
 Of times, or seasons changing ;
 There, is ever one fresh spring abiding.
 Then what we sow with our lips,
 Let us reap, love's gains dividing !

THE cypress curtain of the night is spread,
 And over all, a silent dew is cast.
 The weaker cares, by sleep are conquerèd :
 But I alone, with hideous grief, aghast,
 In spite of MORPHEUS' charms, a watch do keep
 Over mine eyes, to banish careless sleep.

Yet oft, my trembling eyes, through faintness, close,
 And then the Map of Hell before me stands ;
 Which ghosts do see, and I am one of those
 Ordained to pine in sorrow's endless bands :
 Since from my wretched soul, all hopes are reft,
 And now no cause of life to me is left.

Grief, seize my soul ! for that will still endure,
 When my crazed body is consumed and gone ;
 Bear it to thy black den ! there, keep it sure !
 Where thou ten thousand souls dost tire upon :
 Yet all do not afford such food to thee
 As this poor one, the worser part of me.

FOLLOW your saint! Follow, with accents sweet!
 Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying fleet!
 There wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
 And tell the ravisher of my soul, I perish for her love:
 But if she scorns my never ceasing pain,
 Then burst with sighing, in her sight, and ne'er return again!

All that I sang, still to her praise did tend;
 Still she was first; still she my songs did end:
 Yet she, my love and music, both doth fly,
 The music that her Echo is, and beauty's sympathy.
 Then, let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
 It shall suffice that they were breathed; and died for her
 delight.

FAIR, if you expect admiring;
 Sweet, if you'd provoke desiring;
 Grace, dear! love, with kind requiting!
 Fond, but if thy light be blindness;
 False, if thou affect unkindness;
 Fly both love and love's delighting!
 Then, when hope is lost, and love is scorned,
 I'll bury my desires, and quench the fires that ever
 yet in vain have burned.

Fates, if you rule lovers' fortune;
 Stars, if men your powers importune;
 Yield relief by your relenting!
 Time, if sorrow be not endless,
 Hope, made vain? and pity, friendless,
 Help to ease my long lamenting!
 But if griefs remain still unredressed,
 I'll fly to her again, and sue for pity, to renew my
 hopes distressed.

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee ;
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Nor fair nor sweet, unless thou pity me !
I will not sooth thy fancies : thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me ! nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts, with beauty ; were it more divine :
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapt up in those arms of thine :
Now show it, if thou be a woman right,—
Embrace, and kiss, and love me, in despite !

SEE where she flies, enraged, from me !
View her, when she intends despite,
The wind is not more swift than she.
Her fury moved, such terror makes
As to a fearful guilty sprite,
The voice of heaven's huge thunder cracks :
But when her appeasèd mind yields to delight,
All her thoughts are made of joys,
Millions of delights inventing ;
Other pleasures are but toys,
To her beauty's sweet contenting.

My fortune hangs upon her brow :
 For as she smiles or frowns on me,
 So must my blown affections bow ;
 And her proud thoughts too well do find,
 With what unequal tyranny,
 Her beauties do command my mind.
 Though, when her sad planet reigns,
 Forward she be ;
 She, alone, can pleasure move,
 And displeasing sorrow banish.
 May I but still hold her love,
 Let all other comforts vanish.

BLAME not my cheeks! though pale with love they be,
 The kindly heat unto my heart is flown,
 To cherish it, that is dismayed by thee,
 Who art so cruel and unstedfast grown :
 For Nature, called for by distressed hearts,
 Neglects, and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stained,
 Nurse not one spark of love within their hearts;
 And when they woo, they speak with passion feigned,
 For their fat love lies in their outward parts :
 But in their breasts, where LOVE his Court should hold,
 Poor CUPID sits, and blows his nails for cold.

WHEN the god of merry love,
 As yet in his cradle lay,
 Thus his wither'd nurse did say :
 " Thou a wanton boy wilt prove,
 To deceive the powers above;
 For by thy continual smiling,
 I see thy power of beguiling."

Therewith she, the babe did kiss ;
 When a sudden fire outcame,
 From those burning lips of his,
 That did her, with love inflame.
 But none would regard the same ;
 So that, to her day of dying,
 The old wretch lived ever crying.

MISTRESS ! since you so much desire,
 To know the place of Cupid's fire.
 In your fair shrine that flame doth rest
 Yet never harboured in your breast.
 It 'bides not in your lips so sweet,
 Nor where the rose and lilies meet ;
 But a little higher, a little higher ;
 There, there, O there lies CUPID's fire.

Even in those starry piercing eyes,
 There, CUPID's sacred fire lies !
 Those eyes, I strive not to enjoy,
 For they have power to destroy.
 Nor woo I for a smile or kiss.
 So meanly triumphs not my bliss ;
 But a little higher, a little higher ;
 I climb to crown my chaste desire.

YOUR fair looks inflame my desire !
 Quench it again with love !
 Stay, O strive not still to retire !
 Do not inhuman prove !
 If love may persuade,
 Love's pleasures, Dear ! deny not !
 Here is a silent grovy shade,
 O tarry the 1, and fly not !

Have I seized my heavenly delight
 In this unhaunted grove?
 Time shall now her fury requite,
 With the revenge of love.
 Then come! Sweetest! come,
 My lips with kisses gracing,
 Here let us harbour all alone,
 Die, die in sweet embracing!

Will you now so timely depart,
 And not return again?
 Your sight lends such life to my heart,
 That to depart is pain.
 Fear yields no delay,
 Secureness helpeth pleasure.
 Then, till the time gives safer stay,
 O farewell! my life's treasure!



HE MAN of life upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
 From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity:

The man whose silent days,
 In harmless joys are spent;
 Whom hopes cannot delude,
 Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
 Nor armour for defence;
 Nor secret vaults to fly
 From thunder's violence.

He, only, can behold,
 With unaffrighted eyes,
 The horrors of the deep
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares,
 That fate or fortune brings;
 He makes the heaven his book,
 His wisdom, heavenly things.

Good thoughts, his only friends;
 His wealth, a well-spent age:
 The earth, his sober Inn,
 And quiet Pilgrimage.

WHEN thou must home, to shades of underground,
 And there arrived, a new admired guest,
 The beauteous spirits do engirt the round,
 White IOPE, blithe HELEN, and the rest,
 To hear the stories of thy finisht love,
 From that smooth tongue, whose music, hell can move.

Then, wilt thou speak of banquetting delights,
 Of masks and revels which sweet youth did make,
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
 And all these triumphs, for thy beauty sake:
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.



OME, let us sound with melody, the praises
Of the King's King, th'omnipotent Creator,
Author of number, that hath all the world
In harmony framed.

Heav'n is His throne perpetually shining,
His divine power and glory, thence He thunders,
One in All, and All still in One abiding,
Both Father and Son.

O sacred S P R I T E ! invisible, eternal,
Ev'rywhere, yet unlimited, that all things
Can'st in one moment penetrate, revive me !
O Holy S P I R I T !

Rescue ! O rescue me from earthly darkness !
Banish hence all these elemental objects !
Guide my soul, that thirsts ! to the lively fountain
Of thy divineness !

Cleanse my soul, O GOD ! thy bespotted image !
Altered with sin, so that heavenly pureness,
Cannot acknowledge me ; but in thy mercies,
O Father of grace !

But when once Thy beams do remove my darkness ;
O then, I'll shine forth, as an angel of light,
And record, with more than an earthly voice, Thy
Infinite honours.

F I N I S .

SONGS BY PHILIP ROSSETER.



WEET! come again!
 Your happy sight, so much desired,
 Since you from hence are now retired,
 I seek in vain:
 Still I must mourn,
 And pine in longing pain;
 Till you, my life's delight, again
 Vouchsafe your wisht return.

If true desire,
 Or faithful vow of endless love,
 Thy heart inflamed, may kindly move
 With equal fire;
 O then my joys,
 So long distraught, shall rest,
 Reposèd soft in thy chaste breast,
 Exempt from all annoys.

You had the power
 My wand'ring thoughts first to restrain,
 You first did hear my love speak plain;
 A child before;
 Now it is grown
 Confirmed, do you keep it!
 And let it safe, in your bosom sleep,
 There ever made your own!

And till we meet,
 Teach absence inward art to find,
 Both to disturb and please the mind ;
 Such thoughts are sweet :
 And such remain
 In hearts whose flames are true ;
 Then such will I retain, till you
 To me return again !



ND would you see my mistress' face ?
 It is a flowery garden place,
 Where knots of beauties have such grace,
 That all is work, and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,
 Where day is breeding, never born ;
 It is a meadow, yet unshorn,
 Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
 Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex :
 It is th' Idea of her sex :
 Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of Death that smiles,
 Pleasing, though it kills the whiles :
 Where Death and Love in pretty wiles,
 Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,
 It is the feigned Elizium's truth :
 The spring, that wintered hearts reneweth ;
 And this is that my soul pursueth.

NO GRAVE for woe, yet earth my watery tears devours,
 Sighs want air; and burnt desires, kind pity's showers:
 Stars hold their fatal course, my joys preventing.
 The earth, the sea, the air, the fire, the heavens vow
 my tormenting.

Yet still I live, and waste my weary days in groans,
 And with woful tunes adorn despairing moans.
 Night still prepares a more displeasing morrow,
 My day is night, my life my death, and all but sense of
 sorrow.

IF I URGE my kind desires,
 She, unkind, doth them reject;
 Women's hearts are painted fires,
 To deceive them that affect.
 I, alone, love's fires include;
 She, alone, doth them delude.

She hath often vowed her love;
 But, alas! no fruit I find.
 That her fires are false I prove,
 Yet, in her, no fault I find.
 I was thus unhappy born,
 And ordained to be her scorn.

Yet if human care or pain,
 May the heavenly order change;
 She will hate her own disdain,
 And repent she was so strange:
 For a truer heart than I,
 Never lived, nor loved to die.

WHAT heart's content can he find,
 What happy sleeps can his eyes embrace,
 That bears a guilty mind?
 His taste, sweet wines will abhor,
 No music's sound can appease the thoughts
 That wicked deeds deplore.
 The passion of a present fear,
 Still makes his restless motion there;
 And, all the day, he dreads the night,
 And, all the night, as one aghast, he fears the morning
 light.

But he that loves to be loved,
 And, in his deeds, doth adore heaven's power,
 And is with pity moved;
 The night gives rest to his heart,
 The cheerful beams do awake his soul,
 Revived in every part.
 He lives a comfort to his friends,
 And heaven to him, such blessing sends,
 That fear of hell cannot dismay
 His steadfast heart that is [?]

LET HIM that will be free, and keep his heart from
 care,
 Retired alone, remaining where no discomforts
 are.
 For when the eye doth view his grief, or hapless ear his
 sorrow bears,
 Th' impression still in him abides, and ever in one shape
 appears.

Forget thy griefs, betimes ! Long sorrow breeds long pain,
For joy far fled from men, will not return again ;
O happy is the soul, which heaven ordained to live in endless
peace !
His life is a pleasing dream, and every hour his joys in-
crease.

You heavy sprites ! that love in severed shades to dwell,
That nurse despair, and dream of unrelenting hell ;
Come sing this happy song ! and learn of me the Art of True
Content !
Load not your guilty souls with wrong ! and heaven, then,
will soon relent.

REPROVE not love ! though fondly thou hast lost
Greater hopes by loving.
Love calms ambitious spirits ; from their breasts
Danger oft removing.
Let lofty humours mount up on high,
Down again like to the wind ;
While private thoughts vowed to love,
More peace and pleasure find.

Love and sweet beauty make the stubborn mild,
And the coward fearless ;
The wretched miser's care, to bounty turns,
Cheering all things cheerless.
Love chains the earth and heaven,
Turns the spheres, guides the years in endless peace.
The flowery earth, through his power,
Receives her due increase.

AND would you fain the reason know,
 Why my sad eyes, so often flow?
 My heart ebbs joy, when they do so,
 And loves the moon by whom they go.

And will you ask, "Why pale I look?"
 'Tis not with poring on my book:
 My mistress' cheek, my blood hath took,
 For her, mine own hath me forsook.

Do not demand, "Why I am mute?"
 Love's silence doth all speech confute.
 They set the note, then tune the lute;
 Hearts frame their thoughts, then tongues their suit.

Do not admire, "Why I admire?"
 My fever is no other's fire:
 Each several heart hath his desire;
 Else proof is false, and truth a liar.

If why I love, you should see cause!
 Love should have form like other laws,
 But Fancy pleads not by the claws,
 'Tis as the sea, still vexed with flaws.

No fault upon my love espy!
 For you perceive not with my eye;
 My palate, to your taste may lie,
 Yet please itself deliciously.

Then let my sufferance be mine own!
 Sufficeth it these reasons shown,
 Reason and love are ever known
 To fight, till both be overthrown.

WHEN LAURA smiles, her sight revives both night and day ;
 The earth and heaven views with delight, her wanton play :
 And her speech, with ever-flowing music, doth repair
 The cruel wounds of sorrow and untamed despair.

The sprites, that remain in fleeting air,
 Affect, for pastime, to untwine her tressèd hair :
 And the birds think sweet AURORA, Morning's Queen, doth shine,
 From her bright sphere, when LAURA shows her looks divine.

DIANA's eyes are not adorned with greater power
 Than LAURA's, when she lists awhile, for sport, to lower :
 But when she her eyes encloseth, blindness doth appear
 The chiefest grace of beauty, sweetly seated there.

LOVE hath no fire, but what he steals from her bright eyes ;
 Time hath no power, but that which in her pleasure lies :
 For she, with her divine beauties, all the world subdues,
 And fills with heavenly spirits, my humble Muse.

LONG have mine eyes gazed with delight,
 Conveying hopes unto my soul ;
 In nothing happy, but in sight
 Of her, that doth my sight control :
 But now, mine eyes must lose their light.

My object, now, must be the air ;
 To write in water, words of fire ;
 And teach sad thoughts how to despair :
 Desert must quarrel with Desire.
 All were appeased were she not fair.

For all my comfort, this I prove,
That VENUS on the sea was born :
If seas be calm, then doth she love ;
If storms arise, I am forlorn.
My doubtful hopes, like wind do move.

THOUGH far from joy, my sorrows are as far,
And I both between ;
Not too low, nor yet too high
Above my reach, would I be seen.
Happy is he, that so is placed,
Not to be envied, nor to be disdained or disgraced.

The higher trees, the more storms they endure.
Shrubs be trodden down.
But the mean, the Golden Mean,
Doth only all our fortunes crown :
Like to a stream, that sweetly slideth
Through the flowery banks, and still in the midst his
course guideth.

SHALL I come, if I swim ? Wide are the waves, you
see !
Shall I come, if I fly, my dear Love ! to thee ?
Streams, VENUS will appease ; CUPID gives me wings.
All the powers assist my desire,
Save you alone, that set my woful heart on fire !

You are fair, so was HERO, that in Sestos dwelt ;
She a priest, yet the heat of love truly felt.
A greater stream than this, did her love divide ;
But she was his guide, with a light :
So, through the streams, LEANDER did enjoy her sight.



Y ME! that love should Nature's work accuse,
Where cruel LAURA still her beauty views;
River, or cloudy jet, or crystal bright,
Are all but servants of herself, delight.

Yet her deformèd thoughts, she cannot see;
And that's the cause she is so stern to me.
Virtue and duty can no favour gain:
A grief, O death! to live and love in vain.



HALL then a trait'rous kiss or a smile,
All my delights unhappily beguile?
Shall the vow of feigned love receive so rich regard;
When true service dies neglected, and wants his
due reward?

Deeds meritorious soon be forgot,
But one offence no time can ever blot;
Every day it is renewed, and every night it bleeds,
And with bloody streams of sorrow drowns all our better
deeds.

Beauty is not by Desert to be won;
Fortune hath all that is beneath the sun.
Fortune is the guide of Love; and both of them be blind:
All their ways are full of errors; which no true feet can
find.



F I HOPE, I pine; if I fear, I faint and die;
So between hope and fear, I desperate lie,
Looking for joy to heaven, whence it should come:
But hope is blind; joy, deaf; and I am dumb.

Yet, I speak and cry ; but, alas, with words of woe :
 And joy conceives not them that murmur so.
 He that the ears of joy will ever pierce,
 Must sing glad notes, or speak in happier verse.

UNLESS there were consent 'twixt hell and heaven,
 That grace and wickedness should be combined ;
 I cannot make thee and thy beauties even !
 Thy face is heaven ! and torture in thy mind !
 For more than worldly bliss is in thy eye ;
 And hellish torture in thy mind doth lie.

A thousand Cherubim fly in her looks ;
 And hearts, in legions, melt upon their view :
 But gorgeous covers wall up filthy books,
 Be it sin to say, that so your eyes do you ?
 But, sure, your mind adheres not with your eyes !
 For what they promise, that your heart denies !

But, O, lest I religion should misuse ;
 Inspire me thou, that ought'st thyself to know !
 (Since skillless readers, reading do abuse)
 What inward meaning, outward sense doth show ?
 For by thy eyes and heart, chosen and contemned !
 I waver ; whether savèd or condemned.

IF SHE forsake, I must die !
 Shall I tell her so ?
 Alas, then strait she will reply,
 " No ! no ! no ! no ! no ! "
 If I disclose my desperate state,
 She will but make sport thereat,
 And more unrelenting grow.

What heart can long, such pains abide ?
Fie upon this love !
I would adventure far and wide,
If it would remove.
But LOVE will still my steps pursue,
I cannot, his ways eschew :
Thus, still helpless, hopes I prove.

I do my love in lines commend,
But, alas, in vain ;
The costly gifts, that I do send,
She returns again :
Thus still is my despair procured,
And her malice more assured.
Then come Death, and end my pain !

WHAT is a day, what is a year
Of vain delight and pleasure ?
Like to a dream, it endless dies,
And from us like a vapour flies :
And this is all the fruit that we find,
Which glory in worldly treasure.

He that will hope for true delight,
With virtue must be graced ;
Sweet folly yields a bitter taste,
Which ever will appear at last :
But if we still in virtue delight,
Our souls are in heaven placed.

KIND in unkindness, when will you relent ?
And cease with faint love, true love to torment ?
Still entertained ; excluded still I stand.
Her glove still hold, but cannot touch the hand.

In her fair hand, my hopes and comforts rest :
O might my fortunes, with that hand be blest !
No envious breaths then my deserts could shake ;
For they are good, whom such, true love doth make.

O let not beauty so forget her birth,
That it should fruitless home return to earth !
Love is the fruit of beauty, then love one !
Not your sweet self ! for such self-love is none.

Love one that only lives in loving you !
Whose wronged deserts, would you with pity view ;
This strange distaste which your affection sways,
Would relish love : and you find better days.

Thus till my happy sight your beauty views !
Whose sweet remembrance still my hope renews :
Let these poor lines solicit love for me !
And place my joys, where my desires would be !

WHAT then is love, but mourning ?
What desire, but a self-burning,
Till she, that hates, doth love return ?
Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,
“ Come away ! come away, my darling ! ”

Beauty is but a blooming,
Youth in his glory entombing ;
Time hath a while, which none can stay :
Then come away, while thus I sing,
“ Come away ! come away, my darling ! ”

Summer, in winter fadeth ;
Gloomy night, heavenly light shadeth :
Like to the morn, are VENUS' flowers ;
Such are her hours ! Then will I sing,
" Come away ! come away, my darling ! "

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold ;
There is, underneath the sun,
Nothing, in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest ;
None are worst, and none are best ;
Grief and joy, and hope and fear,
Play their pageants everywhere.
Vain opinion all doth sway ;
And the World is but a Play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
Mocking our poor apish wit ;
That so lamely, with such state,
Their high glory imitate.
No ill can be felt, but pain ;
And that, happy men disdain.

FINIS.



TWO BOOKS OF AIRS.

I. DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS.

II. LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS.

BY

THOMAS CAMPION, M.D.

*To the Right Honourable, both in
birth and virtue, FRANCIS,
Earl of CUMBERLAND.*



HAT patron could I choose, great Lord ! but you ?
Grave words, your years may challenge as their
own :

And every note of music is your due,
Whose house, the Muses' Palace I have known.

To love and cherish them, though it descends,
With many honours more, on you in vain :
Preceding fame herein with you contends,
Who hath both fed the Muses, and their train.

These leaves I offer you, Devotion might,
 Herself, lay open. Read them! or else hear
 How gravely, with their tunes, they yield delight
 To any virtuous, and not curious ear!
 Such as they are, accept them! noble Lord!
 If better, better could my zeal afford.

Your Honour's,

THOMAS CAMPION.



To the Reader.



*U*T of many Songs which, partly at the request of friends, partly for my own recreation, were by me, long since, composed: I have now enfranchised a few; sending them forth, divided according to their different subjects, into several books. The first are grave and pious: the second, amorous and light. For he that, in publishing any work, hath a desire to content all palates, must cater for them accordingly.

Non omnibus unum est
 Quod placet, hic spinas colligit, ille rosas.

These Aires were, for the most part, framed, at first, for one voice with the lute or viol: but, upon occasion, they have since been filled with more parts, which whoso please, may use; who like not, may leave. Yet do we daily observe, that when any shall sing Treble to an instrument: the standers by will be offering at

*an inward part out of their own nature ; and, true or false, out it must, though to the perverting of the whole harmony. Also, if we consider well, the Treble tunes (which are with us, commonly called *Airs*) are but Tenors mounted eight notes higher ; and therefore an inward part must needs well become them, such as may take up the whole distance of the diapason, and fill up the gaping between the two extreme parts : whereby though they are not three parts in perfection, yet they yield a sweetness and content, both to the ear and the mind ; which is the aim and perfection of Music.*

*Short *Airs*, if they be skilfully framed, and naturally expressed, are like quick and good Epigrams in Poesy : many of them showing as much artifice, and breeding as great difficulty as a larger poem.*

Non omnia possumus omnes

*said the Roman Epic Poet ; but some there are, who admit only French or Italian *Airs* ; as if every country had not his proper Air, which the people thereof naturally usurp in their music. Others taste nothing that comes forth in print ; as if CATULLUS or MARTIAL's Epigrams were the worse for being published.*

*In these English *Airs*, I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together ; which will be much for him to do, that hath not power over both. The light of this, will best appear to him who hath payseed [weighed] our Monosyllables and Syllables combined : both of which, are so loaded with consonants, as that they will hardly keep company with swift notes, or give the vowel convenient liberty.*

To conclude ; my own opinion of these Songs, I deliver thus.

Omnia nec nostris bona sunt, sed nec mala libris ;

Si placet hac cantes, hac quoque lege legas.

Farewell.

THE FIRST BOOK.
DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS.



UTHOR of Light ! revive my dying sprite !
 Redeem it from the snares of all confounding
 night !

LORD ! light me to Thy blessed way !
 For blind with worldly vain desires, I
 wander as a stray.

Sun and moon, stars and under lights I see ;
 But all their glorious beams are mists and darkness, being
 compared to Thee.

Fountain of health ! my soul's deep wounds recure !
 Sweet showers of pity, rain ! wash my uncleanness, pure !
 One drop of Thy desired grace,
 The faint and fading heart can raise, and in joy's bosom place.
 Sin and death, hell and tempting fiends may rage :
 But GOD, His own will guard ; and their sharp pains and
 grief, in time, assuage.



HERE are all thy beauties now, all hearts enchain-
 ing ?

Whither are thy flatterers gone, with all their
 feigning ?

All fled ! and thou, alone, still here remaining !

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is turned !
 Cold, as thou art, are thy loves ; that so much burned !
 Who die in flatterers' arms, are seldom mourned.

Yet, in spite of envy, this be still proclaimed,
That none worthier than thyself, thy worth hath blamed ;
When their poor names are lost, thou shalt live famed !

When thy story, long time hence, shall be perused ;
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused,
“None ever lived more just, none more abused.”

QUET OF my soul's depth, to Thee ! my cries have
sounded.
Let Thine ears, my complaints receive ! on just fear
grounded.

LORD ! shouldst Thou weigh our faults, who's not con-
founded ?

But, with grace, Thou censurest thine ! when they have errèd,
Therefore shall Thy blessed Name be loved and fearèd.
Even to Thy throne ! my thoughts and eyes are rearèd.

Thee, alone ! my hopes attend ; on Thee ! relying.
In Thy sacred word ! I'll trust : to Thee ! fast flying,
Long ere the watch shall break, the morn descrying.

In the mercies of our GOD, who live securèd,
May of full redemption rest in Him assurèd ;
Their sin-sick souls, by Him shall be recurèd.

VIEW me, LORD ! a work of Thine.
Shall I then lie drowned in night ?
Might Thy grace in me but shine !
I should seem made all of light.

But my soul still surfeits so,
On the poisoned baits of sin ;
That I strange and ugly grow.
All is dark and foul within.

Cleanse me, LORD! that I may kneel
 At thine altar, pure and white.
 They that, once, Thy mercies feel;
 Gaze no more on earth's delight.

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade,
 When the heavenly light appears:
 But the covenants Thou hast made
 Endless; know nor days, nor years.

In Thy Word, LORD! is my trust.
 To Thy mercies, fast I fly!
 Though I am but clay and dust;
 Yet Thy grace can lift me high!

BRAVELY decked; come forth, bright Day!
 Thine Hours, with roses, strew thy way;
 As they well remember.
 Thou received shalt be, with feasts!
 Come, chiefest of the British guests,
 Thou Fifth of November!
 Thou, with triumph, shalt exceed,
 In the strictest Ember;
 For, by thy return, the LORD records His blessed deed.

Britons! frolic at your board!
 But, first, sing praises to the LORD,
 In your congregations.
 He preserved your State alone,
 His loving grace hath made you one
 Of his chosen nations.
 But this light must hallowed be
 With your blest oblations:
 Praise the LORD! for only great and merciful is He.

Death had entered in the gate,
 And Ruin was crept near the State ;
 But Heaven all revealed.
 Fiery powder, hell did make,
 Which ready long the flame to take,
 Lay, in shade concealed.
 GOD us helped, of His free grace :
 None to Him appealed ;
 For none was so bad, to fear the treason, or the place.

GOD, His peaceful monarch chose,
 To Him, the mist He did disclose,
 To Him, and none other :
 This He did, O King! for thee,
 That thou, thine own renown mightest see,
 Which no time can smother.
 May blest CHARLES, thy comfort be,
 Firmer than his brother. [thee!
 May his heart, the love of peace and wisdom learn of

TO MUSIC bent, is my retired mind,
 And fain would I, some Song of Pleasure sing
 But in vain joys, no comfort now I find :
 From heavenly thoughts, all true delight doth spring.
 Thy power, O GOD ! Thy mercies, to record ;
 Will sweeten every note, and every word.

All earthly pomp or beauty to express,
 Is but to carve in snow ; on waves to write.
 Celestial things, though men conceive them less,
 Yet fullest are they in themselves of light.
 Such beams they yield, as know no means to die ;
 Such heat they cast, as lifts the spirit high.



UNE thy music to thy heart,
Sing joy with thanks, and so thy sorrow :
Though Devotion needs not Art,
Sometimes of the poor, the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious ways :
Concord pleaseth more, the less 'tis strained ;
Zeal affects not outward praise,
Only strives to show a love unfeigned.

Love can wondrous things effect,
Sweetest sacrifice, all wrath appeasing ;
Love, the Highest doth respect,
Love alone, to Him is ever pleasing.



OST sweet and pleasing are thy ways, O GOD !
Like meadows decked with crystal streams, and
flowers.

Thy paths, no foot profane hath ever trod !
Nor hath the proud man rested in Thy bowers !
There, lives no vulture, no devouring bear ;
But only doves and lambs are harboured there.

The wolf his young ones, to their prey doth guide ;
The fox his cubs, with false deceit endues ;
The lion's whelp sucks from his dam, his pride .
In hers, the serpent, malice doth infuse :
The darksome desert all such beasts contains :
Not one of them in Paradise remains.



ISE men, patience never want ;
Good men, pity cannot hide :
Feeble spirits only vaunt
Of revenge, the poorest pride.
He alone, forgive that can,
Bears the true soul of a man.

Some there are, debate that seek ;
 Making trouble their content :
 Happy if they wrong the meek,
 Vex them that, to peace are bent :
 Such undo the common tie
 Of mankind, Society.

Kindness grown is, lately, cold ;
 Conscience hath forgot her part :
 Blessed times were known of old,
 Long ere Law became an Art.
 Shame deterred, not Statutes then ;
 Honest love was law to men.

Deeds from love, and words that flow,
 Foster like kind April showers :
 In the warm sun, all things grow,
 Wholesome fruits and pleasant flowers.
 All, so thrives his gentle rays,
 Whereon human love displays.

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
 Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more ;
 Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my
 troubled breast.

O come quickly, sweetest LORD! and take my soul to
 rest !

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
 Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims our eyes :
 Glory there, the sun outshines ; whose beams the Blessed only
 see.

O come quickly, glorious LORD! and raise my sprite to
 Thee !

LIFT up to heaven, sad wretch ! thy heavy sprite !
 What though thy sins, thy due destruction threat ?
 The LORD exceeds in mercy, as in might.
 His ruth is greater, though thy crimes be great.
 Repentance needs not fear the heaven's just rod,
 It stays, even thunder, in the hand of GOD.

With cheerful voice to Him, then cry for grace !
 Thy Faith, thy fainting Hope, with Prayer revive ;
 Remorse for all that truly mourn hath place ;
 Not GOD, but men, of Him themselves deprive :
 Strive then ! and He will help : call Him ! He'll hear.
 The son needs not the father's fury fear.

LO, when back mine eye,
 Pilgrim-like, I cast,
 What fearful ways I spy,
 Which, blinded, I securely past !

But now heaven hath drawn
 From my brows, that night ;
 As when the day doth dawn,
 So clears my long imprisoned sight.

Straight the Caves of Hell,
 Dressed with flowers I see :
 Wherein False Pleasures dwell,
 That, winning most, most deadly be.

Throngs of masked fiends,
 Winged like angels, fly.
 Even in the gates of friends.
 In fair disguise, black dangers lie.

Straight to heaven I raised,
 My restored sight :
 And, with loud voice, I praised
 The LORD of ever-during light.

And since I had strayed
 From His ways, so wide :
 His grace I humbly prayed,
 Henceforth to be my guard and guide.



BY the streams of Babylon,
 Far from our native soil we sat ;
 Sweet Sion ! thee we thought upon,
 And every thought a tear begat.

Aloft the trees, that spring up there,
 Our silent harps we pensive hung.
 Said they that captived us, " Let's hear
 Some song, which you in Sion sung ! "

Is then the song of our GOD fit
 To be profaned in foreign land ?
 O Salem ! thee when I forget,
 Forget his skill may my right hand !

Fast to the roof, cleave may my tongue,
 If mindless I, of thee be found !
 Or if, when all my joys are sung,
 Jerusalem be not the " ground."

Remember, LORD ! how EDOM's race
 Cried, in Jerusalem's sad day ;
 Hurl'd down her walls, her towers deface.
 And, stone by stone, all level lay.

Curst Babel's seed ! For Salem's sake,
Just ruin, yet, for thee remains !
Blest shall they be, thy babes that take ;
And 'gainst the stones, dash out their brains !



ING a song of joy !
Praise our GOD with mirth !
His flock, who can destroy ?
Is He not LORD of heaven and earth ?

Sing we then secure !
Tuning well our strings ;
With voice, as echo pure,
Let us renown the King of Kings !

First, Who taught the day
From the East to rise ;
Whom doth the sun obey,
When, in the seas, his glories dies ?

He the stars directs
That, in order, stand :
Who, heaven and earth protects ;
But He that framed them with His hand ?

Angels round attend,
Waiting on His will.
Armed millions, He doth send
To aid the good, or plague the ill.

All that dread His name,
And His 'hests observe ;
His arm will shield from shame :
Their steps from truth shall never swerve.

Let us then rejoice !
 Sounding loud His praise :
 So will He hear our voice ;
 And bless, on earth, our peaceful days.



WAKE ! awake ! thou heavy sprite,
 That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin !
 Rise now ! and walk the ways of light !
 'Tis not too late yet to begin.
 Seek heaven, early ! seek it, late !
 True Faith still finds an open gate.

Get up ! get up ! thou leaden man !
 Thy track to endless joy or pain,
 Yields but the model of a span ;
 Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain !
 One minute bounds thy bane, or bliss :
 Then watch and labour, while **time is !**



OME cheerful day ! part of my life, to me :
 For while thou view'st me, with thy fading light ;
 Part of my life doth still depart with thee !
 And I still onward haste to my last night.
 Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly :
 So, every day we live, a day we die.

But O ye nights ! ordained for barren rest,
 How are my days deprived of life in you !
 When heavy sleep, my soul hath dispossessed,
 By feign'd death, life sweetly to renew.
 Part of my life in that, you life deny !
 So, every day we live, a day we die.

SEEK the LORD ! and in His ways persèver !
 O faint not ! but, as eagles, fly !
 For His steep hill is high :
 Then striving, gain the top, and triumph ever !

When, with glory, there, thy brows are crowned ;
 New joys so shall abound in thee !
 Such sights, thy soul shall see ;
 That worldly thoughts shall, by their beams be drowned.

Farewell, World ! thou mass of mere confusion !
 False Light, with many shadows dimmed !
 Old Witch, with new foils trimmed !
 Thou deadly Sleep of Soul, and charmed Illusion !

I, the King will seek ! Of Kings adored.
 Spring of light ! Tree of grace and bliss !
 Whose fruit so sovereign is ;
 That all who taste it, are from death restored.

LIGHTEN, heavy heart ! thy sprite !
 The joys recall, that thence are fled !
 Yield thy breast some living light !
 The man that nothing doth, is dead.
 Tune thy temper to these sounds ;
 And quicken so, thy joyless mind !
 Sloth, the worst and best confounds :
 It is the ruin of mankind.

From her cave, rise all distastes,
 Which unresolved Despair pursues ;
 Whom, soon after, Violence hastes
 Herself, ungrateful, to abuse.
 Skies are cleared with stirring winds.
 Th'unmoved water moorish grows.
 Every eye much pleasure finds,
 To view a stream that brightly flows.

JACK and JOAN, they think no ill,
 But loving live, and merry still ;
 Do their week-days' work, and pray
 Devoutly on the holy day :
 Skip and trip it on the green,
 And help to choose the Summer Queen ;
 Lash out, at a country feast,
 Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
 And tell, at large, a winter tale ;
 Climb up to the apple loft,
 And turn the crabs till they be soft.
 TIB is all the father's joy,
 And little TOM, the mother's boy.
 All their pleasure, is Content ;
 And Care, to pay their yearly rent.

JOAN can call, by name, her cows,
 And deck her windows with green boughs ;
 She can, wreathes and tuttyes make,
 And trim with plums a bridal cake.
 JACK knows what brings gain or loss ;
 And his long flail can stoutly toss :
 Makes the hedge, which others break ;
 And ever thinks, what he doth speak.

Now, you Courtly Dames and Knights !
 That study only strange delights ;
 Though you scorn the homespun gray,
 And revel in your rich array :
 Though your tongues dissemble deep,
 And can your heads from danger keep ;
 Yet, for all your pomp and train,
 Securer lives the silly swain.



ALL looks be pale, hearts cold as stone,
For HALLY now is dead, and gone!
HALLY, in whose sight,
Most sweet sight!
All the earth late took delight.
Every eye, weep with me!
Joys drowned in tears must be.

His ivory skin, his comely hair,
His rosy cheeks, so clear and fair:
Eyes that once did grace
His bright face,
Now in him, all want their place.
Eyes and hearts weep with me!
For who so kind as he?

His youth was like an April flower,
Adorned with beauty, love, and power.
Glory strewed his way;
Whose wreathes gay,
Now are all turned to decay.
Then, again, weep with me!
None feel more cause than we.

No more may his wished sight return,
His golden lamp no more can burn.
Quenched is all his flame.
His hoped fame,
Now, hath left him nought but name.
For him, all weep with me!
Since more, him none shall see.

*To the Right Noble and Virtuous HENRY,
Lord CLIFFORD, son and heir to the Right
Honourable FRANCIS, Earl of CUMBERLAND.*



UCH days as wear the badge of holy red,
Are for Devotion marked and Sage Delight;
The vulgar Low-days undistinguished,
Are left for Labour, Games, and Sportful Sights.

This several and so differing use of time,
Within th'enclosure of one week we find;
Which I resemble in my Notes and Rhyme,
Expressing both in their peculiar kind.

Pure Hymns, such as the Seventh Day loves, do lead;
Grave age did justly challenge those of me:

These Weekday Works, in order that succeed,
Your youth best fits! and yours, young Lord! they be!
As he is, who to them, their being gave;
If th'one, the other you, of force, must have.

Your Honour's

THOMAS CAMPION.

To the Reader.



HAT holy Hymns, with lovers' Cares are knit,
Both in one quire here; Thou mayest think't unfit!
Why dost not blame the Stationer as well,
Who, in the same shop, sets all sorts to sell?
Divine with styles Profane, Grave shelved with Vain,
And some matched worse. Yet, none of him complain!

THE SECOND BOOK.

LIGHT CONCEITS OF LOVERS.



AIN MEN! whose follies make a god of love;

Whose blindness, beauty doth immortal deem.

Praise not what you desire, but what you prove!

Count those things good, that are; not those that seem!

I cannot call her true, that's false to me;
Nor make of women, more than women be.

How fair an entrance breaks the way to love!
How rich of golden hope, and gay delight!
What heart? cannot a modest beauty move!
Who seeing clear day, once, will dream of night?
She seemed a saint, that brake her faith with me;
But proved a women, as all other be.

So bitter is their sweet, that True Content,
Unhappy men, *in* them may never find:
Ah! but *without* them, none. Both must consent,
Else uncouth are the joys of either kind.
Let us then praise their good, forget their ill!
Men must be men; and women, women still.

HOW BAS'LY wert thou chained,
 Fond heart ! by favours feigned ?
 Why lived thy hopes in grace,
 Straight to die disdained ?
 But since th'art, now, beguiled
 By love, that falsely smiled :
 In some less happy place,
 Mourn alone exiled !
 My love still here increaseth,
 And with my love, my grief ;
 While her sweet bounty ceaseth,
 That gave my woes relief.
 Yet 'tis no woman leaves me,
 For such may prove unjust ;
 A goddess thus deceives me !
 Whose faith, who could mistrust ?

A goddess so much graced,
 That Paradise is placed
 In her most heav'nly breast,
 Once by LOVE embraced.
 But LOVE, that so kind proved,
 Is now from her removed :
 Nor will he longer rest,
 Where no faith is loved.
 If powers celestial wound us,
 And will not yield relief ;
 Woe then must needs confound us.
 For none can cure our grief.
 No wonder if I languish,
 Through burden of my smart.
 It is no common anguish,
 From Paradise to part !

HARDEN, now, thy tired heart, with more than flinty
rage!
Ne'er let her false tears, henceforth, thy constant grief
assuage!

Once, true happy days thou saw'st, when she stood firm and
kind,

Both as one, then, lived; and held one ear, one tongue, one
mind.

But, now, those bright hours be fled, and never may return;
What then remains, but her untruths to mourn!

Silly Trait'ress! Who shall, now, thy careless tresses place?
Who, thy pretty talk supply? Whose ear, thy music grace?
Who shall thy bright eyes admire? What lips, triumph with
thine?

Day by day, who'll visit thee, and say "Th'art only mine!"
Such a time there was, GOD wot! but such shall never be.
Too oft, I fear, thou wilt remember me!

QUAT unhopèd for sweet supply!
O what joys exceeding!
What an affecting charm, feel I,
From delight proceeding!
That which I long despaired to be;
To her I am, and she to me.

She that, alone in cloudy grief,
Long to me appearèd:
She now alone, with bright relief,
All those clouds hath clearèd.
Both are immortal and divine:
Since I am hers, and she is mine.

WHERE she, her sacred bower adorns,
The rivers clearly flow ;
The groves and meadows swell with flowers,
The winds all gently blow.
Her sun-like beauty shines so fair ;
Her spring can never fade.
Who then can blame the life that strives
To harbour in her shade ?

Her grace I sought, her love I wooed,
Her love though I obtain ;
No time, no toil, no vow, no faith,
Her wished grace can gain.
Yet truth can tell my heart is hers ;
And her, will I adore !
And from that love when I depart,
Let heaven view me no more !

Her roses, with my prayers shall spring,
And when her trees I praise :
Their bows shall blossom, mellow fruit,
Shall straw her pleasant ways.
The words of hearty zeal have power
High wonders to effect ;
O why should then her princely ear
My words or zeal neglect ?

If she my faith misdeems, or worth ;
Woe worth my hapless fate !
For though time can my truth reveal,
That time will come too late.
And who can glory in the worth,
That cannot yield him grace ?
Content, in every thing is not ;
Nor joy in every place.

But from her bower of joy, since I
 Must now excluded be ;
 And she will not relieve my cares,
 Which none can help, but she :
 My comfort, in her love shall dwell,
 Her love lodge in my breast ;
 And though not in her bower, yet I
 Shall in her temple rest.

FAIN would I, my love disclose,
 Ask what honour might deny ;
 But both love and her I lose,
 From my motion, if she fly.
 Worse than pain is fear to me,
 Then hold in fancy, though it burn !
 If not happy, safe I'll be ;
 And to my cloistered cares return.

Yet, O yet, in vain I strive,
 To repress my schooled desire ;
 More and more the flames revive.
 I consume in mine own fire.
 She would pity, might she know
 The harms that I for her endure.
 Speak then ! and get comfort so,
 A wound long hid, grows most recure.

Wise she is, and needs must know
 All th'attempts that beauty moves :
 Fair she is, and honoured so,
 That she, sure, hath tried some loves.
 If with love I tempt her then,
 'Tis but her due to be desired.
 What would women think of men,
 If their deserts were not admired ?

Women courted, have the hand
To discard what they distaste :
But those dames, whom none demand,
Want oft what their wills embrace.
Could their firmness iron excel,
As they are fair, they should be sought :
When true thieves use falsehood well ;
As they are wise, they will be caught.

GIVE beauty all her right !
She's not to one form tied ;
Each shape yields fair delight,
Where her perfections 'bide.

HELEN, I grant, might pleasing be ;
And ROS'MOND was as sweet as she.

Some, the quick eye commends ;
Some, smelling lips and red ;
Pale looks have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred.
Meadows have flowers, that pleasure move ;
Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime :
She visits every ground,
And favours every time.
Let the old loves, with mine compare ;
My Sovereign is as sweet and fair !

O DEAR ! that I with thee might live,
From human trace removed !
Where jealous care might neither grieve,
Yet each dote on their loved.
While fond fear may colour find, love's seldom pleased :
But, much like a sick man's rest, it's soon diseased.

Why should our minds not mingle so,
 When love and faith are plighted :
 That either might the others know,
 Alike in all delighted ?
 Why should frailty breed suspect, when hearts are fixed ?
 Must all human joys, of force, with grief be mixed ?

How oft have we, ev'n, smiled in tears,
 Our fond mistrust repenting ?
 As snow, when heavenly fire appears,
 So melt love's hate, relenting.
 Vexed kindness soon falls off, and soon returneth :
 Such a flame, the more you quench the more it burneth.



Good men, show ! if you can tell,
 Where doth Human Pity dwell ?
 Far and near, her I would seek,
 So vexed with sorrow is my breast.
 " She," they say, " to all, is meek ;
 And only makes th'unhappy blest."

Oh ! if such a saint there be,
 Some hope yet remains for me :
 Prayer or sacrifice may gain
 From her implored grace, relief ;
 To release me of my pain,
 Or, at the least, to ease my grief.

Young am I, and far from guile,
 The more is my woe the while :
 Falsehood, with a smooth disguise,
 My simple meaning hath abused :
 Casting mists before mine eyes,
 By which my senses are confused.

Fair he is, who vowed to me,
That he only mine would be ;
But, alas, his mind is caught
With every gaudy bait he sees :
And, too late, my flame is taught,
That too much kindness makes men freeze.

From me, all my friends are gone,
While I pine for him alone ;
And not one will rue my case,
But rather my distress deride :
That I think, there is no place,
Where Pity ever yet did bide.



HAT harvest half so sweet is,
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing ?
And straight to be receiver
Of that, which thou art giver !
Rich in bestowing ?
Kiss then, my Harvest Queen !
Full garners heaping,
Kisses, ripest when th'are green,
Want only reaping.

The dove alone expresses,
Her fervency in kisses ;
Of all, most loving.
A creature as offenceless,
As those things that are senseless
And void of moving.
Let us so love and kiss !
Though all envy us :
That which kind, and harmless is ;
None can deny us !



HE peaceful western wind,
 The winter storms hath tamed;
 And Nature, in each kind,
 The kind heat hath inflamed.
 The forward buds so sweetly breathe
 Out of their earthly bowers :
 That heaven, which views their pomp beneath,
 Would fain be decked with flowers.

See how the Morning smiles,
 On her bright eastern hill !
 And, with soft steps, beguiles
 Them that lie slumbering still.
 The music-loving birds are come
 From cliffs and rocks unknown ;
 To see the trees and briars bloom,
 That, late, were overflown.

What SATURN did destroy,
 Love's Queen revives again;
 And now her naked boy
 Doth in the fields remain :
 Where he such pleasing change doth view
 In every living thing ;
 As if the world were born anew,
 To gratify the Spring.

If all things, life present,
 Why die my comforts then ?
 Why suffers my content ?
 Am I the worst of men ?
 O Beauty ! be not thou accused
 Too justly in this case !
 Unkindly, if true love be used ;
 'Twill yield thee little grace !



HERE is none, O none, but you,
That from me, estrange your sight :
Whom mine eyes affect to view,
Or chainèd ears hear with delight.

Other beauties, others move ;
In you ! I all graces find.
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy, that are kind.

Women, in frail beauty trust,
Only seem you fair to me !
Yet prove truly kind and just,
For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet ! afford me then your sight,
That, surveying all your looks,
Endless volumes I may write ;
And fill the world with envied books :

Which, when after ages view,
All shall wonder and despair ;
Woman to find man so true,
Or man, a woman half so fair.



O MANY loves have I neglected,
Whose good parts might move me :
That now I live, of all rejected ;
There is none will love me.
Why is my maiden heat so coy ?
It freezeth, when it burneth.
Loseth what it might enjoy ;
And having lost it, mourneth.

Should I then woo, that have been wooed ;
 Seeking them, that fly me?
 When I my faith with tears have vowed,
 And when all deny me ;
 Who will pity my disgrace,
 Which love might have prevented ?
 There is no submission base,
 Where error is repented.

O happy men ! whose hopes are licensed
 To discourse their passion :
 While women, are confined to silence,
 Losing wished occasion.
 Yet our tongues than theirs, men say,
 Are apter to be moving.
 Women are more dumb than they,
 But in their thoughts more moving.

When I compare my former strangeness
 With my present doting ;
 I pity men, that speak in plainness,
 Their true heart's devoting :
 While we (with repentance) jest
 At their submissive passion.
 Maids, I see, are never blest
 That strange be, but for fashion.



HOUGH your strangeness frets my heart,
 Yet may not I complain :
 You persuade me, " 'Tis but art !
 That secret love must fain !"
 If another, you affect,
 " 'Tis but a show, t'avoid suspect !"
 Is this fair excusing ? O, no ! all is abusing !

Your wished sight, if I desire,
 Suspitious you pretend :
 Causeless, you yourself retire;
 While I, in vain, attend.
 "This, a lover whets," you say,
 "Still made more eager by delay !"
 Is this fair excusing ? O, no ! all is abusing !

When another holds your hand,
 You swear, " I hold your heart !"
 When my rivals close do stand,
 And I sit far apart ;
 "I am nearer yet, than they !
 Hid in your bosom ! " as you say.
 Is this fair excusing ? O, no ! all is abusing !

Would my rival, then I were,
 Some else your secret friend :
 So much lesser should I fear,
 And not so much attend.
 They enjoy you ! every one :
 Yet I must seem your friend alone,
 Is this fair excusing ? O, no ! all is abusing !



OME away ! armed with love's delights !
 Thy spriteful graces, bring with thee !
 When love and longing fights,
 They must the sticklers be.

Come quickly, come ! The promised hour is well-nigh spent ;
 And pleasure being too much deferred, loseth her best content.

Is she come ? O, how near is she !
 How far yet from this friendly place !
 How many steps from me !
 When shall I her embrace ?
 These arms I'll spread, which only at her sight shall close ;
 Attending, as the starry flower, that the sun's noontide knows :



OME, you pretty false-eyed wanton,
 Leave your crafty smiling !
 Think you to escape me now,
 With slipp'ry words beguiling ?
 No, you mocked me th'other day ;
 When you got loose, you fled away ;
 But since I have caught you now,
 I'll clip your wings, for flying,
 Smoth'ring kisses fast I'll heap,
 And keep you so from crying.

Sooner may you count the stars,
 And number hail, down pouring,
 Tell the osiers of the Thames,
 Or Goodwin sands devouring :
 Than the thick-showered kisses here,
 Which now thy tired lips must bear.
 Such a harvest never was,
 So rich and full of pleasure :
 But 'tis spent as soon as reaped,
 So trustless is love's treasure !

HER rosy cheeks, her ever-smiling eyes,
Are spheres and beds, where LOVE in triumph lies :
Her rubine lips, when they, their pearl unlock,
Make them seem, as they did rise
All out of one smooth coral rock.
O that, of other creatures' store I knew,
More worthy, and more rare;
For these are old, and she so new,
That her to them, none should compare.

O could she love! Would she but hear a friend!
Or that she only knew what sighs pretend!
Her looks inflame, yet cold as ice is she.
Do or speak, all's to one end,
For what she is, that will she be.
Yet will I never cease her praise to sing,
Though she gives no regard.
For they that grace a worthless thing,
Are only greedy of reward.

WHERE shall I refuge seek, if you refuse me?
In you, my hope ; in you, my fortune lies,
In you, my life! though you unjust accuse me,
My service scorn! and merit underprize :
O bitter grief! that exile is become
Reward for faith ; and pity, deaf and dumb.

Why should my firmness find a seat so wav'ring?
My simple vows, my love you entertained ;
Without desert, the same again disfav'ring ;
Yet I, my word and passion hold unstained.
O wretched me! that my chief joy should breed
My only grief ; and kindness, pity need.

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*The Third and Fourth
Books of Airs.*

By THOMAS CAMPION, M.D.

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THE THIRD AND FOURTH BOOKS OF AIRS.
By THOMAS CAMPION, M.D.



To my honourable friend, Sir
THOMAS MONSON, Knight and Baronet.



SINCE now those clouds, that lately over-cast
Your fame and fortune, are disperst at last :
And now, since all, to you fair greetings make ;
Some out of love, and some for pity's sake :

Shall I, but with a common style, salute
Your new enlargement ! or stand only mute ?
I, to whose trust and care you durst commit
Your pinèd health, when art despaired of it ?
I, that, in your affliction, often viewed
In you, the fruits of manly fortitude,
Patience, and even constancy of mind
That rock-like stood, and scorned both wave and wind !

Should I, for all your ancient love to me,
Endowed with weighty favours, silent be ?
Your merits, and my gratitude forbid
That either, should in Lethean gulf lie hid ;
But how shall I this work of fame express ?
How can I better, after pensiveness,
Than with light strains of Music, made to move
Sweetly, with the wide spreading plumes of Love ?
These youth-born Airs, then, prisoned in this book,
Which in your bowers much of their being took ;
Accept as a kind offering from that hand,
Which, joined with heart, your virtue may command !
Who loves a sure friend, as all good men do ;
Since such you are, let those affect to you !
And may the joys of that Crown never end,
That innocence doth pity, and defend !

Yours devoted,

THOMAS CAMPION.



THE THIRD BOOK.



FT HAVE I sighed, for him that hears me not;
 Who, absent, hath both love and me forgot.
 O yet I languish still, through his delay:
 Days seem as years, when wished friends
 break their day.

Had he but loved, as common lovers use;
 His faithless stay, some kindness would excuse:
 O yet I languish still, still constant mourn
 For him, that can break vows, but not return.



OW let her change! and spare not!
 Since she proves strange, I care not:
 Feigned love charmed so my delight,
 That still I doted on her sight.
 But she is gone! new joys embracing,
 And my desires disgracing.

When I did err in blindness?
 Or vex her with unkindness?
 If my cares served her alone,
 Why is she thus untimely gone?
 True love abides to th'hour of dying:
 False love is ever flying.

False ! then, farewell for ever !
 Once false, proves faithful never :
 He that boasts now of thy love,
 Shall soon my present fortunes prove.
 Were he as fair as bright ADONIS ;
 Faith is not had, where none is.

WERE my heart, as some men's are ; thy errors would
 not move me ;
 But thy faults I curious find and speak, because I love
 thee :
 Patience is a thing divine ; and far, I grant ! above me.

Foes sometimes befriend us more ; our blacker deeds objecting,
 Than th'obsequious bosom guest, with false respect affecting.
 Friendship is the Glass of Truth, our hidden stains detecting.

While I, use of eyes enjoy, and inward light of reason ;
 Thy observer will I be, and censor ; but in season :
 Hidden mischief to conceal, in State and Love, is treason.

“ **M**AIDS are simple,” some men say,
 “ They, forsooth, will trust no men.”
 But should they men's wills obey ;
 Maids were very simple then.

Truth, a rare flower now is grown,
 Few men wear it in their hearts ;
 Lovers are more easily known,
 By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give
 To a faithless wandering Jew :
 Than a young man's vows believe,
 When he swears, " His love is true !

Love, they make a poor blind child,
 But let none trust such as he !
 Rather than to be beguiled ;
 Ever let me simple be.

SO TIRED are all my thoughts, that sense and spirits
 fail.
 Mourning, I pine, and know not what I ail.
 O what can yield ease to a mind,
 Joy in nothing, that can find ?

How are my powers fore-spoke ? What strange distaste is
 this ?
 Hence ! cruel hate of that which sweetest is !
 Come, come delight ! make my dull brain
 Feel once heat of joy again.

The lover's tears are sweet, their mover makes them so ;
 Proud of a wound, the bleeding soldiers grow.
 Poor I, alone, dreaming, endure
 Grief that knows nor cause, nor cure.

And whence can all this grow ? Even from an idle mind,
 That no delight in any good can find.
 Action, alone, makes the soul blest !
 Virtue dies, with too much rest !

WHY PRESUMES thy pride on that, that must so private
be ?
Scarce that it can good be called, though it seems
best to thee !
Best of all, that Nature framed or curious eye can see.

'Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid ! that, like a blossom, grows ;
Which, who views, no more enjoys ; than on a bush a rose,
That, by many's handling, fades : and thou art one of these !

If to one thou shalt prove true, and all beside reject !
Then art thou but one man's good ; which yields a poor effect :
For the commonest good, by far, deserves the best respect.

But if for this goodness, thou thyself wilt common make ;
Thou art then, not good at all ! So thou canst no way take,
But to prove the meanest good, or else all good forsake.

Be not then of beauty proud ! but so her colours bear,
That they prove not stains to her, that them for grace should
wear :
So shalt thou, to all, more fair than thou wert born appear !

KIND are her answers :
But her performance keeps no day ;
Breaks time, as dancers,
From their own music, when they stray.
All her free favours and smooth words,
Wing my hopes in vain.
O did ever voice so sweet but only feign ?
Can true love yield such delay,
Converting joy to pain ?

Lost is our freedom,
 When we submit to women so :
 Why do we need them,
 When, in their best, they work our woe ?
 There is no wisdom
 Can alter ends, by Fate prefix.
 O why is the good of man with evil mixt ?
 Never were days yet called two,
 But one night went betwixt.



GRIEF ! O spite ! to see poor Virtue scorned,
 Truth far exiled, False Art loved, Vice adored,
 Free Justice sold, worst causes best adorned,
 Right cast by Power, Pity in vain implored.
 O who in such an age, could wish to live ;
 When none can have or hold, but such as give ?

O times ! O men ! to Nature, rebels grown.
 Poor in desert ; in name, Rich ; Proud of shame ;
 Wise but in ill. Your styles are not your own !
 Though dearly bought, Honour is honest fame.
 Old stories, only, goodness now contain ;
 And the true wisdom, that is just and plain.



NEVER to be moved,
 O beauty unrelenting !
 Hard heart ! too dearly loved !
 Fond love, too late repenting !
 Why did I dream of too much bliss ?
 Deceitful hope was cause of this.
 O hear me speak this, and no more,
 " Live you in joy, while I my woes deplore ! "

All comforts despaired,
Distaste your bitter scorning.
Great sorrows unrepaired
Admit no mean in mourning:
Die, wretch! since hope from thee is fled.
He that must die, is better dead.
O dear delight! yet, ere I die,
Some pity show, though you relief deny!

BREAK now, my heart, and die! O no, she may relent
Let my despair prevail! O stay, hope is not spent.
Should she now fix one smile on thee, where were
despair?
The loss is but easy, which smiles can repair.
A stranger would please thee, if she were as fair.

Her must I love or none, so sweet none breathes but she,
The more is my despair, alas, she loves not me;
But cannot time make way for love, through ribs of steel?
The Grecian, enchanted all parts but the heel,
At last a shaft daunted, which his heart did feel.

IF LOVE loves truth, then women do not love,
Their passions all are but dissembled shows.
Now kind and free of favour, if they prove;
Their kindness, straight, a tempest, overthrows.
Then as a seaman, the poor lover fares,
The storm drowns him, ere he can drown his
cares.

But why accuse I women that deceive ?
 Blame then, the foxes for their subtle wile !
 They first, from Nature, did their craft receive :
 It is a woman's nature to beguile.

Yet some, I grant, in loving steadfast grow ;
 But such by use are made, not Nature so.

O why had Nature power at once to frame
 Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Love ?
 O would Deceit had died ! when Beauty came,
 With her divineness, every heart to move.

Yet do we rather wish, whate'er befall ;
 To have fair women false, than none at all.

NOW WINTER nights enlarge
 The number of their hours ;
 And clouds their storms discharge
 Upon the airy towers.
 Let now the chimneys blaze,
 And cups o'erflow with wine,
 Let well-tuned words amaze,
 With harmony divine !
 Now yellow waxen lights
 Shall wait on honey love ;
 While youthful revels, masques, and Courtly sights,
 Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense,
 With lovers long discourse ;
 Much speech hath some defence,
 Though beauty no remorse.
 All do not all things well ;
 Some measures comely tread,
 Some knotted riddles tell,
 Some poems smoothly read.

The summer hath his joys,
 And winter his delights ;
 Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
 They shorten tedious nights.

AWAKE ! thou spring of speaking grace ! Mute rest
 becomes not thee !
 The fairest women while they sleep, and pictures,
 equal be.
 O come and dwell in love's discourses !
 Old renewing, new creating.
 The words which thy rich tongue discourses,
 Are not of the common rating !

Thy voice is as an Echo clear, which Music doth beget,
 Thy speech is as an Oracle, which none can counterfeit :
 For thou alone, without offending,
 Hast obtained power of enchanting !
 And I could hear thee, without ending !
 Other comfort never wanting.

Some little reason, brutish lives with human glory share :
 But language is our proper grace, from which they severed
 are.

As brutes in reason, man surpasses,
 Men in speech excel each other :
 If speech be then, the best of graces,
 Do it not, in slumber smother !

WHAT is it all that men possess, among themselves
 conversing ?
 Wealth or fame, or some such boast, scarce worthy
 the rehearsing.
 Women, only, are men's good ! with them in love conversing.

If weary, they prepare us rest ! If sick, their hand attends us !
 When with grief our hearts are prest, their comfort best
 befriends us !

Sweet or sour, they willing go to share, what fortune sends
 us !

What pretty babes with pain they bear, our name and form
 presenting !

What we get, how wise they keep ! by sparing, wants
 preventing ;

Sorting all their household cares to our observed contenting !

All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words is expressed ;
 GOOD WIFE is the good I praise, if by good men possessed ;
 Bad with bad in ill, suit well ; but good with good live blessed.

FIRE that must flame, is with apt fuel fed,
 Flowers that will thrive, in sunny soil are bred.
 How can a heart feel heat, that no hope finds ?
 Or can he love, on whom no comfort shines ?

Fair ! I confess there's pleasure in your sight !
 Sweet ! you have power, I grant, of all delight !
 But what is all to me, if I have none ?
 Churl, that you are ! t'enjoy such wealth alone !

Prayers move the heavens, but find no grace with you !
 Yet in your looks, a heavenly form I view !
 Then will I pray again, hoping to find,
 As well as in your looks, heaven in your mind !

Saint of my heart ! Queen of my life and love !
 O let my vows, thy loving spirit move !
 Let me no longer mourn, through thy disdain !
 But with one touch of grace, cure all my pain !

IF THOU longest so much to learn, sweet boy! what
'tis to love :
Do but fix thy thought on me, and thou shalt quickly
prove !

Little suit, at first, shall win
Way to thy abashed desire !
But then, will I hedge thee in,
Salamander-like, with fire !

With thee, dance I will, and sing, and thy fond dalliance
bear !

We, the grovy hills will climb, and play the wantons there !
Other whiles we'll gather flowers,
Lying dallying on the grass !
And thus, our delightful hours,
Full of waking dreams, shall pass !

When thy joys were thus at height, my love should turn from
thee !

Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as strange
might be !

Twenty rivals thou shouldst find,
Breaking all their hearts for me !
While to all, I'll prove more kind
And more forward, than to thee !

Thus, thy silly youth, enraged, would soon my love defy !
But, alas, poor soul ! too late ! Clipt wings can never fly !

Those sweet hours which we had past ;
Called to mind, thy heart would burn !
And couldst thou fly, ne'er so fast,
They would make thee straight return !

SHALL I come, sweet love, to thee,
 When the evening beams are set?
 Shall I not excluded be?
 Will you find no feigned let?
 Let me not, for pity, more,
 Tell the long hours at your door!

Who can tell what thief or foe,
 In the covert of the night,
 For his prey, will work my woe;
 Or through wicked foul despite?
 So may I die unredrest,
 Ere my long love be possess.

But to let such dangers pass,
 Which a lover's thoughts disdain:
 'Tis enough in such a place,
 To attend love's joys in vain.
 Do not mock me in thy bed,
 While these cold nights freeze me dead.

THRIE, toss these oaken ashes in the air,
 Thrice, sit thou mute in this enchanted chair;
 Then thrice three times, tie up this true love's knot!
 And murmur, soft, "She will, or she will not."

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
 These screech-owl's feathers! and this prickling briar;
 This cypress, gathered at a dead man's grave;
 That all thy fears and cares, an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies! dance with me a round!
 Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
 In vain! are all the charms I can devise.
 She hath an Art to break them with her eyes.

BE THOU then, my Beauty named,
 Since thy will is to be mine!
 For by that I am enflamed,
 Which on all alike doth shine.
 Others may the light admire,
 I only truly feel the fire.

 But if lofty titles move thee,
 Challenge then a Sovereign's place!
 Say I honour, when I love thee;
 Let me call thy kindness, Grace!
 State and Love, things diverse be,
 Yet will we teach them to agree!

 Or if this be not sufficing;
 Be thou styled my Goddess, then:
 I will love thee, sacrificing!
 In thine honour, hymns I'll pen!
 To be thine, what canst thou more?
 I'll love thee! serve thee! and adore!

FIRE! fire! fire! fire!
 Lo here, I burn in such desire
 That all the tears that I can strain,
 Out of mine idle empty brain,
 Cannot allay my scorching pain.
 Come Trent, and Humber, and fair Thames!
 Dread Ocean! haste with all thy streams!
 And if you cannot quench my fire;
 O drown both me, and my desire!

 Fire! fire! fire! fire!
 There is no hell to my desire.
 See! all the rivers, backward fly!
 And th' Ocean doth his waves deny!
 For fear my heat should drink them dry.

Come heavenly showers then, pouring down !
 Come you, that once the world did drown !
 Some then you spared ; but now save all !
 That else must burn, and with me fall !



SWEET delight ! O more than human bliss,
 With her to live that ever loving is ;
 To hear her speak, whose words are so well placed,
 That she by them, as they by her are graced ;
 Those looks to view, that feast the viewer's eye :
 How blest is he, that may so live and die !

Such love as this, the Golden times did know,
 When all did reap, and none took care to sow ;
 Such love as this, an endless summer makes,
 And all distaste from frail affection takes.
 So loved, so blessed, in my beloved am I ;
 Which till their eyes ache, let iron men envy !



Thus I resolve, and time hath taught me so ;
 Since she is fair and ever kind to me,
 Though she be wild and wanton-like in show ;
 Those little stains in youth, I will not see.
 That she be constant, heaven I oft implore,
 If prayers prevail not, I can do no more.

Palm tree the more you press, the more it grows,
 Leave it alone, it will not much exceed.
 Free beauty if you strive to yoke, you lose :
 And for affection, strange distaste you breed.
 What Nature hath not taught, no Art can frame,
 Wild born be wild still ! though by force you tame !



OME ! O come, my life's delight,
 Let me not in languor pine !
 Love loves no delay ; thy sight,
 The more enjoyed, the more divine ;
 O come, and take from me
 The pain, of being deprived of thee !

 Thou all sweetness dost enclose !
 Like a little world of bliss :
 Beauty guards thy looks ! The rose
 In them, pure and eternal is.
 Come, then ! and make thy flight
 As swift to me, as heavenly light !



OULD my heart, more tongues employ,
 Than it harbours thoughts of grief ;
 It is now so far from joy,
 That it scarce could ask relief.
 Truest hearts, by deeds unkind,
 To despair are most inclined.

Happy minds ! that can redeem
 Their engagements how they please :
 That no joys or hopes esteem,
 Half so precious as their ease.
 Wisdom should prepare men so,
 As if they did all foreknow.

Yet no art or caution can
 Grown affections easily change ;
 Use is such a Lord of man,
 That he brooks worst what is strange.
 Better never to be blest,
 Than to lose all, at the best.

SLEEP, angry beauty! Sleep, and fear not me!
 For who a sleeping lion dares provoke?
 It shall suffice me, here to sit and see,
 Those lips shut up, that never kindly spoke.
 What sight can more content a lover's mind,
 Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind?

My words have charmed her, for secure she sleeps;
 Though guilty much, of wrong done to my love;
 And, in her slumber, see! she, close-eyed, weeps!
 Dreams often, more than waking passions move.
 Plead, Sleep, my cause! and make her soft, like Thee!
 That she, in peace, may wake, and pity me.

SILLY boy! 'tis full moon yet; thy night as day shines
 clearly,
 Had thy youth but wit to fear; thou couldst not love
 so dearly!
 Shortly, wilt thou mourn! when all thy pleasures be bereaved:
 Little knows he how to love, that never was deceived.

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs yet unstained!
 All is artless now you speak; not one word, yet, is feigned!
 All is heaven that you behold, and all your thoughts are
 blessed!
 But no Spring can want his Fall! Each TROILUS hath his
 CRESSID!

Thy well-ordered locks, ere long, shall rudely hang neglected!
 And thy lively pleasant cheer, read grief on earth dejected!
 Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that made thy heart
 so holy!
 And, with sighs, confess, "In love, that too much faith is
 folly!"

Yet be just and constant still ! Love may beget a wonder ;
Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's fatal thunder.
He that holds his sweetheart true, unto his day of dying,
Lives, of all that ever breathed, most worthy the envying.

NEVER love ! unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man !
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see ;
And hang the head, as discontent,
And speak, what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,
Make a show of love to more.
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one.
For what is Courtship, but disguise ?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes !

Men when their affairs require,
Must a while themselves retire :
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk.
If these, and such like you can bear ;
Then like ! and love ! and never fear !

SO QUICK ! so hot ! so mad is thy fond suit !
So rude, so tedious grown, in urging me !
That fain I would, with loss, make thy tongue mute !
And yield some little grace, to quiet thee !
An hour with thee, I care not to converse ;
For I would not be countèd too perverse !

But roofs, too hot would prove for men all fire ;
 And hills, too high for my unused pace ;
 The grove is charged with thorns and the bold briar ;
 Grey snakes, the meadows shroud in every place :
 A yellow frog, alas, will fright me so,
 As I should start, and tremble as I go !

Since then I can, on earth, no fit room find ;
 In heaven, I am resolved, with you to meet !
 Till then, for hope's sweet sake ! rest your tired mind ;
 And not so much as see me in the street !
 A heavenly meeting, one day, we shall have !
 But never, as you dream, in bed, or grave !

SHALL I then hope, when faith is fled ?
 Can I seek love, when hope is gone ?
 Or can I live, when love is dead ?
 Poorly he lives, that can love none.
 Her vows are broke, and I am free ;
 She lost her faith, in losing me.

When I compare mine own events,
 When I weigh others' like annoy :
 All do but heap up discontents,
 That, on a beauty build their joy.
 Thus I, of all complain ; since she
 All faith hath lost, in losing me.

So my dear freedom have I gained,
 Through her unkindness and disgrace :
 Yet could I ever live enchained,
 As she my service did embrace.
 But she is changed, and I am free.
 Faith failing her, love died in me.

*To my worthy friend Master JOHN
MONSON, Son and Heir to Sir
THOMAS MONSON, Knight
and Baronet.*



IN you ! th'affections of your father's friends,
With his inheritance, by right, descends !
But you, your graceful youth so wisely guide,
That his, you hold ; and purchase much beside !
Love is the fruit of Virtue ; for whose sake,
Men only liking, each to other take.
If sparks of virtue shined not in you then
So well, how could you win the hearts of men ?
And since that Honour and well-suited Praise
Is Virtue's Golden Spur : let me now raise
Unto an act mature, your tender age !
This Half commending to your patronage,
Which from your noble father's, but one side
Ordained to do you honour ! doth divide.
And so my love, betwixt you both I part ;
On each side placing you, as near my heart !

Yours ever,

THOMAS CAMPION.

To the Reader.



THE Apothecaries have Books of Gold, whose leaves, being opened, are so light as that they are subject to be shaken with the least breath ; yet rightly handled, they serve both for ornament and use. Such are light Aires.

Some words are in these Books, which have been clothed in music by others, and I am content they then served their turn : yet give me leave to make use of mine own ! Likewise, you may find here some three or four Songs that have been published before : but for them, I refer you to the Player's bill, that is styled, Newly revived, with Additions ; for you shall find all of them reformed, either in words or notes.

To be brief. All these Songs are mine, if you express them well ! Otherwise, they are your own ! Farewell.

Yours, as you are his,

THOMAS CAMPION.



THE FOURTH BOOK.



LEAVE prolonging thy distress !
 All delays afflict the dying,
 Many lost sighs long I spent, to her for
 mercy crying.
 But, now, vain mourning, cease !
 I'll die, and mine own griefs release.

Thus departing from this light
 To those shades that end in sorrow.
 Yet a small time of complaint, a little breath I'll borrow,
 To tell my once Delight,
 " I die, alone, through her despite."



RESPECT my faith ! Regard my service past !
 The hope you winged ; call home to you, at last !
 Great price it is, that I in you shall gain !
 So, great for you hath been my loss and pain !
 My wits I spent and time, for you alone !
 Observing you ! and losing all for one !

Some raised to rich estates, in this time, are ;
 That held their hopes to mine, inferior far :
 Such, scoffing me, or pitying me, say thus,
 " Had he not loved, he might have lived like us ! "
 O then ; dear Sweet ! For love and pity's sake,
 My faith reward ! and from me, scandal take !

THOU joyest, fond boy! to be by many loved!
 To have thy beauty, of most dames approved!
 For this, dost thou thy native worth disguise:
 And playest the sycophant, t'observe their eyes!
 Thy glass thou counsellest, more to adorn thy skin;
 That first should school thee, to be fair within!

'Tis childish, to be caught with pearl or amber!
 And, woman-like, too much to cloy the chamber!
 Youths should the fields affect, heat their rough steeds,
 Their hardened nerves to fit for better deeds.
 Is it not more joy, strongholds to force with swords;
 Than women's weakness take, with looks or words!

Men that do noble things, all purchase glory.
 One man, for one brave act, hath proved a Story:
 But if that one, ten thousand dames o'ercame;
 Who would record it, if not to his shame?
 'Tis far more conquest, with one to live true;
 Than, every hour, to triumph, Lord of new.

VEIL, LOVE, mine eyes! O hide from me
 The plagues that charge the curious mind!
 If beauty private will not be,
 Suffice it yet, that she proves kind.
 Who can usurp heaven's light alone?
 Stars were not made to shine on one!

Griefs past recure, fools try to heal,
 That greater harms on less inflict:
 The pure offend by too much zeal.
 Affection should not be too strict!
 He that a true embrace will find,
 To beauty's faults must still be blind!

FVERY dame affects good fame, whate'er her doings be,
But true praise is Virtue's bays, which none may
wear but she.

Borrowed guise fits not the wise. A simple look is
best.

Native grace becomes a face, though ne'er so rudely drest.

Now such new found toys are sold, these women to dis-
guise ;

That, before the year grows old, the newest fashion dies.

Dames, of yore, contended more, in goodness to exceed ;
Than in pride, to be envied, for that which least they need.
Little lawn then serve the pawn, if pawn at all there were.
Homespun thread, and household bread, then held out all
the year.

But th'attires of women, now, wear out both house and
land.

That the wives in silks may flow ; at ebb, the good men
stand.

Once again, ASTREA ! then, from heaven to earth descend !
And vouchsafe, in their behalf, these errors to amend !
Aid from heaven must make all even, things are so out of
frame,

For let man strive all he can, he needs must please his
dame.

Happy man ! content that gives ; and what he gives,
enjoys !

Happy dame ! content that lives ; and breaks no sleep
for toys !



O SWEET is thy discourse to me,
 And so delightful is thy sight,
 As I taste nothing right, but thee
 O why invented Nature, light?
 Was it alone for beauty's sake,
 That her graced words might better take?

No more can I, old joys recall.
 They now to me become unknown;
 Not seeming to have been at all.
 Alas! how soon is this love grown
 To such a spreading height in me;
 As with it, all must shadowed be!



HERE is a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lilies grow;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
 There cherries grow, which none may buy
 Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row;
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
 Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
 Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes, like angels, watch them still.
 Her brows, like bended bows, do stand;
 Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
 All that attempt, with eye or hand,
 Those sacred cherries to come nigh
 Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

TO HIS sweet lute ; APOLLO sang the motions of the
spheres,
The wondrous orders of the stars, whose course
divides the years ;
And all the mysteries above :
But none of this, could MIDAS move ;
Which purchased him, his ass's ears.

Then PAN, with his rude pipe, began, the country wealth
t'advance,
To boast of cattle, flocks of sheep and goats, on hills, that
dance ;
With much more of this churlish kind :
That quite transported MIDAS' mind,
And held him wrapt in trance.

This wrong, the God of Music scorned, from such a sottish
judge,
And bent his angry bow at PAN, which made the piper
trudge :
Then MIDAS' head he so did trim ;
That every age yet talks of him
And PHÆBUS' right revengèd grudge.

YOUNG and simple, though I am,
I have heard of CUPID's name :
Guess I can what thing it is,
Men desire when they do kiss.
Smoke can never burn, they say,
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so foul or fair,
 To be proud, nor to despair;
 Guess I can, what thing it is
 Men desire when they do kiss.
 Smoke can never burn, they say,
 But the flames that follow may.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind,
 Yet, methinks, a heat I find:
 Like thirst longing, that doth bide
 Ever on my weaker side;
 Where, they say my heart doth move.
 VENUS! Grant it be not love!

If it be, alas, what then!
 Were not women made for men?
 As good 'twere a thing were past,
 That must needs be done at last.
 Roses that are overblown,
 Grow less sweet; then fall alone.

Yet not churl, nor silken gull,
 Shall my maiden blossom pull;
 Who shall not, I soon can tell,
 Who shall, would I could as well!
 This I know, Whoe'er he be,
 Love he must, or flatter me.



OVE me or not; love her I must, or die!
 Leave me or not; follow her, needs must I!
 O that her grace would my wished comforts give!
 How rich in her, how happy should I live!

All my desire, all my delight should be,
 Her to enjoy, her to unite to me :
 Envy should cease, her would I love alone.
 Who loves by looks, is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
 Her would I charm softly, that none should hear.
 But love enforced, rarely yields firm content ;
 So would I love, that neither should repent !

WHAT means this folly ? Now to brave it so,
 And then to use submission !
 Is that a friend, that straight can play the foe !
 Who loves on such condition ?

Though briars breed roses, none the briar affect ;
 But with the flower are pleased.
 Love only loves delight and soft respect :
 He must not be diseased !

These thorny passions spring from barren breasts,
 Or such as need much weeding.
 Love only loves delight and soft respect :
 But sends them not home bleeding.

Command thy humour ! Strive to give content !
 And shame not love's profession !
 Of kindness, never, any could repent,
 That made choice with discretion !

DEAR ! if I with guile, would gild a true intent ;
 Heaping flatt'ries that in heart were never meant :
 Easily could I then obtain,
 What now, in vain, I force !
 Falsehood much doth gain :
 Truth yet holds the better course !

Love forbid that, through dissembling, I should thrive !
 Or, in praising you, myself of truth deprive !
 Let not your high thoughts debase
 A simple truth in me !
 Great is Beauty's grace :
 Truth is yet as fair as she !

Praise is but the wind of pride, if it exceeds,
 Wealth, prized in itself, no outward value needs.
 Fair you are ! and passing fair !
 You know it ! and 'tis true.
 Yet let none despair,
 But to find as fair as you !



LOVE ! where are thy shafts ? thy quiver, and thy bow ?

Shall my wounds only weep, and he ungagèd go ?
 Be just, and strike him too ! that dares contemn thee
 so ?

No eyes are like to thine ! though men suppose thee blind !
 So fair they level ! when the mark they list to find :
 Then, strike ! O strike the heart that bears the cruel mind !

Is my fond sight deceived ? or do I CUPID spy,
 Close aiming at his breast ; by whom, despised, I die !
 Shoot home, sweet LOVE ! and wound him, that he may not
 fly !

O then we both will sit in some unhaunted shade,
 And heal each other's wound, which LOVE hath justly made :
 O hope ! O thought too vain ! how quickly dost thou fade ?

At large, he wanders still. His heart is free from pain ;
 While secret sighs I spend, and tears : but all in vain.
 Yet LOVE ! thou knowest, by right, I should not thus com-
 plain !

BEAUTY is but a painted hell.
 Ay me! ay me!
 She wounds them that admire it,
 She kills them that desire it.
 Give her pride but fuel,
 No fire is more cruel.

Pity from every heart is fled.
 Ay me! ay me!
 Since false desire could borrow,
 Tears of dissembled sorrow;
 Constant vows turn truthless,
 Love cruel, Beauty ruthless.

Sorrow can laugh, and Fury sing.
 Ay me! ay me!
 My raving griefs discover,
 I lived too true a lover.
 The first step to madness,
 Is excess of sadness.

ARE you, what your fair looks express?
 O then be kind!
 From law of Nature, they digress,
 Whose form suits not their mind.
 Fairness seen in th'outward shape,
 Is but the Inward Beauty's ape.

Eyes that of earth are mortal made,
 What can they view?
 All's but a Colour or a Shade!
 And neither always true!
 Reason's sight, that is etern,
 E'en the Substance can discern.

Soul is the Man ; for who will so
 The Body name ?
 And to that power, all grace we owe
 That decks our living frame.
 What, or how had housen been,
 But for them that dwell therein ?

Love in the bosom is begot ;
 Not in the eyes.
 No beauty makes the eye more hot ;
 Her flames, the sprite surprise.
 Let our loving minds then meet !
 For pure meetings are most sweet.

SINCE she, even she, for whom I lived,
 Sweet she, by fate from me is torn ;
 Why am I not of sense deprived ?
 Forgetting I was ever born.
 Why should I languish, hating light ?
 Better to sleep an endless night !

Be it either true or aptly feigned,
 That some, of Lethe's water write :
 'Tis their best medicine, that are pained,
 All thought to lose of past delight.
 O would my anguish vanish so !
 Happy are they, that neither know.

LMUST complain, yet do enjoy my love
 She is too fair, too rich in lovely parts !
 Thence is my grief : for Nature while she strove,
 With all her graces and divinest arts,
 To form her too too beautiful of hue ;
 She had no leisure left, to make her true.

Should I, agrieved, then wish she were less fair?
 That were repugnant to my own desires.
 She is admired, new lovers still repair :
 That kindles daily love's forgetful fires.
 Rest, jealous thoughts ! and thus resolve at last,
 " She hath more beauty, than becomes the chaste."

THINK'ST thou to seduce me then, with words that
 have no meaning !
 Parrots so can learn to prate, our speech by pieces
 gleaning.
 Nurses teach their children so, about the time of weaning.

Learn to speak first ! then to woo ! To wooing, much per-
 taineth ;
 He that courts us, wanting art ; soon falters, when he feigneth.
 Looks asquint on his discourse ; and smiles, when he com-
 plaineth.

Skilful anglers hide their hooks ; fit baits for every season :
 But with crooked pins, fish thou ! as babes do, that want
 reason.
 Gudgeons, only, can be caught, with such poor tricks of treason !

Ruth forgive me ! if I erred, from human heart's compassion,
 When I laughed sometimes too much, to see thy foolish
 fashion !
 But, alas, who less could do, that found so good occasion ?

HER FAIR inflaming Eyes,
 Chief authors of my cares.
 I prayed in humble wise,
 With grace to view my tears.
 They beheld me, broad awake.
 But, alas, no ruth would take.

Her Lips with kisses rich,
 And words of fair delight;
 I fairly did beseech,
 To pity my sad plight :
 But a voice from them brake forth,
 As a whirlwind from the North.

Then to her Hands I fled,
 That can give heart and all;
 To them I long did plead,
 And loud for pity call :
 But, alas, they put me off,
 With a touch worse than a scoff.

So back I straight returned,
 And at her Breast I knocked;
 Where long in vain I mourned,
 Her heart, so fast was locked :
 Not a word could passage find,
 For a rock enclosed her mind.

Then down my prayers made way
 To those most comely parts,
 That make her fly or stay,
 As they affect deserts :
 But her angry Feet, thus moved,
 Fled with all the parts I loved.

Yet fled they not so fast,
As her enraged mind :
Still did I after haste,
Still was I left behind ;
Till I found 'twas to no end,
With a Spirit to contend.



URN all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turn all thy hairs to ears,
Change all thy friends to spies,
And all thy joys to fears :
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,
Conjectures into truth,
Believe what th'envious say,
Let age interpret youth :
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look
Rack every hidden thought,
Or fish with golden hook ;
True love cannot be caught.
For that will still be free
In spite of jealousy!

FINIS.



b.

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AN HOUR'S RECREATION IN MUSIC.

1606.

By RICHARD ALISON, Gentleman.

To the right worthily honoured and
most free respecer of all virtue, his
chiefly esteemed and singular good
patron, Sir JOHN SCUDAMORE,
Knight.



OW noble, how ancient, and how effectual the Art of Music is, many excellent discourses of theorists deeply learned in the science, have already so confirmed and illustrated, that it might seem as much arrogancy in me to attempt the praise thereof, as it argues malice or ignorance in such as seek to exclude it out of divine or human society. I will only allege one testimony out of an Epistle, which that ancient father, MARTIN LUTHER, did write to SENFELIUS the Musician, which is so ample in commendation of this Art, that it were superfluous to add any other.

"Music," saith he, "to devils we know is hateful and intoler-



able ; and I plainly think, neither am I ashamed to aver it, that next to Theology, there is no Art comparable with Music. For it alone, next to Theology, doth effect that which otherwise only Theology can perform ; that is, a quiet and a cheerful mind."

Now if Music merits so high a place as this holy man hath given it, can we deny love and honour to them that, with their grace and bounty, raise the professors thereof ? Or to whom shall we that labour in this quality, better recommend our Works than to our patrons and benefactors ?

Receive therefore, most honoured Knight and my worthiest Patron ! the fruits of your bounties, and the effects of those quiet days which, by your goodness, I have enjoyed. And as the glory of a new-finished house belongs not so much to the workman that built it, as to the Lord that owns it : so if any part of this new Work of mine can excite commendation, the grace is chiefly yours ; though the labour, mine. But because there is no man more distrustful of his own endeavours than I am myself, by the weakness of my nature : I beseech you receive my labours, howsoever, into your protection ; whose worth can best countenance them from misfortune, and spirit defend them. I will only assist you with a poor man's bounty, I mean my many humble prayers to the Highest Protector ; beseeching Him to bless you with long life and prosperity, to His glory, and our comforts, that must ever owe you our service and love.

Your Worship's, wholly devoted,

RICHARD ALISON.



An Hour's Recreation in Music.

By RICHARD ALISON, Gentleman.

(1606.)



HE man upright of life, whose guiltless
heart is free
From all dishonest deeds or thought of
vanity:
That man whose silent days in harmless
joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude, nor sorrow discontent:
That man needs neither towers nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly from thunder's violence.

He only can behold with unaffrighted eyes,
The horrors of the deep, and terrors of the skies,
Thus scorning all the cares, that Fate or Fortune brings,

He makes his heaven his book, his wisdom heavenly things ;
 Good thoughts, his only friends ; his wealth, a well-spent
 age ;

The earth, his sober inn, and quiet pilgrimage.



HEAVY heart ! whose harms are hid,
 Thy help is hurt, thy hap is hard ;
 If thou shouldst break, as God forbid !
 Then should Desert want his reward.
 Hope well to have ! hate not sweet thought !
 Foul cruel storms, fairer calms have brought !
 After sharp showers, the sun shines fair !
 Hope comes likewise after Despair !

In hope, a king doth go to war !
 In hope, a lover lives full long !
 In hope, a merchant sails full far !
 In hope, just men do suffer wrong !
 In hope, the ploughman sows his seed !
 Thus Hope helps thousands at their need !
 Then faint not, heart ! among the rest,
 Whatever chance, hope thou the best !

Though Wit bids Will to blow retreat,
 Will cannot work as Wit would wish :
 When that the roach doth taste the bait,
 Too late to warn the hungry fish :
 When cities burn in fiery flame,
 Great rivers scarce may quench the same :
 If Will and Fancy be agreed,
 Too late for Wit to bid take heed.

But yet it seems a foolish drift,
To follow Will, and leave the Wit :
The wanton horse that runs too swift,
May well be stayed upon the bit ;
But check a horse amid his race,
And, out of doubt, you mar his pace !
Though Wit and Reason doth men teach,
Never to climb above their reach.

I can no more but hope, good heart !
For though the worst doth chance to fall,
I know a wile shall ease thy smart,
And turn to sweet, thy sugared gall.
When thy good will and painful suit
Hath shaken the tree, and wants the fruit:
Then keep thou patience well in store,
That sovereign salve shall heal thy sore !



HO LOVES his life, from love his love doth err ;
And choosing dross, rich treasure doth deny ;
Leaving the pearl, CHRIST's counsel, to prefer,
With selling all we have, the same to buy.
O happy soul, that doth disburse a sum
To gain a Kingdom in the life to come !



Y PRIME of youth is but a frost of cares !
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain !
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares !
 And all my good is but vain hope of gain !
 My life is fled, and yet I saw no sun !
 And now I live, and now my life is done !

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung !
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be green !
 My youth is gone, and yet I am but young !
 I saw the World, and yet I was not seen !
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun !
 And now I live, and now my life is done.



EST with yourselves, you vain and idle brains !
 Which Youth and Age in lewdest Lust bestow,
 And find out frauds, and use ten thousand trains
 To win the soil, where nought but sin doth grow :
 And live with me, you chaste and honest minds !
 Which do your lives in lawful Love employ,
 And know no sleights, but friends for virtue finds,
 And loath the lust, which doth the soul destroy.

For Lust is frail, where Love is ever sound ;
 Lust, outward sweet ; but inward, bitter gall :
 A Shop of Shews, where no good ware is found ;
 Not like to Love, where honest faith is all.
 So that is Lust, where Fancy ebbs and flows,
 And hates and loves, as Beauty dies and grows ;
 And this is Love, where Friendship firmly stands
 On Virtue's rock, and not on sinful sands.

SHALL I abide this jesting ?
I weep, and she's a feasting !
O cruel Fancy ! that so doth blind me
To love one, that doth not mind me.

Can I abide this prancing ?
I weep, and she 's a dancing !
O cruel Fancy ! so to betray me ;
Thou goest about to slay me !

THÈ sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas, is rent in twain ;
The marble stone is pierced at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain ;
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obeyeth the hammer's stroke ;

The stately stag that seems so stout
By yelping hounds at bay is set ;
The swiftest bird that flies about,
At length is caught in fowler's net ;
The greatest fish, in deepest brook,
Is soon deceived with subtle hook.

WHAT if a day, or a month, or a year
Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings !

Cannot a chance of a night or an hour
Cross thy desires with as many sad tormentings ?
Fortune, Honour, Beauty, Youth, are but blossoms dying !
Wanton Pleasure, doating Love are but shadows flying !
All our joys are but toys ! idle thoughts deceiving :
None have power, of an hour, in their lives bereaving.

Earth's but a point to the world, and a Man
Is but a point to the world's comparèd centre !
Shall then a point of a point be so vain
As to triumph in a silly point's adventure ?
All is hazard that we have ! there is nothing biding !
Days of pleasure are like streams through fair meadows
gliding !
Weal and woe, time doth go ! time is never turning !
Secret fates guide our states, both in mirth and mourning !

[THOMAS CAMPION, M.D.]

F I N I S.



Love Posies.

[The manuscript in which this Collection is found,
was written about 1596.]

[*Harl. MS. 6910.*]

There is no smart
Can turn my heart.
I'll never be his,
Whose ring this is.
A small remembrance.
Take me up, as I.
There is a time.
As black as a cony.
You wot what I wish.
Delayed too long.
Never fainthearted.
A foe, where you hate.
Mirth means wells.
A better were fitter.
I am not glad,
If you be sad.
As true in love,
As turtle-dove.
So able, as willing.
Faithful am I,
So will I die.
Respect my mind,
And not my gift.
I require,
But you retire.
I will not refuse thee,
Till life refuse me.

Though a gift be small,
Yet goodwill is all.
I give it thee
To think on me.
Sith hands are tied with hearts'
consent,
Let only death the knot prevent.
Your mouse am I,
So I will die.
Thoughts keep me waking.
Farewell ! till then.
Chastity is a jewel.
A mite for a million.
No revel runs riot.
It is done, what then ?
Wilt thou ? whitt not I ?
A token to present
The absent.
In thee my choice,
I do rejoice.
A token of my goodwill.
Rather die,
Than faith deny.
Chastity, my felicity.
I love no honey.
A friend's gift.
Wear this for a remembrance.

Not the gift,
 But the giver.
 I present the absent.
 Too light to requite.
 I live I, if not I die.
 As brown as a berry.
 The hidden flame burneth hottest.
 Your constancy
 Is my felicity.
 Hope is my only comfort.
 Forgetfulness breeds disdain.
 No chance shall alter mind.
 As faithful, as friendly.
 Accept my goodwill.
 Hold, lest I fall.
 O slay not !
 As you find, so use.
 Wantons waver !
 A New Year's toy.
 I would if I might.
 Love lives in loyalty.
 Accept my gift in loyalty.
 Accept my gift in goodwill.
 Desert deserveth.
 Deserve and then desire.
 Happy choice is my secret joy.
 I favour, as I find.
 In time, or never.
 Desire, what love may require.
 I require,
 But you retire.
 I hope to see
 You yield to me.
 If I may stay,
 Pass one day.

Let me find thee
 In one agree.
 Disdain not me !
 That am happy in thee.
 Death strike ! if
 She show spite.
 O happy time !
 When you yield mine.
 My troubled head
 Wisheth you his bed.
 A friend to one,
 Enemy to none.
 Not the gold, but the giver.
 My love is sure,
 Firm to endure.
 If you will me love,
 I will it quickly prove.
 Never fear to love.
 We join our hearts in GOD.
 Faithful to one,
 And faithless to none.
 A friend to the end.
 Whilst I breathe, I hope.
 Yours by desert.
 More for remembrance,
 Than for recompense.
 To thee, a friend in all.
 Keep secret for me.
 As I love, so I like.
 Fancy flattereth me.
 If thou be well, all is well.
 No beauty without virtue.
 All my wits die in your decay.
 It is pain to part.
 Firm faith flourisheth.
 As you find me, so use me.

My heart is yours.
 Yours in heart.
 Let virtue be thy guide.
 Love and obey.
 Advised choice, admits no change.
 My joy I do enjoy.
 Love and Fortune's best conclusion.
 My choice is made, I am content.
 Away; you hurt me.
 Disdain doubleth death.
 Desire hath set my heart on fire.
 Last but best.
 I mourn till then,
 I know not when.
 Sweet! wipe thine eyes!
 I am fast bound his,
 That gave me this.
 The yoke of friendship.
 Dally, but do it not!
 Faith flattereth not.
 Caught and content.
 Seal me in thy heart!
 With hope, my mind is eased.
 Goodwill is worth goodwill.
 By me to thee.
 Not mine but thine.
 As promise doth bind,
 Be faithful and kind.
 This ring is round and hath no end,
 So is my love unto my friend.
 If you deny, my heart will die.
 If you deny, I wish to die.

I wish my faith could fancy please.
 With hope my mind is eased.
 Forget not him that thinks on you.
 It is good to fish in time.
 GOD's providence is my inheritance.
 Continue you, for I am true.
 The end of my hope.
 To me be true, as I to you.
 A constant mind, I hope to find.
 My choice, no change can like.
 Love envieth not.
 Redeem the time.
 Your faith is my freedom.
 Mine eye is pleased,
 Mine heart is eased.
 Not so able, as willing.
 Let pity plead my suit!
 Naked truth is the anchor of credit.
 Careful to comfort thee.
 In trust, be just!
 Though not rich, yet content.
 Link love with liking.
 Stand to your tackling!
 Finish my desire!
 My constancy continued,
 May not be removed.
 I choose not you, in hope to change.
 Love is a trouble.
 As GOD decreed, so we agreed.
 One pleased, both eased.

True love hath led my heart to
choose.

My heart is dead, if you refuse.

As faithful to thee, as may be.

I vow to be thine !

Long wished, at last obtained.

By desert worthy of praise.

Restless I live.

Loathing life yet living death.

My secret hope in time may hap.

No lack where love.

Pity his part,

Who presenteth thee his heart.

Let love prevail,

Till death doth fail.

Let not absence forget friendship.

Death is gain, life is pain.

Let love increase !

When fortune frowneth,

Then love is changed.

The pledge of her remembrance.

Bold force overcometh high
things.

Together, and for ever.

Blessed are the dead
That die in the LORD.

Be true till death

Doth take thy breath.

Wherever I be,

Think on me.

Friends fail, but GOD never.

Let no man part that GOD hath
joined.

Nothing but GOD above
Can part my love.

No good cometh of idleness.

The courteous person will
well.

Ever, or never.

My rejoicing is repentance.

Yours, or not his own.

If virtue thou embrace,

Thou needs must fear disgrace.

No friend to faith in sickness or
health.

My faith unfeigned, my friend
shall find.

Requite my love.

Remit my love.

GOD guide the hand,
Whereon I stand.

Experientia docet.

Bought wit is best.

Out of sight, out of mind.

Time trieth all things.

Time tarrieth no man.

By faith I live, and faith I give.

O that I were as able as willing!

Speak well, or else be mute.

What joy to a contented mind?

Live in love without mislike.

The man that receiveth well,
fareth not ill.

No labour lost in doing well.

A quiet wife prolongeth life.

Live well, and die never ;

Die well, and live ever.

Repentance deserveth pardon.

GOD made my choice,
To cause my joy.

Fancy is fickle.

Change not thy chosen friend !
Mutual consent in love affords
happy content in life.

That want denies, goodwill supplies.

My body heartless, my grief endless.

Live, love and die
In faith and constancy.

As promise doth bind thee,
So let me find thee.

Gold pure, love a friend sure !

A merry heart is life.

I give it thee
To think on me.

As you find me, so use me !

I wish you joy.

Nothing but to be.

Let patience conquer grief !

A merry heart,
Puts by smart.

I would I were
With you, my Dear !

I would be glad,
If you I had.

If so I may,
I will not say " Nay."

I have done,
If you yield not soon.

Spent is time,
And you not mine !

Remember me,
As I do thee.

If you be pleased,
My heart is eased.

Thy death is mine,
My life is thine.

That love hath wrought

Is dearly bought.

There is no pain
To love in vain.

No heart can starve,
Where love doth carve.

Good luck shall be my lot.

The end doth try a faithful friend

Take in good part
My loving heart !

When this you see,
Remember me !

Love not for gain,
True dealing is plain.

Glad for your goodwill,
Sad for [your] ill.

Better dead, than doubtful.
In trial trusty.

Far off, yet not forgot.

Remember me, as I love thee.

When you see this,
Wish me a kiss. /

I rest in hope, and time.

Your stay, my wound.

I am constant, and love ever

No bravery to beauty.

Reward desert.

Hope, heart's handmaid.

I live to love.

Try as gold,
Fear to be bold.

Cast my deserts !

Pity my passion !

Consent is sweet.

Be resolute till death !

Now, or never !

If once, for ever !
 This, with me.
 Remember your friend !
 Love to be loved !
 To me have regard,
 And with love me reward.
 Suppose you love me !
 Yours to command.
 Oh, that I might !
 Do not to repent
 And so to be shent.
 My affection is my affliction.
 Firm friendship flourisheth.
 Help many, hurt not any.
 Mistrust not the true !
 A friend to hold,
 Is better than gold.
 A friend to find,
 No time unbind.
 I joy to find,
 A constant mind.
 In silence I sorrow.
 Advised choice is void of change.
 In heart I him grave,
 His love-knot this gave.
 In my choice,
 I do rejoice.
 As joined in one,
 So joy in one.
 One quiet ; both happy.
 Stand fast in faith !
 Love and fear GOD !
 GOD hath appointed, I am content.
 No earthly voice
 Shall change my choice.

Never inconstant.
 Continue faithful !
 Rather death, than false of faith.
 Be faithful and loving.
 Homely choice and happy joy.
 In GOD is my trust.
 True love is the bond of peace.
 Keep faith till death !
 No hell to a dissembler.
 If part, I pine.
 No joy to heaven.
 Your perfect friend
 Till ground have end.
 Love unloved, labour ill lost.
 Time shall tell thee,
 How much I love thee !
 Your wrong, my grief.
 No bliss so sweet as this.
 Let not the guiltless mourn !
 My joy consisteth in hope.
 Poverty preventeth me.
 Myself and mine are only thine.
 My hue doth show
 My mistress' woe.
 Better never, if not ever.
 I mourn with silence.
 Contented with my hidden hap.
 Heigh ho !
 Tread off my toe !
 Beauty is brave,
 If love thou have.
 Let virtue guide !
 Your goodness, my happiness.
 A pretty thing for a maiden.
 Hard heart ! adieu !

In silence, yours !
 I see and say nothing.
 Until death !
 Twixt life and death.
 Silent sorrow.
 Love is truth.
 Life in death.
 Still in hope.
 My faith is firm.
 Waver not !
 To thee, a friend in all.
 Absent I am but for a time.
 And will you not
 Fall to my lot ?
 If I hap ill,
 My hope I spill.
 Seldom seen is soon forgot.
 When I was fit,
 I could not sit.
 He meant you his,
 I sent you this.
 One to one
 Is match alone.
 Give him his due,
 That is so true !
 Denials breed my smart.
 Not too fast,
 But to last.
 Slow but sure.
 Hap what may,
 I list not stay.
 And why not I ? if thou agree.
 I die if thou deny.
 Have at all,
 Hap what shall.

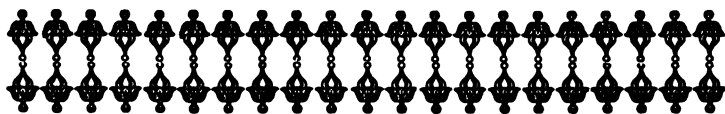
Fear GOD ! love will live ever.
 I nought do crave
 But you to have.
 Outward shape,
 Doth reason hate.
 Where faith doth abide
 There love doth guide.
 Faith absent, desires content.
 Each good thing
 From GOD doth spring.
 No friendlier recompense
 Than true obedience.
 True love with continuance
 Keeps this in remembrance.
 Thou hast my heart, and shall.
 A knot-knit love.
 My words ! myself !
 Yours at midnight, take this in
 hand.
 No longer life
 Than faithful wife.
 I hope my good will help my
 grief.
 Be true in heart,
 Till death depart !
 [i.e. *part from one another.*]
 Let not your heart
 From your love start !
 I like, I love, I live content,
 I made my choice not to repent.
 A pledge that binds
 Two hearts, two minds.
 My ring a toy,
 My wife my joy.
Fides tua, spes mea.
 A gage to love,
 Not to remove.

I still rejoyce
 In my first choice.
 Obey and command !
 Yield and conquer !
Pari jugo, dulcis tractus.
 Be faithful and loving !
 Believe and live !
 One and all, and one is all.
 Retire unstained !
Oh ! quando !
 No more of that !
 Say, but swear not !
 I may not, if I would.
 For virtue, and not for wealth.
 I may and will not.
 Come, kiss me daintily !
 One to one I wish alone.
 Climb not too high !
 Thought is dear bought.
 My mind I frame
 To bear no blame.
 Unity increaseth amity.
 Hate not any !
 Lest hated of many.
 Never dread to love a maid !
 The summer is gay
 For maids to play.
 The shoe maketh me woo.
 Once chosen, never changing.
 No wealth to well content.
 Refuse not friendly faith !
 The heart that is thine,
 I would it were mine.
 If I deserve, I ought to have.

I pray you give my heart again !
 That is desired of many,
 Is hardly kept of any.
 Faint heart delayeth too long.
 I like where I dare not love.
 Are you content ?
 I yield consent !
 Know thyself !
 Keep a mean !
 Restraint augments desire.
 I serve in secret.
 Dread no doubleness !
 Be quick and ready !
 Pity my passions !
 Bent to content.
 My gain is grief.
 Record my love !
 I am glad it likes you.
 The want of thee,
 Is grief to me.
 Your consent,
 My content.
 As joined to thee,
 So joy in me.
 Thy pitiless heart
 Hath wrought my smart.
 Resolve my doubts !
 Death only shall separate.
 Live and enjoy !
 Let constant love content !
 Hope helpeth grief.
 Your faithful friend unto the end.
 Once mine, always thine !

Yours ever though never.	No time altereth me.
No recompense, but remembrance.	Time trieth truth.
My joy consisteth in hope.	For ever or never.
Two bodies, one heart.	A friend's gift.
I receive it thankfully.	Still in hope !
Think on the giver !	Good hope upholds the heart.
As I deserve, so I desire.	True love alone
	Joins two in one.





Love's Garland:

OR

Posies for Rings, Handkerchers, and
Gloves; and such pretty Tokens that
Lovers send their Loves.

Read, Skan, then Judge.

L O N D O N

Printed by N. O. for JOHN SPENCER, and
are to be sold at his shop on London

Bridge. 1624.







Love's Garland.

1. *The Posy of a Handkercher from a young Man to his Love.*



LOVE is a chain whose links of gold,
Two hearts within one bosom hold.

2. *Another signifying the mutual love that should be between Man and Wife.*

In love this good doth still remain,
Though both do give, yet both doth gain.

3. *Another from a doubtful Lover.*
By CUPID's bow, by weal or woe!

4. *A Posy sent with a Pair of Gloves, showing what a young Man should most respect in his choice.*
I love thy Beauty, Virtue most!
For Virtue's found when Beauty's lost.

5. *A Posy of a Ring, from a crossed Lover.*
No hap so hard as love debarred!

6. *Another.*
A happy breast where love doth rest!

7. All perfect love is from above.
The sight of this deserves a kiss.

8. *A young man to his Love, wrought in a Scarf.*
 A constant heart within a woman's breast,
 Is Ophir gold within an ivory chest.

9. *Her kind Answer.*
 Of such a treasure then are thou possesst,
 For thou hast such a heart in such a breast

10. *The Posy of a Ring.*
 To me till death, as dear as breath.

11. *Another.*
 In thee a flame, in me the same.

12. Where once I choose, I ne'er refuse.

13. *Another.*
 No cross so strange, my love to change.

14. *The Posy of a Handkercher from a young Man to his Love.*
 Pray take me kindly, Mistress ! kiſs me too !
 My master swears he'll do as much for you !

15. *A passionate Lover's Posy.*
 Till that from thee I hope to gain :
 All sweet is sour ; all pleasure, pain !

16. *Another of the same cut.*
 Thy love, my light ; disdain, my night.

17. *Another.*
 Tell my Mistress that a Lover
 True as Love itself, doth love her.

18. *Another where the Lover doth protest and request.*
 Hand, heart, and all I have, is thine !
 Hand, heart, and all thou hast, be mine !

19. *Another.*
As you find me, mind me !
20. *The Posy of a young Man to his Love shewing the simplicity and truth of Love.*
Two hands, two feet, two ears, two eyes :
One tongue, one heart, where true love lies.
21. *Another from a Lover, far from his Love.*
Though from mine eye ; yet from my heart,
No distance e'er can make thee part !
22. *Another of the same mark.*
Though absence may annoy :
To me, 'tis a double joy.
23. *A Posy in a Ring.*
Be true to me, as I to thee.
24. *Another.*
God above increase our love !
25. *Another.*
All thine is mine.
26. *Another.*
Ne'er joy in heart that seeks to part.
27. *Another sent with a pair of Bracelets.*
Fair as VENUS ; as DIANA
Chaste and pure is my SUSANNA.
28. *The Posy of a young Man to his Love, shewing what a Woman should be.*
If Woman should to Man be woe,
She should not be what GOD did make her :
That was to be a helper ; so
GOD then did give, Man now doth take her.

29. *The Posy of a Maid cast off, expressing how
light[ly] she takes it.*

Tell him that had my heart in chase,
And now at other games doth fly :
Green Sickness ne'er shall spoil my face ;
Nor puling " Heigh Ho's ! " wet mine eye !

30. *The Posy of a Ring.*
I do rejoyce in thee my choice.

31. *A Posy of a scornful Lover.*
Since thy hot love so quickly's done :
Do thou but go, I'll strive to run !

32. *A Posy shewing Man and Wife to be one.*
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone ;
From one made two are two made one.

33. *Posies for Rings.*
As true to thee, as death to me.

34. *Another.*
If thou deny, I wish to die.

35. *Another.*
In trust, be just.

36. *Another.*
I live if " I [Ay] " : If " No," I die.

37. *Another.*
No bitter smart can change my heart !

38. *Another.*
Rather die than faith deny !

39. *Another.*
Not lust, but love ; as time shall prove.

40.

Another.

To love as I do thee,
Is to love none but me.

41. *A Posy sent by a young Man to his Love in a Handkercher, in which was wrought the fashion of a Heart with wings.*

Of all bad things, a heart with wings is still the worst;
And he that meets with one so fleet, of all's accurst.

42. *The Maiden's reply in a Handkercher, in which was the shape of a Heart with an arrow through it.*

A flying Heart, a piercing dart doth well deserve:
So be it with me, if I from thee shall ever swerve!

43.

Thou mine, I thine.

44.

Another.

Be true to me as I to thee.

45. *A young Maid to her Love in a Scarf.*

She that of all doth love thee dearest,
Doth send thee this; which as thou wearest
And oft dost look on, think on me!
As I by thine do think on thee.

46. *From a young Man to his Love wrought in a Silk Girdle.*

Till death divide, whate'er betide!

47.

Another.

The World's a Lottery! My prize
A love that's fair, as chaste, as wise.

48. *A young Man to his Love, describing the power and ever flourishing virtue of Love.*

Love till Doomsday in his prime;
Like APOLLO robed in gold:
Though it have been as long as Time;
Yet still is young, though Time be old.

49.

Another.

My promise past shall ever last.

50. *From a young man to his Love shewing that Virtue
and Beauty should be together.*

Thy beauty much, thy virtue such, my heart hath fired :
The first alone is worse than none ; but both, admired.

51. *The Posy of a pitiful Lover writ in a Riband Carnation
three pennies broad, and wound about a fair branch
of Rosemary ; upon which he wittily plays thus :*

Rosemary, ROSE, I send to thee ;
In hope that thou wilt marry me.
Nothing can be sweet, ROSE !
More sweeter unto HARRY,
Than marry ROSE :
Sweeter than this Rosemary.

52. *The Sweet Reply, in a conceit of the same cut, sent
by ROSE, with a vial of Rosewater of her making.*

Thy sweet commands again, my sweetest HARRY !
My sweet Rosewater for thy sweet Rosemary :
By which, sweet HAL, sweet ROSE doth let thee see,
Thy love's as sweet to her as hers to thee.

53. *A wanton Lover's wish sent in a Handkercher with a
Cupid wrought in the middle.*

To me by far more fair is my fair ANNE
Than sweet-cheeked LEDA, with her silver swan :
That I ne'er saw, but have the picture seen ;
And wished myself between thine arms, sweet NAN

54.

For a Ring.

Desire like fire doth still aspire.

55.

A Posy sent with a pair of Bracelets

Mine eye did see, my heart did choose ;
True love doth bind till death doth loose.

56. *Another sent with a silk Girdle.*
 Accept of this, my heart withal ;
 My love is great, though this be small.
57. *Another sent with a rich pair of Gloves.*
 This for a certain truth true love approves.
 " The heart's not where it lives, but where it loves."
58. *For Rings.*
 Heart's content can ne'er repent.
59. *Another.*
 My heart and I until I die.
60. Not two but one till life be gone.
61. *A Lover's conceit upon a Bracelet and Partlet*
 [neck-kerchief, or ruff] ; *sent with a*
pair of amber Bracelets.
 Bracelets I'll give, embrace let's ever !
 Let Partlets go, for part let's never.
62. Love ever, or love never.
63. *A Posy sent by a young Man to his Love, with a*
Looking Glass.
 Be true as fair, then past compare !
64. *For a Ring.*
 A woman kind, all joy of mind.
65. As I to thee, so wish to me !
66. *A drooping Lover's conceit, playing upon the word.*
 Hard and Heart in sound are near ;
 And both within thy breast I fear.
67. *Her coy and nipping Reply, in his own invention.*
 The sound's as near in Brace and Brass,
 In Hose and Horse, in Ace and Ass.

68. *The Posy of a young Man, sent with a Scarf.*
For one and love, some say are blind :
I say they see, if thou prove kind.
69. *The Posy of a Handkercher.*
Love and Wine in this degree,
The elder better still they be :
So our long suit then shall be true,
"Change not thy old Love for a new !"
70. *A Posy sent by a young Maiden to her Love, plaitea
in a Bracelet of her own hair.*
When this about thine arm doth rest,
Remember her that loves thee best !
71. *Another from a young Man to his Love
protesting constancy.*
To thee as constant as the sun to day :
Till from this light, I must be forced away.
72. *A Posy sent with a silk Girdle.*
VENUS naked in her chamber,
Wounds more deep than MARS in armour.
73. *The Maid's Answer.*
If such a wound you fear ;
Take heed you come not there !
74. *A drooping Lover's Posy, sent with a pair of Gloves.*
'Tween hope and sad despair I sail ;
Thy help I crave !
My grief the sea, thy breath the sail
May sink or save.
75. *Another of the same kind.*
Hope and despair attend me still :
Hope strives to save ; despair, to kill !

76. Lust loves to range :
Love knows no change.
77. Thine mine, mine thine.
78. Both must be one, or one be none.
79. Love ever, or love never !
80. *A neglected Lover, to his Mistress.*
'Tis true as old, " Hot Love, soon cold !"
81. *Another expressing the power of Love.*
Who is't withstands,
When Love commands?
82. *Short Posies for Rings in prose.*
The loadstone of Love is love.
83. Be true to the end !
84. I live in hope.
85. I like my choice.
86. No change in Virtue's choice !
87. Keep me in mind !
88. Desire hath no rest.
89. I present, thee absent.
90. Not the gift but the giver.
91. Be firm in faith !
92. This and myself.
93. I choose thee, not to change.

94. Advisèd choice admits no change.
 95. Accept my goodwill !
 96. I love no lack.
 97. The heart lives where it loves.
 98. Not me, nor mine ; but ours.
 99. Thy [?], my wish.
 100. Love is the bond of Peace.
 101. No life to Love !
 102. Remember this, and give a kiss !
 103. Thy love I crave, mine thou shalt have.

Good Counsel.

If poor thou art, yet patient bide !
 For after ebb may come a tide :
 Yet at full sea, keep water store !
 That afterward thou want no more.

On the World.

The World's a City furnishèd with spacious streets :
 And Death's the Market Place ; whereat all creatures meet.

When GOD made all, he made all good ;
 So Woman was, if she had stood :
 Though Woman was the cause of fall ;
 Yet JESUS' blood made amends for all.

On a Good Woman.

A wise man poor is like a Sacred Book that's never read.
 To himself he lives, though to the World seems dead :
 Yet this Age counts more of a golden fool
 Than of a thread-bare Saint, nursed up in Wisdom's School.

F I N I S .

CUPID's Posies, For Bracelets, Handkerchers, and Rings; With Scarfs, Gloves, and other things.

Written by CUPID on a day,
When VENUS gave him leave to play.

Verbum sat amanti.

The Lover sheweth his intent
By gifts, that are with Posies sent.

L O N D O N.

Printed by E. C. for J. WRIGHT, next to
the *Globe* in Little Britain.

1674.



*To his Mother VENUS,
CUPID dedicateth
his Posies.*



OTHER, your love to me was shown
 Before that I could go alone ;
 For with Nectar then you fed me,
 And in tender manner bred me :
 Till perceiving once that I
 Was able on my wings to fly ;
 I did descend unto the Earth,
 With my bow to make some mirth.
 For all the World is my Park ;
 Where, when I shoot, I hit the mark.
 Young Men and Maidens are my game ;
 While I, the little Bowman am.
 Yet lest you may think my leisure
 I do only waste in pleasure ;
 These *Posies* I have writ of late :
 Which to you I dedicate,
 That so the love may be exprest,
 Of your Son that loves you best.

CUPID'S Posies.



THAT CUPID callèd am,
 And shall never be a Man ;
 But am still the blindèd Boy
 That breeds Lovers much annoy :
 Having gotten, on a day,
 From my Mother leave to play ;
 And obtainèd use of sight,
 I in wantonness did write
 These same *Posies* which I send,
 And to Lovers do commend.
 Which if they be writ within
 The little circle of a Ring ;
 Or be sent unto your Loves,
 With fine Handkerchers, Gloves :
 I do know that, like my dart,
 They have power to wound the heart ;
 For instead of Flowers and Roses,
 Here are Words bound up in *Posies*.

CUPID's Posies.

1. *A Posy written on a pair of Bracelets, and
 sent by a young Man to his Love.*
My Love, these Bracelets take, and think of them no harm ;
But since they Bracelets be, let them embrace thy arm !

2. *Another.*
 Receive this Sacrifice in part
 From the Altar of my heart !

3. I do owe both Love and Duty
 To your Virtue and your Beauty.

4. *A Posy sent with a pair of Gloves.*
 You are that one
 For whom alone
My heart doth only care :
 Then do but join
 Your heart with mine,
And we will make a pair.

5. *Another.*
 I send to you a pair of Gloves
 If you love me,
 Leave out the G. !
 And make a pair of Loves.

6. *Another.*
 Though these Gloves be white and fair,
 Yet thy hands more whiter are.

7. *Another.*
 These Gloves are happy that kiss your hands,
 Which long have held my heart in CUPID's bands.
8. *The Posy of a Lover to his disdaining Mistress.*
Ut Stella in tenebris,
Sic Amor in adversis.
Englished.
 As the Stars in darkest night, so Love despised shining.
9. *The Posy of a Handkercher sent from a young Man*
to his Love, being wrought in blue silk.
 This Handkercher to you assures
 That this and what I have is yours.
10. *Another.*
 Love is like a hidden flame,
 Which will at last blaze forth again.
11. *Another in Letters.*
 My love is true which I. O. U.:
 As true to me, then C. U. B.
12. *The Posy of a Ring sent to a Maid from her Lover.*
 My constant love shall ne'er remove.
13. *Another.*
 This and I, until I die!
14. *Memento mei!*
 When this you see, remember me!
15. Like to a circle round, no end in love is found:
 Take me with it; for both are fit.
16. *A young Man's conceit to his dear Love, being*
wrought on a Scarf.
 This Scarf is but an emblem of my love;
 Which I have sent, with full intent my service to approve.

17. *Another wherein the Lover seeketh her Love.*

One was the Bow, one was the Dart,
That wounded us both to the heart :
Then since we both do feel one pain,
Let one love cure us both again !

18. *A young Man's Posy to his Sweetheart shewing
that love is most violent in absence.*

Love is a flame that, with a violent desire,
Doth burn us most when we are farthest from the fire.

19. As those that *die* are said for to *depart* ;
So when you went away, all life forsook my heart :
For though with inward pain, I draw my very breath ;
Yet this I will maintain, Departure is a Death.

20. *A Lover coming into a Maiden's chamber in her absence,
did write this Posy on her Looking-Glass.*

In this same Looking-Glass, my watery eyes I see ;
But I do wish that thou couldst shew her cheerful eyes to me.
Yet why do I accuse thee here ?
'Tis not thy fault ! for thou art clear !

21. *Posies of Rings for young Lovers, which have
newly discovered their affection.*

Let me serve till I desire !

22. *Another.*

Had I not spoke, my heart had broke !
The utmost scope of Love is Hope !

23. Love's delight is to unite :
I now do sue for love to you !

24. Love I have, yet love I crave !

25. *A Posy of a young Prentice sent to his Love, with
a pair of amber Bracelets.*

Let these same bind
You to be kind
Unto me for love's own sake!
And when we meet,
With kisses sweet
We will Indentures make!
And I will bind myself to be
In love a Prentice unto thee!

26. *A young Man to his Sweetheart, setting forth the
better effects of a disdained love.*

Love is like a Golden tree,
Whose fruit most pleasant seems to be;
Whiles Disdain doth never sleep
But this Tree of Love doth keep:
Yet I hope you will at last
Think upon my service past!

27. *A Posy sent by a young Man to a pretty young Maid
in the same town, with a very fair Point of
coronation [rose pink] coloured Ribbon.*

My dearest Love, I send this Ribbon Point to thee,
In hope the young Men of the town shall not still point at me:
Because I am thy lover true;
Then grant me thy love, sweet SUE!

28. *The Posy of a Ring.*
Thou art my heart.

29. More dearer to me than life can be.

30. *Another.*
Love is joy, without annoy.

31. *Another.*
'Tis in your will, to save or kill.

32. *A Posy wrought in red silk Letters upon an
ash coloured Scarf.*
Every Letter here doth show
That my heart is linked to you :
And by this token is exprest
That you are She whom I love best.
33. *The Posy of a Handkercher very fairly laced about,
with a flaming Heart wrought in the middle*
Great is the grief that I sustain,
Which is here figured by a flame
That doth torment me in each part,
But chiefly seizeth on my heart :
Yet rather than my heart shall turn
From my faith, in love I'll burn.
34. *From a young Man, to his offended Mistress.*
Dearest, if I have offended ;
Enjoin me then some penance hard,
That my fault may be amended
Ere your favour be debarred :
For if I must penance do,
I'll go unto no Saint but you !
35. *A Posy sent to a Maid, being cunningly interwoven
in a silk Bracelet.*
Kindly take this gift of mine,
For Gift and Giver both are thine !
36. *Posies for Rings.*
Faithful love can ne'er remove.
37. *Another.*
If you consent, I am content.
38. *To his Sweetheart, that had objected against him
for want of means.*
Come, my Love, if love you grant,
What is it that love can want ?
In thee, I have sufficient store.
Grant me thy love, I wish no more !

39. *A Posy sent from a Maid to a young Man, with a
very fair wrought Purse.*

My heart's Purse, you are my wealth !
And I will keep you to myself !

40. *The Posy of a Ring.*

True love well placed is ne'er disgraced.

41. I am your friend unto the end.

42. Yours I am ; be mine again !

43. Love itself discloses by Gifts with Posies.

44. *A Posy sent with a pair of Gloves.*

What should I write ? Some words do move
Suspicion unto those that love :
Then, without any further art,
In one word, you have my heart !

45. *Her Reply.*

Lest for a heart you should complain ;
With mine I send yours back again !
For Love to me this power doth give,
That my heart in your heart doth live.

46. *A young Man's Posy wrought in a Handkercher.*

A maiden virtuous chaste and fair
Is a jewel past compare :
And such are you, in whom I find
Virtue is with Beauty joined.

47. *A Maiden's Posy sent with a willow coloured Point
to a young Man that had forsaken her.*

Your love was like a spark which in the ashes lies,
That shineth for a time, but afterwards it dies :
Since therefore you did faithless prove ;
I do here renounce your love !

48.

Posies for Rings.

Be true to me, as I to thee.

I love none but thee alone.

I do rejoice in thee my choice.

One love, one troth, between us both.

Constant true love comes from above.

You are my friend unto the end.

49. *To his Sweetheart, to whom he sent a Purse with these verses in it.*

Sweet-heart, my love to you I commend ;
And therewithal this purse to you I send :
Which is not filled with silver or with gold ;
Only my heart it doth contain and hold.

50. *To a Maid these lines were sent, with a Scarf.*

This scarf will keep off the rude wind
Which to your lips the way would find.
I would have none know the bliss
But myself, at your sweet kiss :
Which I would have none else to taste,
Lest your stock of kisses waste.

51.

On a Knife.

If you love me as I love you,
Nothing can cut our love in two.

52. *To a Gentlewoman who appointed one to buy her a Mask ; which he bought, and sent it with this Posy.*

It is a pity you should wear a mask !
This is the reason if you ask,
Because it hides your Face so fair
Where roses mixed with lilies are :

It clouds your beauty so that we
 Your cherry Lips can seldom see :
 And from your Face keeps off our eyes ;
 Which is indeed Love's Paradise.

53. *Verses sent with a pair of Bracelets.*

These bracelets like a circle shall
 Environ round your arm.
 Happy are they, whate'er befall,
 That shall be kept warm.
 And may they, like two Circles prove,
 To charm your heart for to love me !
 Let CUPID the Magician be,
 To charm your heart for to love me !

54. *Posies for Rings.*

I will remain always the same.

You and I will Lovers die.

My vow is past, while life doth last.

Lovers' knot once tied, who can divide ?

Verbum sat amanti.

Amo te, si amas me.

I love thee, if thou love me.

55. *To a fair Maid, sent with a Posy of Flowers.*

Beauty is like a flower, sweet Maid !
 Which quickly doth decay and fade :
 Then wisely now make use of time,
 Since you are now even in your prime.

56. *Two lines embroidered on the top of a Pair of Gloves.*

I wish that we two were a pair
 As these happy Gloves here are.

57. *NICK, a farmer's son, sendeth to JOAN HOBSON a yard of blue Ribbon with these lines.*

I send you here of ribbon a whole yard :
And money goeth with me very hard ;
For else this yard, two yards should be,
Since I do hold nothing too dear for thee.
And part therefore my love, if that thou wilt,
In this same ribbon ; which is made of silk.

58. *A Posy wrought on a Handkercher in silk Letters.*

Do not too lightly of me think,
Who write in Letters 'stead of ink.
To send this token I made shift ;
Esteem the giver, and not the gift !

59. *A Posy on a Thimble.*

He that sent me, loveth thee.

60. *A Cabinet being sent to a Gentlewoman, these verses were put in one of the drawers.*

This little Cabinet will conceal
All things which you would not reveal ;
Your letters and your other things,
As your jewels and your rings.
Let me know then in what part,
Or box, you will lay up my heart !
Which with it I do send ; and pray
That in your heart you would it lay.
Let me such favour from you get :
Make your heart, my heart's Cabinet.

61. *To a Maid, a young Man sendeth a silk Girdle.*

This girdle haply shall be placed
To compass round your neat small waist.
I were happy if, in this place,
I might thy slender waist embrace.

62. *A Posy of four lines, written in red letters, the
four sides of a Handkercher.*

Things of most constancy still are
Resembled to solid Square ;
So my triangular heart shall be
A four square figure of constancy.

- 63.

Posies for Rings.

Be thou mine, as I am thine.

In weal and woe, my love I'll show.

I will be true always to you.

There is no joy
Like love without annoy.

Love crossed is best,
And prospers best.

Joy doth abound, where love is found.

My vow that's past, till death shall last.

I love none but you alone.

To thee my heart I give, whilst I here do live.

Love joineth hands in wedlock's bands.

- 64.

*A Posy engraven about a Jewel, sent to a
Gentlewoman.*

There is no jewel I can see
Like love that's set in constancy.

- 65.

A Posy to an unkind disdainful Maid.

Each frown of yours is like a dart
That woundeth me unto the heart.

What conquest were it, if that I
By your cruel frown should die ;
Since love my only trespass is ?
And shall I die, alas, for this ?

66.

Her Reply.

If alas, for love you chance to die ;
'Tis your own folly kills your heart ; not I.

67.

A Posy engraven on a gold Ring.

By this ring of gold,
Take me to have and hold !

68.

Another.

What joy in life to a good Wife ?

69.

A Posy embroidered on a Scarf.

Fairest, wear this scarf that I do send,
That may your beauty from the wind defend :
For I do know the winds, if like to me,
To kiss your lips and cheeks desirous be.

70.

On the choice of a Wife.

If thou intend'st to choose a Wife,
With whom to lead a happy life ;
Look not for Beauty, since there are
Few that can be chaste and fair.
But if thou do her Virtues find,
Which are the beauty of the mind,
Woo her then to gain consent !
For virtuous love can ne'er repent.

CUPID's Conclusion.



UPID's *Posies* now at last are done.
 For if you read them all, you will like some.
 For these new *Posies* are both sweet and
 brief,

And will disclose the sighing Lover's grief.
 For CUPID, having too much idle leisure,
 Composed these *Posies* for his pleasure.

Fair Maids, my *Posies* now are done ;
 Which for your sakes I first begun.
 And young Men here may always choose
 Such *Posies* as they mean to use.
 I CUPID writ them on a day,
 When VENUS gave me leave to play ;
 And if you like them, for my pain :
 Then CUPID means to write again.

F I N I S.

*Posies for Rings, or Mottoes
fit for Presents,*

Collected by

W. P.

[۱۵۷۷.]

Posies for Rings, or Mottoes fit for Presents,
collected by
W. P.

[*The Wits Academy, 1677.*]



LOVE you well, yourself can tell.
Let Virtue guide my lawful Bride !
Sure you mistake! That bargain 's to make.
My tender heart, disdain makes smart.
My love shall ever faithful prove !
I moan because I lie alone.

Absence ne'er parts two loving hearts.
This and the giver are thine for ever.
I vow to kiss her that reads this.
The love I owe in this I show.
No turtle dove shall shew more love !
As I affect thee, so respect me.
The gift is small, but Love is all.
When this you see, remember me !
This to a friend I freely send.
Well directed, if well accepted.
I'll not express what you may guess.
When this you see, think well of me !
Virtue and Love are from above.
More near to me than life can be.
Though friends cross love, we'll meet above !
'Tis Love alone makes two but one.
You and I will Lovers die.
I seek to be both thine and thee.
I am sure to die, if you deny.
In thee each part doth catch a heart.

My true love is endless as this.
 When CUPID fails, the eye prevails.
 Your blest sight is my delight.
 I wish to have, but blush to crave.
 I wish you knew what I owe you.
 My constant love shall ne'er remove.
 Take this in part of my true heart.
 For one sweet kiss I give you this.
 Nothing for thee too dear can be !
 Desire like fire doth still aspire.
 In troth you know it must be so.
 My love you know, then say not " No ! "
 If you this forego, you are my foe !
 I love thee JOAN, and thee alone !
 I love thee JOHN ; therefore come on !
 My mind is bent, and I am content.
 I'll venture till I find Love's centre.
 I were an ass, should I let you pass.
 In midst of grief, Love sends relief.
 Where hearts agree, no strife can be.
 I joy to find a constant mind.
 Love never dies where Virtue lies.
 Love's delight is to unite.
 Let friend nor foe this secret know !
 I must confess love goes by guess.
 The nigher kin, the further in.
 What I have done declare to none !
 My name is HARRY, and DOLL I'll marry !
 Come when you will, I am yours still.
 I'll take my oath, to part I am loath.
 I'll swear and vow that I love you !
 I hope to meet some kisses sweet.
 Though this be small, you shall have all !
 When I am well ; have at thee, NELL !
 I hope your mind 's to love inclined.
 Forgive, or else I cannot live.

You'll ever find me very kind.
I am full of love towards you my dove.
I this present with good intent.
What more I owe, you'll shortly know.
True friends, by love are made amends.
CUPID's command ; who can withstand ?
Think well of me when this you see.
When you see this, blow me a kiss !
My only joy, be not so coy !
I love till death shall stop my breath.
Unto the end, I'll be your friend !



Single Poems.

By RALEIGH, THE EARL OF OXFORD,
THOMAS LODGE, and others.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Concept begotten by the eyes.

[*Poetical Rhapsody.*]



ONCEIPT begotten by the eyes,
Is quickly born and quickly dies ;
For while it seeks our hearts to have
Meanwhile there REASON makes his grave.
For many things the eyes approve,
Which yet the heart doth seldom love.

For as the seeds in springtime sown,
Die in the ground ere they be grown ;
Such is CONCEIPT, whose rooting fails,
As child that in the cradle quails ;
Or else within the mother's womb,
Hath his beginning and his tomb.

AFFECTION follows Fortune's wheels,
And soon is shaken from her heels :
For following beauty or estate,
Her liking still is turned to hate.
For all affections have their change,
And FANCY only loves to range.

DESIRE himself runs out of breath,
And getting, does but gain his death :
DESIRE, nor reason hath, nor rest,
And blind doth seldom choose the best,
DESIRE attained is not desire,
But as the cinders of the fire.

As ships in ports desired are drowned,
As fruit once ripe, then falls to ground,
As flies that seek for flames, are brought
To cinders by the flames they sought :
So fond DESIRE when it attains
The life expires, the woe remains.

And yet some poets fain would prove
AFFECTION to be perfect love ;
And that DESIRE is of that kind
No less a passion of the Mind :
As if wild beasts and men did seek
To like, to love, to choose alike.

W. R.



EDWARD DE VERE, Earl of OXFORD.

What cunning can express ?

[R. S., *Phoenix Nest*. 1593.
J. BODENHAM, *England's Helicon*. 1600.]



HAT CUNNING can express
The favour of her face ?
To whom, in this distress,
I do appeal for grace.
A thousand Cupids fly
About her gentle eye.

From whence, each throws a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
Possessed by desire.
No sweeter life I try,
Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field
That glories in his white ;
For pureness now must yield
And render up his right.
Heaven pictured in her face,
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair CYNTHIA's silver light
That beats on running streams,
Compares not with her white,
Whose hairs are all sunbeams.
Her virtues so do shine
As day, unto mine eyne.

With this there is a red
Exceeds the damask rose :
Which in her cheeks is spread,
Whence every favour grows.
In sky there is no star,
That she surmounts not far.

When PHÆBUS from the bed
Of THETIS doth arise ;
The morning blushing red
In fair carnation-wise,
He shows it in her face
As queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily white,
This taint of roseate red,
This CYNTHIA's silver light,
The sweet fair Dea spread,
These sunbeams in mine eye ;
These beauties make me die.

E. O.

THOMAS LODGE, M.D.

[ROSALYND. 1590.]

ROSALYND'S Madrigal.



LOVE in my bosom like a bee,
doth suck his sweet ;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
now with his feet.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast ;
And yet he robs me of my rest ?
“Ah, wanton ! will ye ?”

And if I sleep, then percheth he,
with pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
the livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string.
He music plays, if so I sing.
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel ! he, my heart doth sting.
“Whist, wanton ! still ye !

Else I with roses, every day
will whip you hence !
And bind you, when you want to play;
for your offence !
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in !
I'll make you fast it for your sin !
I'll count your power not worth a pin !"
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
with many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
because a god.
" Then sit thou safely on my knee !
And let thy bower my bosom be !
Lurk in mine eyes ! I like of thee.
O CUPID ! so thou pity me !
Spare not, but play thee ! "



PHILLADA flouts me.[*Wit Restored.*]

H ! WHAT a pain is love,
 How shall I bear it ?
 She will inconstant prove,
 I greatly fear it.
 She so torments my mind,
 That my strength faileth ;
 And wavers with the wind,
 As a ship that saileth.
 Please her the best I may,
 She looks another way
 Alack and well a day !
 PHILLADA flouts me.

All the fair, yesterday,
 She did pass by me ;
 She lookt another way,
 And would not spy me.
 I wooed her for to dine,
 But could not get her.
 WILL had her to the wine ;
 He might entreat her.
 With DANIEL she did dance,
 On me she lookt askance.
 O thrice unhappy chance !
 PHILLADA flouts me.

Fair maid ! be not so coy.
Do not disdain me !
I am my mother's joy.
Sweet ! entertain me.
She'll give me, when she dies,
All that is fitting :
Her poultry and her bees,
And her geese sitting ;
A pair of mattress beds,
And a bag full of shreds.
And yet for all these goods ;
 PHILLADA flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine,
Wrought with good Coventry;
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity.
But i' faith, if she flinch,
She shall not wear it :
To TIBB my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart,
So soon from her to part ;
Death strikes me with his dart.
 PHILLADA flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
All the year lasting ;
And drink the crystal stream
Pleasant in tasting.
Wig and whey whilst thou burst,
And ramble berry ;
Pie-lid and pasty crust,
Pears, plums and cherry.

PHILLADA FLOUTS ME.

Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weaver's skin !
Yet all's not worth a pin.

PHILLADA flouts me.

Fair maiden ! have a care
And in time take me.
I can have those as fair;
If you forsake me.
For DOLL the dairymaid
Laught on me lately :
And wanton WINIFRID
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes ;
T'other plays with my nose.
What wanton signs are those !

PHILLADA flouts me.


I cannot work and sleep
All at a season ;
Love wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away
With grief and sorrow ;
Like to a fatted beast
Penned in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year ;
And all for very fear

PHILLADA flouts me.

BEN JONSON.

The Hue and Cry after CUPID.

[Masque at Lord HADDINGTON's marriage
on Shrove Tuesday [8 Feb.] 1608.]

VENUS.  IT is no common cause, ye will conceive,
My lovely GRACES! makes your goddess
[leave
Her state in heaven to night, to visit earth.
LOVE late is fled away! My eldest birth
CUPID, whom I did joy to call my son :
And, whom long absent, VENUS is undone.

Spy! if you can, his footsteps on this green.
For here, as I am told, he late hath been
With divers of his brethren, lending light
From their best flames, to gild a glorious night ;
Which I not grudge at, being done for her,
Whose honours to mine own, I still prefer.
But he, not yet returning, I'm in fear,
Some gentle Grace or innocent Beauty here
Be taken with him! or he hath surprised
A second PSYCHE, and lives here disguised!
Find ye no track of his strayed feet?

1ST GRACE.

Not I!

2ND GRACE. Nor I!

3RD GRACE. Nor I!

II

X

322 THE HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

VENUS.

Stay Nymphs ! We then will try
A nearer way. Look all these ladies' eyes,
And see if there he not concealèd lies!
Or in their bosoms, 'twixt their swelling breasts!
(The Wag affects to make himself such nests.)
Perchance he hath got some simple heart, to hide
His subtle shape in. I will have him Cryed,
And all his virtues told! That, when they know
What spright he is, she soon may let him go,
That guards him now! and think herself right
To be so timely rid of such a guest. [blest
Begin, soft GRACES! and proclaim reward
To her that brings him in! Speak, to be heard!

1ST GRACE. Beauties! Have you seen this toy
Called LOVE? A little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say!
He is VENUS' runaway.

2ND GRACE. She that will but now discover
Where the wingèd Wag doth hover;
Shall, to-night, receive a kiss,
How, or where herself would wish
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another!

3RD GRACE. H' hath of marks about him plenty.
You shall know him among twenty!
All his body is a fire;
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

1ST GRACE. At his sight, the sun hath turned :
NEPTUNE in the waters burned :
Hell hath felt a greater heat :
JOVE himself forsook his seat.
From the centre to the sky
Are his trophies reared high.

2ND GRACE. Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart ;
But not stay in any part :
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself, in kisses.

3RD GRACE. He doth bear a golden bow
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
DIAN's shafts ; where if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

1ST GRACE. Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his days are to be cruel.
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths, their warmest blood.
Nought but wounds, his hand doth season ;
And he hates none like to REASON.

2ND GRACE. Trust him not ! His words though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet !
All his practice is deceit !
Every gift it is a bait !
Not a kiss, but poison bears !
And most treason in his tears !

324 THE HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

3RD GRACE. Idle minutes are his reign ;
Then, the Straggler makes his gain :
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'hem joys !
'Tis the ambition of the Elf,
T' have all childish, as himself.

1ST GRACE. If by these, ye please to know him,
Beauties ! be not nice, but show him !

2ND GRACE. Though ye had a will to hide him ;
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him !

3RD GRACE. Since ye hear his falser play ;
And that he is VENUS' runaway.

At this, from behind the trophies, CUPID discovered himself, and came forth armed ; attended by twelve boys most antequely attired, that represented the sports and pretty lightnesses that accompany LOVE, under the titles of JOCI and RISUS ; and are said to wait on VENUS, as she is Prefect of Marriage.



King OBERON'S apparel.

by
Sir Simon Stewens

[*Musarum Delicia.*]



WHEN the monthly hornèd queen
Grew jealous, that the stars had seen
Her rising from ENDYMION'S arms ;
In rage she threw her misty charms
Into the bosom of the night ;
To dim their curious prying light.

Then did the dwarfish fairy elves—
Having first attired themselves—
Prepare to dress their OBERON, king,
In highest robes, for revelling.

In a cobweb shirt, more thin
Than ever spider since could spin ;
Bleached by the whiteness of the snow,
As the stormy winds did blow
It in the vast and freezing air.
No shirt half so fine ! so fair !

A rich waistcoat they did bring,
Made of the trout fly's gilded wing :
At that, his Elfship 'gan to fret,
Swearing it would make him sweat,
Even with its weight ; and needs would wear
His waistcoat wove of downy hair
New shaven from an eunuch's chin.
That pleased him well ; 'twas wondrous thin !

The outside of his doublet was
Made of the four-leaved true-love grass ;
On which was set so fine a gloss,
By the oil of crispy moss,
That through a mist, and starry light,
It made a rainbow every night.
On every seam, there was a lace,
Drawn by the unctuous snail's slow trace ;
To it, the purest silver thread
Compared, did look like dull pale lead.

Each button was a sparkling eye
Ta'en from the speckled adder's fry ;
Which in a gloomy night and dark,
Twinkled like a fiery spark.

And for coolness, next his skin
'Twas with white poppy lined within.

His breeches, of that fleece were wrought,
Which from Colchus, JASON brought ;
Spun into so fine a yarn,
That mortals might it not discern ;
Woven by ARACHNE in her loom,
Last before she had her doom ;
Dyed crimson with a maiden's blush,
And lined with dandely on plush.

A rich mantle, he did wear,
Made of tinsel gossamer ;
Bestarred over with a few
Diamond drops of morning dew.

His cap was all of " lady's love "
So passing light, that it did move
If any humming gnat or fly
But buzzed the air, in passing by.

About it was a wreath of pearl
Dropped from the eyes of some poor girl ;
Pinched, because she had forgot
To leave fair water in the pot.



GEORGE WITHER.

I loved a lass a fair one!

[*A Description of Love.* 1629.]



LOVED a lass, a fair one!
 As fair as e'er was seen:
 She was, indeed, a rare one,
 Another Sheba's Queen!
 But (fool as then I was)
 I thought She loved me too!
 But now, alas, She has left me.
Falero! lero! loo!

I LOVED A LASS, A FAIR ONE!

Her hair, like gold, did glister.
 Each eye was like a star.
 She did surpass her sister,
 Which passed all others, far!
 She would me "Honey!" call:
 She'd, O She'd kiss me, too!
 But now, alas, She has left me.

Falero! lero! loo!

In summer time, to Medley
 My Love and I would go;
 The boatmen there, stood ready
 My Love and I to row.
 For cream, there, would we call,
 For cakes, and for prunes too,—
 But now, alas, She has left me.

Falero! lero! loo!

Many a merry meeting
 My Love and I have had.
 She was "my only Sweeting!"
 She made my heart full glad.
 The tears stood in her eyes
 Like to the morning dew;
 But now, alas, She has left me.

Falero! lero! loo!

And as abroad we walkèd
 (As lovers' fashion is),
 Oft we sweetly talkèd,—
 The sun should steal a kiss;
 The wind, upon her lips,
 Likewise, most sweetly blew,—
 But now, alas, She has left me.

Falero! lero! loo!

Her cheeks were like the cherry ;
 Her skin, as white as snow :
 When She was blithe and merry,
 She angel-like did shew.
 Her waist exceeding small.
 The "fives" did fit her shoe.
 But now, alas, She has left me.

Falero ! lero ! loo !

In summer time, or winter ;
 She had her heart's desire ;
 I still did scorn to stint her
 From sugar, sack, or fire.
 The world went round about ;
 No cares we ever knew ;
 But now, alas, She has left me.

Falero ! lero ! loo !

As we walked home together,
 At midnight, through the town ;
 To keep away the weather,
 O'er her, I'd cast my gown.
 No cold, my Love should feel,
 Whate'er the heavens could do !
 But now, alas, She has left me.

Falero ! lero ! loo !

Like doves, we would be billing,
 And clip and kiss so fast !
 Yet She would be unwilling
 That I should kiss the last.
 They're JUDAS kisses now !
 Since that they proved untrue.
 For now, alas, She has left me.

Falero ! lero ! loo !

I LOVED A LASS, A FAIR ONE!

To maidens' vows and swearing ;
 Henceforth, no credit give,
 You may give them the hearing ;
 But never them believe ;
 They are as False as Fair.
 Unconstant ! Frail ! Untrue !
 For mine, alas, has left me.

Falero ! lero ! loo !

'Twas I, that paid for all things,
 'Twas others drank the wine !
 I cannot, now, recall things ;
 Live but a fool, to pine.
 'Twas I that beat the bush ;
 The bird, to others flew,
 For She, alas, hath left me.

Falero ! lero ! loo !

If ever that Dame NATURE
 (For this false lover's sake),
 Another pleasing creature
 Like unto her, would make ;
 Let her remember this,
 To make the other *true* !
 For this, alas, hath left me.

Falero ! lero ! loo !

No riches now can raise me,
 No want makes me despair,
 No misery amaze me,
 Nor yet for want, I care :
 I have lost a World itself ;
 My earthly heaven, adieu !
 Since She, alas, hath left me.

Falero ! lero ! loo !

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

The Chronicle.

A BALLAD.

[*Miscellaneous Works. 1668.*]

I.



ARGARITA first possest,
If I remember well, my breast ;
MARGARITA, first of all !
But when a while the wanton maid,
With my restless heart had played,
MARTHA took the flying ball.

II.

MARTHA soon did it resign
To the beauteous CATHARINE :
Beauteous CATHARINE gave place
(Though loath and angry she, to part
With the possession of my heart)
To ELIZA's conquering face.

III.

ELIZA, till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose !
Till up in arms my Passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

THE CHRONICLE.

IV.

MARY then, and gentle ANNE
Both to reign at once began :
Alternately they swayed,
And sometimes MARY was the Fair,
And sometimes ANNE the Crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obeyed.

V.

Another MARY then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose.
A mighty tyrant she !
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that iron sceptred Queen ;
Had not REBECCA set me free.

VI.

When fair REBECCA set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me,
But soon those pleasures fled ;
For the gracious Princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride :
And JUDITH reigned in her stead.

VII.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
JUDITH held the sovereign power.
Wondrous beautiful her face ;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit :
And so SUSANNA took her place.

VIII.

But when ISABELLA came,
Armed with a resistless flame
And th' artillery of her eye ;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out SUSAN by the bye.

IX.

But in her place, I then obeyed
Black-eyed BESS, her Viceroy-maid :
To whom ensued a Vacancy.
Thousand worst passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast.
Bless me, from such an anarchy!

X.

Gentle HENRIETTE then,
And a third MARY next began ;
Then JOAN, and JANE, and ANDRIA ;
And then a pretty THOMASINE,
And then another KATHERINE,
And then a long *Et cetera* !

XI.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their State,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines !

XII.

If I should tell their politic arts
To take, and keep men's hearts !
The letters! embassies! and spies !
The frowns ! and smiles ! and flatteries !
The quarrels ! tears ! and perjuries !
Numberless, nameless mysteries !

XIII.

And all the little lime twigs laid
By MACHIAVEL, the waiting maid,
I, more voluminous should grow,
(Chiefly if I, like them, should tell,
All change of weathers that befell,
Than HOLINGSHED, or STOW.

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be ;
Since few of them were long with me
A higher and a nobler strain,
My present Empress does claim ;
HELEONORA, First o' the name,
Whom, GOD grant long to reign !



ABRAHAM COWLEY.

*Sitting and drinking in the chair
made out of the relics of Sir
FRANCIS DRAKE'S ship.*

[Verses lately written upon several
occasions &c. 1663.]

O D E.

I.



HEER up, my mates! The wind does fairly blow.
Clap on more sail, and never spare!
Farewell all lands, for now we are
In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.
Bless me! 'tis hot! Another bowl of wine,
And we shall cut the burning line.
Hey, boys! she scuds away! and by my head I know
We round the world are sailing now.
What dull men are those that tarry at home;
When abroad they might wantonly roam,
And gain experience; and spy too,
Such countries and such wonders as I do.
But prithee, good pilot! take heed what you do;
And fail not to touch at Peru!
With gold there, our vessel we'll store;
And never, and never be poor;
No, never be poor any more.

II.

What do I mean? What thoughts do me misguide?
 As well, upon a staff, may witches ride
 Their fancied journeys in the air;
 As I sail round the ocean in this chair!
 'Tis true! But yet this chair, which here you see,
 For all its quiet now, and gravity,
 Has wandered, and has travelled more
 Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or tree before.
 In every air, and every sea 't has been;
 'T has compassed all the earth, and all the heavens 't has
 seen.
 Let not the Pope's itself, with this, compare!
 This is the only Universal Chair!

III.

The pious wanderer's fleet, saved from the flame
 (Which still the relics did of Troy pursue,
 And took them for its due),
 A squadron of immortal nymphs became:
 Still with their arms they row about the seas,
 And still make new and greater voyages.
 Nor has the first poetic ship of Greece,
 (Though now, a star, she so triumphant show;
 And guide her sailing successors below,
 Bright as her ancient freight, the shining fleece)
 Yet to this day, a quiet harbour found:
 The tide of heaven still carries her around.
 Only DRAKE's sacred vessel, which before
 Had done, and had seen more;
 Than those have done or seen,
 Ev'n since they goddesses, and this a star has been;
 As her reward for all her labour past,

Is made the seat of rest at last.
Let the case now quite altered be :
And as thou went'st abroad the world to see ;
Let the world now come to see thee !

I V.

The world will do 't. For Curiosity
Does no less than Devotion, pilgrims make.
And I myself, who now love quiet too,
As much almost as any chair can do ;
 Would yet a journey take,
An old wheel of that chariot to see,
 Which PHÆTON so rashly brake ;
Yet what could that say more, than these remains of DRAKE ?
Great relic ! Thou too, in this port of ease,
Hast still one way of making voyages !
The Breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale,
 (The great Trade Wind which ne'er does fail)
Shall drive thee round the world ! and thou shalt run
 As long around it as the sun !
The Straits of Time too narrow are for thee ;
Launch forth into an undiscovered sea !
And steer the endless course of vast Eternity !
Take for thy Sail, this verse ! and for thy Pilot, me !



ABRAHAM COWLEY.

The Wish.

I.

[*The Mistress.* 1647.]

ELL then ! I now do plainly see
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats, the soonest cloy :
 And they, methinks, deserve my pity ;
 Who for it, can endure the stings,
 The crowd, and buz, and murmurings
 Of this great hive, the City.

II.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th'grave,
 May I a small house, and large garden have !
 And a few friends, and many books ; both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too !
 And since love ne'er will from me flee,
 A mistress, moderately fair,
 As good as guardian angels are,
 Only beloved, and loving me !

III.

O fountains ! when, in you, shall I
 Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy ?
 O fields ! O woods ! when ? when shall I be made
 The happy tenant of your shade ?
 Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood !
 Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,
 Where all the riches lie ! that She
 Has coined and stamp't for good.

IV.

Pride and Ambition here,
Only in far fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here, nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter;
And nought but echo flatter!
The gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way to thither.

V.

How happy here, should I
And one dear She live; and embracing, die:
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts, solitude!
I should have then this only fear:
Lest men, when they my pleasure see,
Should hither throng to live like me;
And so make a City here.



ANDREW MARVELL, M.P.

Bermudas.

[*Miscellanies*, 1631.]



HERE the remote Bermudas ride
In th'ocean's bosom unespied ;
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song.

“ What should we do, but sing His praise !
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own.

Where He, the huge sea monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs ;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage.

He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything ;
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.

He hangs in shades, the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night ;
And does in the pomegranates 'close,
Jewels more rich than Ormuz shows.

He makes the figs, our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet :

But 'apples, plants of such a price !
No tree could ever bear them twice.

With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land :
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's Pearl upon our coast :
And in these rocks, for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.

O let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault !
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexic Bay."

Thus sung they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.



ANDREW MARVELL, M.P.

The Garden.

I.

[*Miscellanies.* 1681.]



Ow vainly, men themselves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oak, or Bays !
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree ;
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid :
While all flowers, and all trees do close
To weave the Garlands of Repose.

II.

Fair Quiet ! Have I found thee here !
And Innocence, thy sister dear !
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow !
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious solitude.

III.

No white, nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.

Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties, hers exceed.
Fair trees ! wheresoe'er your barks I wound,
No name shall, but your own be found !

I V.

When we have run our passions' heat,
LOVE hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
APOLLO hunted DAPHNE so,
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And PAN did, after SYRINX speed,
Nct as a nymph, but for a reed.

V.

What wondrous life is this, I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head !
The luscious clusters of the vine,
Upon my mouth do crush their wine !
The nectarine and curious peach,
Into my hands, themselves do reach !
Stumbling on melons, as I pass ;
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass !

V I.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness.
The Mind, that Ocean ! where each kind,
Does straight its own resemblance find :
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas !
Annihilating all that's made,
To a green Thought in a green Shade.

VII.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root ;
Casting the Body's vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide.
There, like a bird, it sits and sings ;
Then whets and combs its silver wings :
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes, the various light.

VIII.

Such was that happy garden state,
While Man there walked, without a Mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other Help could yet he meet ?
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there.
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

IX.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew,
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new !
Where from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers ?



ANDREW MARVELL, M. P.

*A Dialogue between the Resolved Soul
and Created Pleasure.*

[*Miscellanies.* 1681.]



COURAGE, my Soul! Now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield!
Close on thy head thy helmet bright!
Balance thy sword against the fight!
See where an army, strong as jair,
With silken banners spreads the air!
Now if Thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat, let it shine!
And show that Nature wants an art
To conquer one resolvèd heart!

PLEASURE. Welcome, the Creation's Guest!
Lord of Earth! and Heaven's Heir!
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of Nature's banquet share!
Where the souls of fruits and flowers
Stand prepared to heighten yours!

SOUL. I sup above; and cannot stay
To bait so long upon the way.

PLEASURE. On these downy pillows lie!
Whose soft plumes will thither fly:
On these roses! strewed so plain,
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

346 THE SOUL AND PLEASURE.

SOUL. My gentler rest is on a Thought;
Conscious of doing what I ought.

PLEASURE. If thou be'st with perfumes pleased,
Such as oft the gods appeased;
Thou, in fragrant clouds, shall show
Like another god below!

SOUL. A soul that knows not to presume,
Is heaven's, and its own perfume.

PLEASURE. Everything does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine eye;
But since none deserves that grace,
In this crystal, view *thy* face!

SOUL. When the Creator's skill is prized;
The rest is all but earth disguised.

PLEASURE. Hark, how Music then prepares
For thy stay these charming airs!
Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river's fall.

SOUL. Had I but any time to lose;
On this, I would it all dispose.
Cease Tempter! None can chain a mind,
Whom this sweet chordage cannot bind.

CHORUS. *Earth cannot show so brave a sight
As when a single Soul does fence
The batteries of alluring Sense;
And heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere! for still new charges sound;
And if thou overcom'st, thou shalt be crowned!*

PLEASURE. All this fair, and cost, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one Beauty meet ;
And she be only thine !

SOUL. If things of Sight such heavens be ;
What heavens are those, we cannot see ?

PLEASURE. Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go,
The minted gold shall lie ;
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy !

SOUL. Wer't not a price, who'd value gold ?
And that's worth nought, that can be sold.

PLEASURE. Wilt thou all the glory have
That war or peace commend ?
Half the world shall be thy slave ;
The other half thy friend !

SOUL. What friends ! if to myself untrue ?
What slaves ! unless I captive you ?

PLEASURE. Thou shalt know each hidden cause !
And see the future time !
Try what depth, the centre draws !
And then to heaven climb !

SOUL. None thither mounts by the degree
Of Knowledge, but Humility.

CHORUS. *Triumph ! triumph ! victorious Soul !
The world has not one pleasure more.
The rest does lie beyond the pole,
And is thine everlasting store !*

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.*Songs.*

SONG.

[Poetical Works. 1707.]



LOVE still has something of the sea !
 From whence his Mother rose ;
 No time, his slaves from Doubt can free,
 Nor give their Thoughts repose.

They are becalmed, in clearest days ;
 And in rough weather tost :
 They wither under cold delays,
 Or are in tempests lost.

One while, they seem to touch the port :
 Then straight into the Main !
 Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
 The vessel drives again.

At first, Disdain and Pride they fear ;
 Which if they chance to 'scape,
 Rivals and Falsehood soon appear
 In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees, to Joy they come,
 And are so long withstood ;
 So slowly they receive the sum,
 It hardly does them good !

'Tis cruel to prolong a Pain !
 And to defer a Joy
 (Believe me, gentle CLEMENT !)
 Offends the wingèd Boy !

A hundred thousand oaths, your fears,
 Perhaps, would not remove!
 And if I gazed a thousand years,
 I could no deeper love!

S O N G.

HEARS not, my PHILLIS! how the birds
 Their feathered mates salute!
 They tell their Passion in their words;
 Must I alone be mute?
*PHILLIS, without frown or smile,
 Sat and knotted all the while!*

The God of Love, in thy bright eyes,
 Does like a tyrant reign!
 But in thy heart, a child he lies,
 Without his dart, or flame!
*PHILLIS, without frown or smile,
 Sat and knotted all the while!*

So many months, in silence past,
 (And yet in raging love)
 Might well deserve One Word, at last
 My Passion should approve!
*PHILLIS, without frown or smile,
 Sat and knotted all the while!*

Must then, your faithful Swain expire!
 And not one look obtain!
 Which he, to sooth his fond Desire,
 Might pleasingly explain!
*PHILLIS, without frown or smile,
 Sat and knotted all the while!*

S O N G.

PHILLIS! Men say that all my vows
 Are to thy fortune, paid!
 Alas, my heart, he little knows;
 Who thinks my love a Trade!

Were I, of all these woods the Lord!
 One berry, from thy hand,
 More real pleasure would afford!
 Than all my large command.

S O N G.

PHILLIS is my only joy!
 Faithless as the winds or seas;
 Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
 Yet She never fails to please!
 If with a frown,
 I am cast down:
 PHILLIS smiling,
 And beguiling,
 Makes me happier than before!

Though, alas, too late I find,
 Nothing can her Fancy fix!
 Yet the moment, She is kind;
 I forgive her all her tricks!
 Which, though I see,
 I can't get free!
 She deceiving,
 I believing;
 What need lovers wish for more!

CHARLES COTTON.

Winter.

[Poems on several occasions]



ARK! HARK! I hear the north wind roar.
See how he riots on the shore!
And with expanded wings outstretcht,
Ruffles the billows on the beach.

Hark! how the routed waves complain,
And call for succour to the main;
Flying the storm as if they meant
To creep into the continent.

Surely all ÆOL's huffing brood
Are met to war against the flood;
Which seems surprised, and has not yet
Had time his levies to complete.

The beaten bark, her rudder lost,
Is on the rolling billows tost;
Her keel now ploughs the ooze, and soon
Her topmast tilts against the moon.

'Tis strange the pilot keeps his seat,
His bounding ship does so curvet:
Whilst the poor passengers are found
In their own fears, already drowned.

Now fins do serve for wings, and bear
Their scaly squadrons through the air ;
Whilst the air's inhabitants do stain
Their gaudy plumage in the main.

Now stars concealed in clouds, do peep
Into the secrets of the deep :
And lobsters spuèd from the brine ;
With Cancer's constellations, shine.

Sure NEPTUNE's watery kingdoms yet,
Since first their coral graves were wet ;
Were ne'er disturbed with such alarms,
Nor had such trial of their arms.

See where a liquid mountain rides,
Made up of innumerable tides ;
And tumbles headlong on the strand :
As if the sea would come to land.

A sail ! a sail ! I plainly spy
Betwixt the ocean and the sky ;
An argosy, a tall built ship,
With all her pregnant sails atrip.

Nearer and nearer she makes way,
With canvas wings, into the bay ;
And now upon the deck appears
A crowd of busy mariners.

Methinks, I hear the cordage crack,
With furrowing NEPTUNE's foaming back ;
Who wounded and revengeful, roars
His fury to the neighbouring shores.

With massy trident high, he heaves
Her sliding keel above the waves ;
Opening his liquid arms to take
The bold invader in his wreck.

See how she dives into his chest !
Whilst raising up his floating breast,
To clasp her in ; he makes her rise
Out of the reach of his surprise.

Nearer she comes, and still doth sweep
The azure surface of the deep ;
And now at last the waves have thrown
Their rider on our Albion.

Under the black cliff's spumy base,
The sea-sick hulk her freight displays ;
And as she walloweth on the sand,
Vomits her burden to the land.

With heads erect and plying oar,
The shipwrecked mates make to the shore ;
And dreadless of their danger, climb
The floating mountains of the brine.

Hark ! hark ! the noise their echo makes,
The islands, silver waves to shake ;
Sure with these throws the labouring main
Is delivered of a hurricane.

And see the seas becalmed behind,
Not crispt with any breeze of wind ;
The tempest has forsook the waves,
And on land begins his braves.

Hark ! hark ! their voices higher rise,
They tear the welkin with their cries.
The very rocks their fury feel,
And like sick drunkards nod and reel.

Louder and louder, still they come
Nile's cataracts to these are dumb.
The CYCLOPS to these blades, are still ;
Whose anvils shake the burning hill.

Were all the stars enlightened skies,
As full of ears as sparkling eyes ;
This rattle in the crystal hall,
Would be enough to deaf them all.

What monstrous race is hither tost,
Thus to alarm our British coast
With outcries ; such as never yet
War or confusion could beget.

Oh ! now I know them, let us home.
Our mortal enemy is come.
WINTER and all his blust'ring train
Have made a voyage o'er the main.

Banisht the countries of the sun,
The fugitive is hither run ;
To ravish from our fruitful fields
All that the teeming season yields.

Like an invader, not a guest ;
He comes to riot, not to feast :
And in wild fury overthrows
Whatever does his march oppose.

With bleak and with congealing winds,
The earth in shining chains he binds ;
And still as he doth further pass,
Quarries his way with liquid glass.

Hark ! how the blusterers of the Bear,
Their gibbous cheeks in triumph tear ;
And with continued shouts do ring
The entry of their palsied King.

The squadron nearest to your eye
Is his Forlorn of infantry ;
Bowmen of unrelenting minds,
Whose shafts are feathered with the winds.

Now you may see his Vanguard rise
Above the earthly precipice ;
Bold horse, on bleakest mountains bred,
With hail instead of provend fed.

Their lances are the pointed locks,
Torn from the brows of frozen rocks ;
Their shields are crystals, as their swords,
The steel the rusted rock affords.

See the Main body now appears !
And hark ! the Æolian trumpeters,
By their hoarse levets, do declare
That the bold General rides there.

And look where mantled up in white
He sleds it like the Muscovite.
I know him by the port he bears,
And his life-guards of mountaineers.

Their caps are furred with hoary frost,
The bravery their cold kingdom boasts ;
Their spongy plaids are milk-white frieze
Spun from the snowy mountains' fleece.

Their partisans are fine carved glass,
Fringed with the morning's spangled grass ;
And pendant by their brawny thighs,
Hang scimitars of burnisht ice.

See ! see ! the Rearward now has won
The promontory's trembling crown ;
Whilst at their numerous spurs, the ground
Groans out a hollow murmuring sound.

The Forlorn now halts for the Van,
The Rearguard draws up to the Main ;
And now they altogether crowd
Their troops into a threatening cloud.

Fly ! fly ! the foe advances fast.
Into our fortress, let us haste ;
Where all the roarers of the north
Can neither storm, nor starve us forth.

There underground a magazine
Of sovereign juice is collared in,
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

'Tis that, that gives the poet rage,
And thaws the jellied blood of age ;
Matures the young, restores the old,
And makes the fainting coward bold.

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow ;
Or else go whistle to the shore
And make the hollow mountains roar.

While we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit ;
Where though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We think of all the friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to ;
When having drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall want health than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity ;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy, th'opprest
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favour return again more kind ;
And in restraint who stifled lie,
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success,
The lovers shall have mistresses,
Poor unregarded virtue, praise ;
And the neglected poet, bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would ;
For freed from envy and from care,
What would we be ? but what we are.

'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice
That does this happiness produce ;
And will preserve us free together,
Maugre mischance or wind and weather.

Then let Old WINTER take his course,
And roar abroad till he be hoarse ;
And his lungs crack with ruthless ire ;
It shall but serve to blow our fire.

Let him our little castle ply
With all his loud artillery :
Whilst Sack and Claret man the fort,
His fury shall become our sport.













